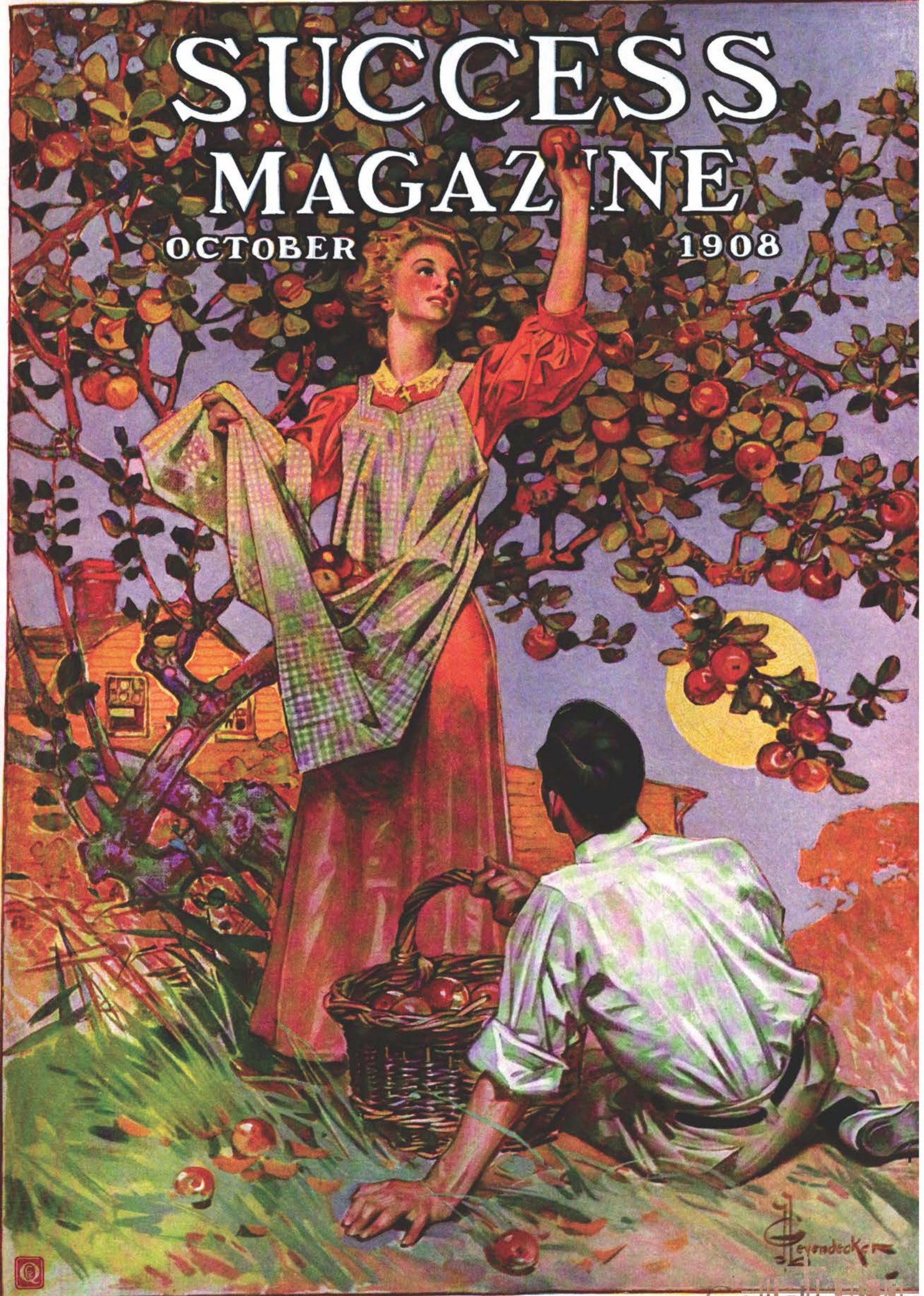


WHY THE PRESIDENT IS FOR TAFT

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

OCTOBER

1908



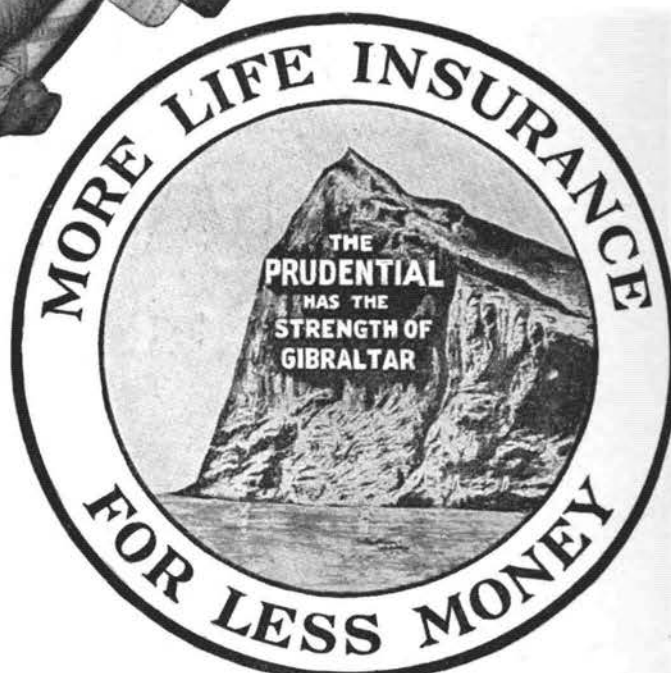
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THE SUCCESS COMPANY, NEW YORK

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is here. During the next few months the bulk of the magazine subscription business will be placed. Renewal subscriptions alone for SUCCESS and the magazines associated with it in the Clubbing Offers will amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

We want a representative in every community to renew these subscriptions and to get new ones. We will provide you with lists of expiring subscriptions, instruct you, down to the smallest detail, in your work, and coach you while you are doing it.

Our New Prize-Salary Offer

For some time past we have been working upon a plan for an absolutely novel method of compensating the representatives of our Circulation Department for work during the balance of 1908. We believe it to be the fairest and most liberal system of compensation ever devised by a periodical.

The rapid growth and present size of our field force is a matter of wonderment in the magazine world. But our success—which is merely the multiplied success of the individual representative—is easily accounted for. It is, a good selling proposition plus a *liberality in compensation unequalled by any other American magazine.*

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IF YOU NEED MONEY

and have any time—even spare time—you can employ in working for us this fall, it will be well worth while to drop a line, asking for the new offer, to

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Success Magazine Building, New York City

A Word from the Publishers of Success Magazine

THE editors of SUCCESS MAGAZINE pride themselves upon having secured as contributors of articles, that will be published in forthcoming numbers, such writers of international reputation as the following:

Cleveland Moffett	John L. Mathews
Will Irwin	Michael Williams
Emerson Hough	Walter Weyl
Eugene Wood	William Hard
Samuel Merwin	Gifford Pinchot
Martha Bensley Bruere	Leroy Scott
Howard Brubaker	

As has already been announced, Cleveland Moffett will tell you how traveling Americans spend their money abroad,—that is to say, wastefully, in pursuit of phantom pleasures such as those purchased at Monte Carlo. His Monte Carlo article will appear in the November number, and the illustrations by Alexander Popini, a European artist who has gained a wide reputation on account of his excellent work in the illustrated magazines of the Continent and Great Britain, will be an artistic feature of that issue.

In the November number, Woods Hutchinson will contribute an article entitled "The Vegetable Age," and John L. Mathews will inform you what has been done toward improvement

of the great Mississippi waterway and what the Government's work, past and prospective, means to this country.

No other magazine can rightfully boast of better fiction than that which will appear in coming numbers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. The stories have been selected from a great mass of submitted material, regardless of price or reputation of the author. We believe that you will find them without equal in interest and diction. For the November number we have selected, "A Tale of the Vanishing People," by Rex Beach; "A Parade of Her Own," by Zoe Hartman; "His Great Work," by W. A. Fraser; and "A Fake Situation," by Emery Pottle. These stories will be illustrated, respectively, by George Gibbs, Horace Taylor, F. B. Masters, and H. G. Williamson.

The following well-known writers will contribute stories for SUCCESS MAGAZINE during the winter and spring months:

Rex Beach	Lincoln Steffens
Charlotte Perkins Gilman	Richard Le Gallienne
Ernest Poole	G. B. Lancaster
Mary Heaton Vorse	George Hibbard
Anna E. Finn	Roy Norton
Mary Fenollosa	Frederick O. Bartlett
Zona Gale	John Kendrick Bangs

Two Referendum Votes Among Our Life Subscribers

SUCCESS MAGAZINE is not in any sense "in politics," but it believes in *men*—and when a man like Governor Hughes, of New York, who has given up the certainty of large private income and devoted himself for several years to the performance of great public duties in an absolutely unselfish and conscientious way, is willing to continue in his work for the people, we believe that it would be a public misfortune to allow a political organization of whatever party to "turn down" such a man and virtually serve notice upon the people that no one but a "b'hoy" need apply for the great office of Governor.

So it was that when in August last it became evident that the "bosslets" of the Republican Party in New York State were attempting to do this, and were flooding the national party leaders with letters expressing discontent with and opposition to Governor Hughes, we determined to put into effect our own private and peculiar machinery for obtaining a "referendum vote," and get the opinion of our Life Subscribers in New York on the question of their preference for the Governorship. On August 17th, therefore, we mailed a letter and ballot to each, carefully avoiding any expression of opinion ourselves, so as to be sure of getting an absolutely unbiased vote. Each subscriber was asked to name his party; to state whether or not he was an actual voter; and to give his first and second choice for the Governorship.

Within ten days we heard from over seventy per cent. of the entire number addressed—a percentage so large as to indicate the great weight which can be given to such a vote as expressing *real* public opinion. The ordinary "straw vote" fails to do so, owing to the immense "silent majority" who do not take the trouble to answer postal-card ballots or cut out and send in newspaper coupons. It is, in fact, quite impossible to examine the ballots from our Subscribers or the result of the vote without becoming convinced that one is looking into the heart of the people and reading it accurately.

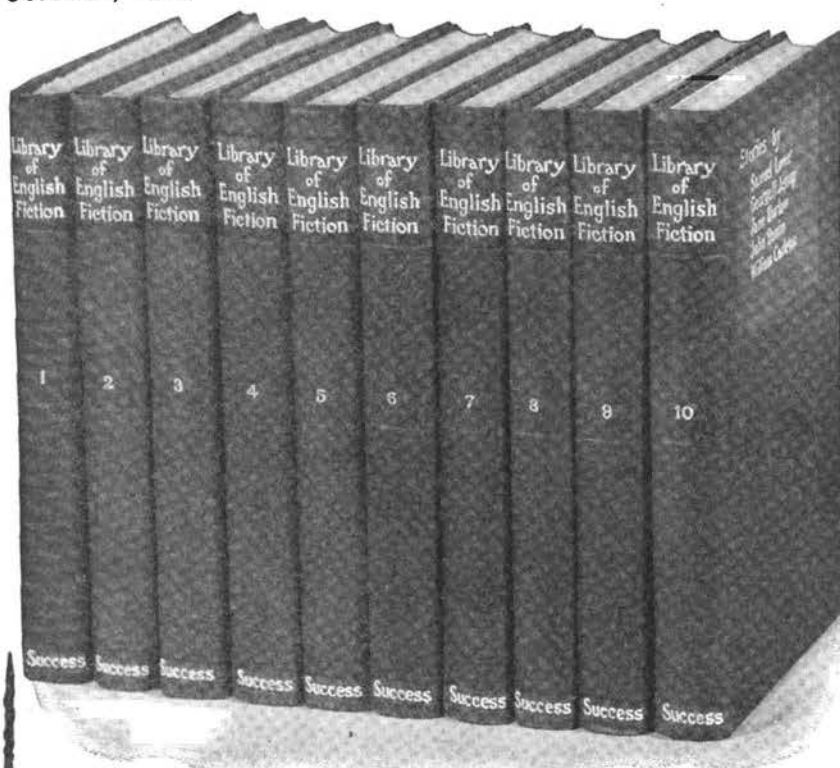
The ballot showed an overwhelming majority for Hughes, 681 votes out of a total of 777 votes cast from all parties being for him as first choice. Nearly four hundred of his adherents refused to give a second choice, many saying in effect "We are for Hughes first, last, and all the time." A considerable number of Republicans

stated that they would vote the Democratic ticket if Hughes should not be nominated. The Independent vote was overwhelmingly for Hughes, 92 for and only 15 against. The most surprising result was the vote of our Democratic subscribers, 41 of whom voted for Hughes as against 27 for Chanler, the present Democratic lieutenant governor, and 24 scattering.

It happened that this vote was received and its tabulation completed at a particularly opportune time—the day before a meeting of the Republican State Committee, at which the question of the nomination was discussed. We caused the results to be published in the principal New York City and State papers—we sent advance copies to the President at Oyster Bay and to Chairman Hitchcock of the Republican State Committee, and we have excellent reason to believe that the knowledge of this vote had an important influence in party counsels. At the moment of writing this the State Convention has not been held, but it seems probable that Governor Hughes will be the nominee of the convention.

We have gone into some detail in explaining the operation of the referendum among our Auxiliary Editorial Board of Life Subscribers in a particular case of more or less local interest—because it is an illustration of the way in which we hope to be able to ascertain and interpret real public opinion in many other cases, both local and national, and to use our knowledge of this public opinion in such a way as to strengthen the hands of those who are fighting for the people against the grafters, the self-seekers, and the "enemies of the Republic."

One word more. We are now (in September) taking a general vote of our fifteen thousand Life Subscribers throughout the country on their preference for the Presidency. We hope to ascertain (for publication in our November number) an indication of the probable result on Election Day, not only because of its real interest to the public and to our readers, but also because we want to know ourselves whether our confidence in the value of the Auxiliary Editorial Board as an exponent of public opinion is really well founded, or is a myth. To this end we announce that we shall predict (in our November number) the result of the election in *each* State—and the vote itself on Election Day will prove or disprove our predictions.



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The Man Who Would Be King.....Rudyard Kipling
A Dog of Flanders.....Ouida
Markheim.....Robert Louis Stevenson
The Inconsiderate Waiter.....J. M. Barrie
The Mystery of Sasassa Valley.....A. Conan Doyle
Long Odds.....H. Rider Haggard
The Philosopher of the Apple Orchard.....Anthony Hope
The Three Strangers.....Thomas Hardy
A Doctor of the Old School.....Ian MacLaren
Queen Tita's Wager.....William Black
The Hired Baby.....Marie Corelli
A Perilous Amour.....Stanley J. Weyman
A Rose of the Ghetto.....Israel Zangwill

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W. Clark Russell
Mellissa's Tour.....Grant Allen
Quarantine Island.....Sir Walter Besant
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The Box Tunnel.....Charles Reade
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WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

The Man, the Judge, the Statesman

A FEARLESS, disinterested, and upright statesman, just and efficient as a judge, brilliant and successful as an administrator in our insular possessions, distinguished in his career as a Cabinet officer, William Howard Taft, whose personality has won popular approval and esteem, is presented by the Republican Party as its candidate for the Presidency.

Throughout a life of constant industry in exacting tasks, Mr. Taft has demonstrated absolutely his possession of courage, initiative, and fairness. Every part of his record is known, and it lies open before men, for all to see. It is a part, and no small part, of the history of the United States.

In the Philippines he found chaos, and produced order, transforming groups of loosely related tribes to the nucleus of a nation, and sacrificing his own ambition that he might labor for the welfare of the islanders entrusted to his care.

When the shadow of civil war once again threatened Cuba, Mr. Taft, by his firm diplomacy and unerring precision of judgment, averted bloodshed. When differences arose between this country and Japan, it was through Mr. Taft that the relations were readjusted and misunderstandings cleared up.

It is for achievements such as these that Mr. Taft has been called a combative altruist, one who will conquer difficulties to do good to others; and it is through his sane ideas of statecraft, together with the determined force of his character, that he has been able to accomplish results both beneficent and stable.

Mr. Taft reorganized the work at the Isthmus of Panama for digging the canal, and it is due to him and to the men whom he selected that the progress of that task is showing such gratifying results. Incompetents were eliminated, and in their places were put men tried by the unfailing test of the War Secretary's judgment.

As a judge, Mr. Taft demonstrated his absolute freedom from any taint of class prejudice, his decisions having given ample proof of his aloofness from any considerations other than the law which he was sworn to interpret.

His keen and just diplomacy was never better shown than in his management of the question of the Friars' lands in the Philippines, which he settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, though at the outset it had been a matter so fraught with difficulties that an amicable arrangement seemed impossible.

One phase of Mr. Taft's service to the nation is particularly important in the light of his candidacy for the Presidency. That is his success in the delicate task of taking the place of the President during the absence of the Chief Executive. In this position Mr. Taft virtually was clothed with the authority of the head of the nation, adding those onerous functions to his own weighty work, yet doing the double duty with no sign of increased effort.

For one of Mr. Taft's most marked characteristics is his capacity for hard, long, and continuous work. He is strong both mentally and physically, enduring with remarkable staying power the strain imposed by complex duties of the highest importance, requiring precise knowledge both of men and of affairs, clear insight, and unhesitating judgment.

As a judge in State and Federal courts, and as Solicitor-General of the United States, Mr. Taft displayed these qualities as he has displayed them later as Governor-General of the Philippines and Secretary of War, and these native qualities have developed as the call has come upon them. Extraordinary opportunities have come to Mr. Taft, but he has always been equal to them. With a smile he assumes a new load from the nation's burden, and applies himself to mastering it—and he succeeds. Every time he has succeeded, as judge, as pacificator, and administrator. He has always been master of the situation.



"He is as strong as he is gentle. His reputation is simply spotless. In all the agitation of a heated campaign for the greatest office in the world, no one has ventured to intimate a doubt of the absolute honesty of this man who has been before the country for a quarter of a century. Nor can any one successfully dispute the simple proposition that in the whole history of the United States no one was ever named for the Presidency who was so fitted by nature, by training, and by experience for the duties, dignities, and responsibilities of that unique office."

—CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK in *The Independent*.

Besides their faith in his personality, it is largely because of this continuous record of success that independent voters put their trust in Mr. Taft. They are fully acquainted with his capacity, have absolute confidence in his purposes, and have the strongest possible reasons to rely upon his judgment.

It is, therefore, not surprising that leading Democratic and independent newspapers have announced their intention of supporting Mr. Taft for the Presidency, recognizing that the nation needs an administrator, not an agitator, not a man disqualified by temperament and by lack of experience and of administrative capacity, or one who follows after strange political gods, preaching one doctrine this year and another the next.

In each successive service which he has performed for the people of this country, Mr. Taft has shown his keen judgment, breadth of view, inborn shrewdness, and firm character, and in these services he has gained a wide acquaintance with the nation's needs, within and without. As President Roosevelt says, Mr. Taft has a peculiar and intimate knowledge of and sympathy with the needs of all our people. He is fitted by experience to make the popular will effective.

But through all this long record of continued success, this catalogue of years of unceasing industry, this single-minded devotion to the service of his country, there appears continually the figure of Taft, the man; the man whose high sense of civic duty led him to renounce a seat on the Supreme bench, that he might carry out the work to which he had set his hand; the man whose democracy is broad, straight, and human; who is wide in his sympathies, though severe to all wrong-doers; who permits nothing to swerve him in the pursuit of his ideal, but whose heart is as big as his great mind and body.

This is the man whom the Republican Party presents to the people of the United States as its candidate for the Presidency, as one fully worthy of the high traditions of the party, as one whose political insight into the needs of the times guarantees a sympathetic and unfailing response to the people's needs and aspirations.

Theodore Roosevelt

"I think that almost all men who have been brought in close contact, personally and officially, with Judge Taft are agreed that he combines, as very, very few men can combine, a standard of unflinching rectitude on every point of public duty, and a literally dauntless courage and willingness to bear responsibilities, with a knowledge of men, and a far-reaching tact and kindness, which enable his great abilities and high principles to be of use in a way that would be impossible were he not thus gifted with a capacity to work hand in hand with his fellows." (In the Outlook, August, 1901.)

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

VOL. XI

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1908

NO. 173

WHY THE PRESIDENT IS FOR TAFT

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

ILLUSTRATED WITH
CHARACTER STUDIES

By ALBERT SCOTT COX

IN A MANNER unprecedented in American history, Theodore Roosevelt has renounced a renomination for the Presidency and has designated William H. Taft as his successor. But why should Taft, who has never been elected to a Federal office, be thus put forward as the man of the hour? Mr. Roosevelt knows thoroughly the nation's biggest job. He also knows Taft. And therefore the happiest and most helpful way to answer this question is to get the President himself to explain why. Mr. Needham's account in the present article of his talk with the President on this subject is more than interesting—it is of immense significance and public importance.

THE NOON train transported us to Oyster Bay, a consignment of editorial "highbrows"—to filch an expression from the machine politician's handbook. Not long before, some of us in that party had sat in the convention hall at Chicago, where we had witnessed one of the most remarkable occurrences in American political history. We had seen the great Coliseum fairly rock in a whirlwind of applause at the mere mention of the name of one man—a spontaneous, deep-lunged, irrepressible storm of approval for the "best-abused and most popular man in America." We had seen that same convention reluctantly acquiesce in this man's declaration that he could no longer be the standard bearer of his party, and suffer him, absolute dictator by force of popularity, to designate his successor.

Now I, for one, had asked myself repeatedly why he had chosen this particular man to carry out the work which he had initiated; why, in other words, President Roosevelt wished to hand over the reins of Government to William Howard Taft. And believing that thousands of American citizens are asking themselves the very same question, and that upon the American people's answer to this question depends the result of the approaching election, I had become a part of the editorial invasion of Oyster Bay.

Roosevelt Having a "Corking Good Time" at Oyster Bay

Our party was met by a colored messenger attached to the Executive Offices (located, in Jeffersonian simplicity, over Moore's grocery store), and was transferred, with more celerity than ceremony, to a big, black automobile. There followed a pleasant ride on an avenue overhung with splendid locust trees, fronting which were attractive summer residences; thence along the bay shore for about a mile, where a turn was made into a private way bearing this special message: "Private Grounds; Automobiles Forbidden." As Mr. Roosevelt did not intend, presumably, to keep out his own motor car, we gave no heed to the warning, but proceeded to climb a stiff grade through beautiful woods. At a fork in the road our machine turned sharply to the left, passed a shaded tennis court, and came out into the sunlight on the crest of Sagamore Hill.

In the foreground we saw an unpretentious home, its general appearance like that of many other retreats where gentlefolk seek rest and repose during the summer months. The house overlooks Long Island Sound and the Connecticut shore beyond, and is wind-swept above the trees which seclude it from neighbors and abnormally interested citizens-at-large. One of our party, unusually gifted with a facility of expression, referred to the Roosevelt place, which is not too well kept up, as the "apotheosis of the American farm." No characterization could be happier.

Under the *porte-cochère* the automobile came to a stop, and discharged its load of pen-pushers. Immediately the screen door was opened, not by some gorgeous flunky, but by President Roosevelt himself, dressed in khaki riding clothes and smiling a welcome which he speedily expressed in hearty words. He led the way into the "north room" and for a time talked almost at random—about Panama, the history of the



Mongols, the campaign contribution question, Scott's "Quentin Durward," Hughes's candidacy, early Sicilian coinage—about almost everything, in fact, except "cabbages and kings."

The man who would not be President was before us. At first survey he was disappointing. Renunciation was not written on his brow. He was the image of health and the personification of contentment. Here, as in Washington, to use his own expression, he was having a "corking time." When he gave it free rein, as he continually did in conversation, his mind would travel the shortest distance between Oyster Bay and the heart of Africa. Elephants were the quarry he stalked, in fancy, and not "malefactors of great wealth." Taft could have the Presidency, with its grave responsibilities and its cruel reprisals of body and brain, but as for Theodore Roosevelt, plain citizen, give him the opportunity to track and study big game in the unexplored places of the earth. On second thought, he appeared less disappointing.

The subject of the Presidency came up for consideration. In this discussion, the President lost his buoyancy and seemed to show some of the fatigue of eight years' service for the people. The contest with his own popularity had left him tired. To put aside power had not cost a struggle; that was clear. He has never pretended that he wished to leave the Presidency; he felt it his duty to do so, but he has always openly said that he heartily enjoyed the position, and hated to leave it. His course had been made hard by friendly supporters; for many well-meaning persons had accused him of a willingness to desert the fight.

His Word Given to All the People

It was not as a fighter, however, but as a statesman that he talked to those bidden to his home. He did not regret his promise made immediately after the election of 1904. Were he to go back to that time, he said, he would repeat the declaration. But in any event the promise had been made; and in discussing it he presented the matter in a new light. His word had been given to *all* the people. Even had it been manifest that a very large part of the American electorate urged him to disregard the pledge, still there remained the minority to be considered. Yes, the covenant had been made with "all." Nothing but a grave crisis in governmental affairs would have warranted a revocation. With a shrug of impatience he scouted the idea that any such crisis exists to-day. Then with really solemn impressiveness, President Roosevelt said:

"If I am of any value at all to the American people it is by teaching them that a man can hold the highest public position, and be not a weak man but a strong man in that position, assert himself, and assert the position; and yet also make it evident that he is disinterested, that he is sincere, and that he keeps his word."

Thus we have Theodore Roosevelt eliminated from the Presidential race, and William Howard Taft the leader of the Republican forces.

President Roosevelt knows the nation's biggest job thoroughly, knows it from every angle; for he has made more of the Executive Office than any President in our history. In his dispassionate judgment, Taft is the man of all men to grapple with the problems which, in endless variety and ever-growing number, are deposited on the White House door-step day by day.

Over a year before the Chicago convention, the President exclaimed: "I would go on my hands and knees to the Capitol to help Taft to the Presidency!"

Why is Taft the man of the hour?

The happiest and most helpful course to satisfy the inquisitiveness of the American people in this matter is to get the President himself to explain why.

At the outset, I should like to make it plain to the reader that while in the main I have set down the President's exact language, there are a few places where portions of other talks with him, at Washington and Oyster Bay, have been inserted within the quotation-marks. Of course, the President is not to be held verbally accountable for all that he here appears to say; but I feel that I am justified in stating that his views are expressed with accuracy.

And so let us begin this story at the beginning, with two stars of destiny rubbing points real "friendly-like." Unfortunately for those who yearn for the dramatic element, there was no collision in the historical firmament when the vigorous young Roosevelt and the steady young Taft first clasped hands.

A Commonplace Meeting

"There was nothing really interesting," said the President, "about our first meeting. It occurred in Washington in 1890, when I was thirty-one and Taft about a year older." They just met, that was all, Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft, as other Federal office-holders by appointment of President Harrison came to know one another. At the New Year reception in the White House, Mr. Taft, the Solicitor General, took precedence over Mr. Roosevelt, the Civil Service Commissioner. Mr. Taft, moreover, enjoyed a certain distinction in official life which was his by inheritance. Judge Alonzo Taft, his father, had been in Grant's cabinet, first as Secretary of War and then as Attorney General, after which he had represented the United States at Vienna and later at St. Petersburg. Mr. Roosevelt's father, on the other hand, never held public office, and yet with such abundant esteem was he regarded by rich and poor alike that when he died, two years before his son's graduation from Harvard, flags were displayed at half-mast all over the city of New York.

Taft Sat on the Bully

"My father was the finest man I ever knew," said the President, "and the happiest." Never once, in all probability, has Mr. Roosevelt regretted that his father was not a public man. And yet he is frank to acknowledge that there may be certain advantages to one who is born into public life.

"Taft belongs to a family," said the President, "which has always done remarkable public service. He graduated from Yale in 1878; and a few years later, when Yale gave him the honorary degree of LL.D., he was the youngest of her graduates upon whom she had ever conferred this honor. On graduation he took up the study of law, and also entered actively into public life. In both careers he rose steadily and rapidly."

The one episode in Mr. Taft's earlier life which, it might be supposed, would make a deep impression on Mr. Roosevelt, was not alluded to. If ever he had heard of the incident, he had entirely forgotten it. Nevertheless, the President's eyes sparkled and he gleefully bared his teeth, when reminded how "Old Bill" Taft, not long out of college, had thrashed a formidable citizen named Rose. He was



Mr. Taft in early periods of his public life

something of a "slugger," this fellow Rose, who had criminally libeled Judge Alonzo Taft in a filthy article printed in his blackmailing sheet. Indignantly resenting the attack on his father, young Taft knocked Rose down, sat upon him, and delivered this ultimatum:

"If you leave town to-night, I'll let you up."

Rose unhesitatingly promised and thereby relieved his crushed person of some two hundred pounds of militant young manhood.

"Now, then," said Taft, by way of farewell, "I am coming down-town to-night, and if you are still here, then this thing has only started." But knowing when he had had enough, Rose left Cincinnati that day.

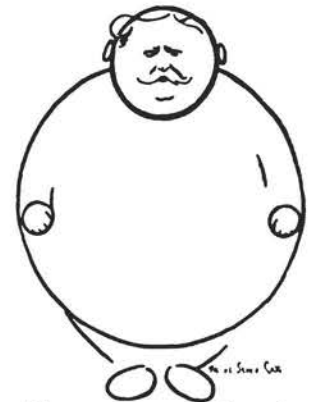
This is about the best of the "Taft hero tales," and yet it is not so strange that the President did not have the story on the tip of his tongue. The truth is he thinks of Taft, not primarily as a fighter, not as a man of his own kidney, but rather as a great conciliator, a practical and effectual worker for the "peace of justice."

The most characteristic of Mr. Taft's early acts, to President Roosevelt's mind, was that of throwing up what politicians term a "fat office." By way of "promoting harmony" Taft, then not twenty-five, was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue, at Cincinnati, by President Arthur. Although the position paid about \$10,000 a year, it was not at all to Taft's liking. It was a money-handling, money-paying position, essentially commercial in its nature, and as Taft's father and grandfather before him had been lawyers and judges, mere money-making was not in the blood. Before he had drawn a full year's salary, Taft resigned and returned to the practise of law. In this circumstance, "not of great importance," according to one of his biographers, William Howard Taft displayed a trait which, more than any other, perhaps, commends him to the admiration of Theodore Roosevelt.

What Roosevelt Saw in Taft

"What was it, Mr. President, that drew you and Mr. Taft together?" I asked.

"I was drawn to him because he never surrendered his high convictions and yet he got along well with people of less high convictions. Holding fast to lofty ideals, he nevertheless accomplished things much worth while. We had, I soon found, the same views of life," continued Mr. Roosevelt. "He despised, as I did—and do—the selfish, sordid view of life that rates everything by the money standard. He could not tolerate, any more than could I, the stock-ticker attitude of mind: the mere money-king seemed to him a poor creature—as he is. Greed, whether realized or unrealized, seemed to him poor and squalid. He



The popular conception of Mr. Taft's well-rounded figure



Albert Scott Cox

Facial characteristics of the Republican Presidential nominee as seen by a caricaturist

never surrendered his convictions," repeated the President "and yet he worked successfully with men in public life—better than I did. For instance, he got along excellently with President Harrison—much better than I did."

This observation of President Roosevelt, with the attendant admission, is particularly significant in the light of events of that period. Taft admittedly enjoyed a highly successful, if not a truly brilliant career in the Department of Justice. His sponsor, Benjamin Harrison, a rather irritable, diminutive big-man, liked Taft personally, and promoted him to membership in the Federal Court whose judgments are reviewable only by the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt's work as Civil Service Commissioner was so meritorious and so deliciously independent that President Cleveland retained him in office. He owed his original appointment to President Harrison, who regretted having made it many times, especially when the ardent Civil Service Commissioner went gunning for a cabinet officer. The unsleeping, zealous Roosevelt got on "Little Ben's" nerves, and he cheerfully left this too practical reformer in what was then known as "the first-class trouble job." Had there been war with Chile, President Harrison would gladly have put Roosevelt in the front line of battle, but further than that his magnanimity could not have gone.

The Roosevelt-Taft Friendship

When William H. Taft accepted President Harrison's appointment to the Federal Court of the Sixth Circuit, it was at what the workaday world calls a "distinctly personal sacrifice," which means a financial sacrifice. As Solicitor General of the United States, he had proved himself a masterly advocate, and had gained an enviable reputation at the bar. Therefore, he was much sought after as a partner, and law firms of national standing offered to guarantee him large earnings if he would enter into copartnership agreements with them. To practise law meant at least \$50,000 a year; to sit on the bench, an annual salary of but \$6,000. Mr. Taft chose the judgeship, offering this simple explanation to his friends:

"There are more desirable things in the world than money."

That act has always pleased Mr. Roosevelt mightily; he said so emphatically when reminded of Mr. Taft's indifference to the pocketbook argument. It delights Theodore Roosevelt's soul to think of his friend Taft, at this quiet period of his career, wholly content in his modest McMillin Street home, seeing little and caring less for those of the "stock-ticker type of mind."

Seemingly, however, these friends had come to a parting of the ways, so far as their close association was concerned. Taft's bent was decidedly judicial, and he was now next door to the goal of his ambition. Associated in the trial of certain causes with a justice of the United States Supreme Court, he had ever in view the judicial honor which he coveted, and which, as events proved, he was later to deny himself. On his part, Mr. Roosevelt was eager for the storm and stress of administrative service—there being no call to war. While Taft was contributing wisely and in courageous fashion to American jurisprudence, Theodore Roosevelt was scrambling up the ladder of fame, pausing at each rung only long enough to achieve something well worth while. Civil Service Commissioner; President of the New York Police Board; Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Lieutenant Colonel of the First Volunteer Cavalry, or the Rough Riders as known in history; then Colonel of that famous regiment, and finally Governor of New York—all of this varied service was crowded into the period in which Taft was wearing the judicial robe in the Federal Court at Cincinnati.

During much of this time, it is but

the truth to say, Roosevelt and Taft were not in close touch with each other. Theirs was a latent friendship. The exact nature of this fellowship is not readily understood. From a cultural, social, and recreative standpoint, they have never enjoyed a community of interests. When President Roosevelt wished to hear debated the fanciful question, "Did Chaucer meet Petrarch?" he called in the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, to meet Professor Lounsbury of Yale

(two Chaucerian authorities), but he did not think to invite Secretary Taft for the evening. When the President entertained his "hard-riding, straight-shooting, planter friends," with whom he had hunted bears in the Louisiana canebrakes, the Secretary of War was not among the guests. Mr. Taft's absence on such occasions would tend to show that between these friends there is no

common interest in literature, much less in literary pursuits; no common appeal in the out-of-doors, in the large meaning of the term. "Off the job," Roosevelt and Taft are not companionable. Their personalities are antipodal, and yet their hearts and minds are perfectly attuned. An intimacy such as theirs could remain practically dormant for years, as was the case when Taft was a Federal judge, and yet reassert itself at vital stages in their careers.

"Did you keep up any regular correspondence with Judge Taft after he left Washington?" I asked.

"We wrote occasionally," the President replied, "but it was not what one would call a regular correspondence. I kept him in view and followed his work, but his interests were in Ohio, while mine were in Washington, New York City, again in Washington, then in Cuba and at Albany."

"When I became Governor of New York, and was confronted with new and perplexing problems, I turned instinctively to Taft. I knew that we approached public questions at the same angle, and I wished to benefit from his sane, fair judgment."

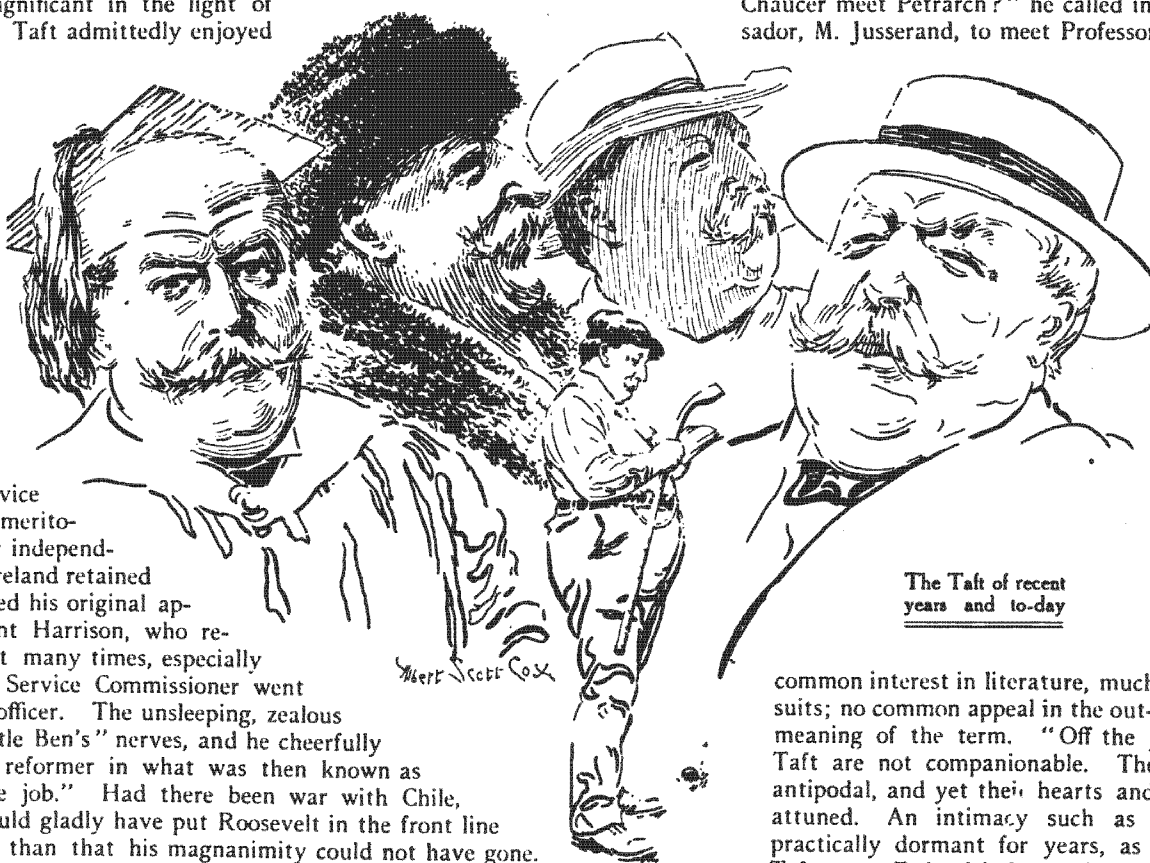
"You remember my fight in New York for the bill taxing public utility corporations on their valuable franchises. You recall that I sent an emergency message to the legislature, urging the passage of the Franchise Tax Bill; that my special message was n't read; and that I sent in another on the following day which was read; and that the bill was passed and became a law. I was sure of my ground in that fight, and for that certainty of mind I was considerably indebted to Taft."

"Knowing that the contest with the corporations was to come over this legislation, I visited Taft in Cincinnati and went into the subject deeply with him. His advice proved to be invaluable. Taft really had a hand in that first fight of mine for corporation control."

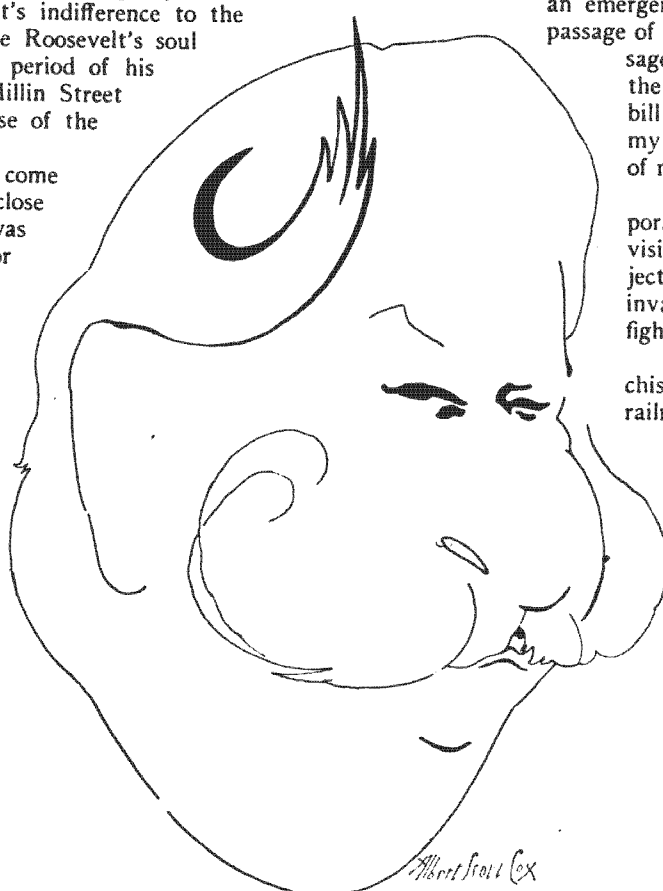
"As I have often said, I consider the franchise tax law a part of my general policies of railroad regulation and corporation control. In view, therefore, of the experiences I have cited, you can understand me fully when I say that Taft knows my policies. They are as much his as mine. And he will carry them out, as he has promised to do in his speech of acceptance."

The President "for Taft" in 1901

This brings squarely before us our main proposition. Why the President is for Taft. It may not be generally known, but Mr. Roosevelt has been "for Taft" for several years—not as a politician is "for" his boon friend, but as a good citizen would have the office seek a worthy man. Theodore Roosevelt is the "original Taft man." As long ago as 1901, he looked upon William H. Taft as of Presidential timber,



The Taft of recent years and to-day



Mr. Taft's features lend themselves easily to caricature

[Concluded on page 606]



A LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS

by
SIR GILBERT PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY C. EDWARDS



"**HAI-YAI**, so bright a day; so clear!" said Mitiahwe, as she entered the big lodge and laid upon a wide, low couch, covered with soft skins, the fur of a grizzly which had fallen to her man's rifle. "*Hai-yai*, I wish it would last forever—so sweet!" she added, smoothing the fur lingeringly, and showing her teeth in a smile.

"There will come a great storm, Mitiahwe. See, the birds go south so soon," responded a deep voice from a corner by the doorway.

The young Indian wife turned quickly, and in a defiant fantastic mood—or was it the inward cry against an impending fate, the tragic future of those who will not see, because to see is to suffer—she made some quaint, odd motions of the body which belonged to a mysterious dance of her tribe, and with flashing eyes challenged the comely old woman seated on a pile of deerskins.

"It is morning, and the day will last forever," she said nonchalantly, but her eyes suddenly took on a far-away look, half apprehensive, half wondering. The birds were indeed going south very soon; yet had there ever been so exquisite an autumn as this? Had her man ever had so wonderful a trade—her man with the brown hair, blue eyes, and fair, strong face?

"The birds go south, but the hunters and buffalo still go north," Mitiahwe urged searchingly, looking hard at her mother—Oanita, the Swift Wing.

"My dream said that the winter will be dark and lonely; that the ice will be thick, the snow deep, and that many hearts will be sick because of the dark days and the hunger that sickens the heart," answered Swift Wing.

Mitiahwe looked into Swift Wing's dark eyes, and an anger came upon her. "The hearts of cowards will freeze," she rejoined, "and to those who will not see the Sun, the world will be dark," she added. Then suddenly she remembered to whom she was speaking, and a flood of feeling ran through her; for Swift Wing had cherished her like a fledgling in the nest till her young white man came from "down East." Her heart had leapt at sight of him, and she had turned to him from all the young men of her tribe, waiting in a kind of mist till he at length had spoken to her mother; and then one evening, her shawl over her head, she had come alone to his lodge.

A thousand times as the four years passed by she had thought how good it was that she had become his wife—the young white man's wife, rather than the wife of Breaking Rock, son of White Buffalo, the chief, who had four hundred horses, and a face that would have made winter and dark days for her. Now and then Breaking Rock came and stood before the lodge, a distance off, and stayed there hour after hour, and once or twice he came when her man was with her; but nothing could be done, for earth and air and space were common to them all, and there was no offense in Breaking Rock gazing at the lodge where Mitiahwe lived. Yet it seemed as though Breaking Rock was waiting—waiting and hoping. That was the impression made upon all who saw him, and even old White Buffalo, the chief, shook his head gloomily when he saw Breaking Rock, his son, staring at the big lodge which was so full of happiness and of many luxuries never before seen at a trading-post on the Koni River. The father of Mitiahwe had been chief, but because his three sons had been killed in battle the chieftainship had come to White Buffalo, who was of the same blood and family. There were those who said that Mitiahwe should have been chieftainess, but neither she nor her mother would ever listen to this, and so White Buffalo and the tribe loved Mitiahwe because of her modesty and goodness. She was even more to White Buffalo than Breaking Rock, and he had been glad that Dingan the white man—

Long Hand, he was called—had taken Mitiahwe for his woman. Yet behind this gladness of White Buffalo, and that of Swift Wing, and behind the silent watchfulness of Breaking Rock, there was a thought which must ever come when a white man mates with an Indian maid with only the ceremony of her tribe.

Yet four years had gone, and all the tribe, and all who came and went—half-breeds, traders, other tribes—remarked how happy was the white man with his Indian wife. They never saw anything but light in the eyes of Mitiahwe, not even the old women of the tribe who scanned her face as she came and went, and watched and waited too for what never came—not even after four years.

Mitiahwe had been so happy that she had not really missed what never came; though the desire to have something in her arms which was part of them both had flushed up in her veins at times, and made her restless till her man had come home again. Then she had forgotten the unseen for the seen, and was happy that they two were alone together—that was the joy of it all, so much alone together, for Swift Wing did not live with them, and, like Breaking Rock, she watched her daughter's life, standing afar off, since it was the unwritten law of the tribe that the wife's mother must not cross the path or enter the home of her daughter's husband. But at length Dingan had broken through this custom, and insisted that Swift Wing should be with her daughter when he was away from home, as now on this wonderful autumn morning,

when Mitiahwe had been singing to the Sun, to which she prayed for her man and for everlasting days with him.

She had spoken angrily but now because her soul sharply resented the challenge to her happiness which her mother had been making. It was her own eyes that refused to see the cloud which the sage and bereaved woman had seen and conveyed in images and figures of speech natural to the Indian mind.

"*Hai-yai*," she said now, with a strange touching sigh, breathing in the words, "you are right, my mother, and a dream is a dream, and if it be dreamt three times, then is it to be followed, and it is true. You have lived long, and your dreams are of the Sun and the Spirit." She shook a little as she laid her hand on a buckskin coat of her man hanging by the lodge-door; then she steadied herself and gazed earnestly into her mother's eyes. "Have all your dreams come true, my mother?" she asked, with a hungering heart.

"There was the dream that came out of the dark five times, when your father went against the Crees and was wounded and crawled away into the hills; when all our warriors fled—they were but a handful and the Crees like a young forest in number! I went with my dream, and found him after many days; and it was after that that you were born, my youngest and my last. There was also"—her eyes almost closed, and the needle and thread she held lay still in her lap—"when two of your brothers were killed in the drive of the buffalo. Did I not see it all in my dream, and follow after them to take them to my heart? And when your sister was carried off, was it not my dream which saw the trail, so that we brought her back again to die in peace, her eyes seeing the lodge whither she was going open to her, and the Sun, the Father, giving her light and promise—for she had wounded herself to die that the thief who stole her should leave her to herself! Behold, my daughter, these dreams have I had and others; and I have lived long and have seen the bright day break into storm, and the herds flee into the far hills where none could follow, and hunger come, and—"

"*Hai-yo*, see the birds flying south," said the girl, with a gesture toward the cloudless sky. "Never since I lived have they gone south so soon." Again she shuddered slightly; then she spoke slowly: "I also have dreamed, and I will follow my dream. I dreamed"—she knelt down beside her mother, and rested her hands in her mother's lap—"I dreamed that there was a wall of hills, dark and heavy



"Breaking Rock came slowly forward"



"The bird she heard in the night was calling in his ears now"

and far away, and that whenever my eyes looked at them they burned with tears; and yet I looked and looked, till my heart was like lead in my breast; and I turned from them to the rivers and the plains that I loved. But a voice kept calling to me, 'Come, come! Beyond the hills is a happy land. The trail is hard, and your feet will bleed, but beyond is the happy land!' And I would not go for the Voice that spoke, and at last there came an old man in my dream and spoke to me kindly and said, 'Come with me, and I will show you the way over the hills to the lodge where thou shalt find what thou hast lost!' And I said to him, 'I have lost nothing,' and I would not go. 'Twice I dreamed this dream, and twice the old man came; and three times I dreamed it, and then I spoke angrily to him, as but now I did to thee, and, behold, he changed before my eyes, and I saw that he was now become'—she stopped short and buried her face in her hands for a moment, then recovered herself—"Breaking Rock it was I saw before me, and I cried out and fled. Then I waked with a cry, but my man was beside me and his arm was round my neck; and this dream—is it not a foolish dream, my mother?"

The old woman sat silent, clasping the hands of her daughter firmly and looking out of the wide doorway toward the trees that fringed the river; and presently, as she looked, her face changed and grew pinched, all at once, and Mitiahwe, looking at her, turned a startled face toward the river also.

"Breaking Rock!" she said in alarm, and got to her feet quickly.

Breaking Rock stood for a moment looking toward the lodge, then went slowly forward to them. Never in all the four years had he approached the lodge of Mitiahwe, who, the daughter of a chief, should have married himself, the son of a chief! Slowly, but with long, slouching stride, Breaking Rock came nearer. The two women watched him without speaking. Instinctively they felt that he brought news, that something had happened; yet Mitiahwe felt at her belt for what no Indian girl would be without; and this one was a gift from her man, the anniversary of the day she came to his lodge with a shawl over her head, her heart beating fearfully, yet gladly too.

Breaking Rock was at the door now, his beady eyes fixed on Mitiahwe's, his figure jerked to its full height, which made him, even then, two inches less than Long Hand. He spoke in a loud voice:

"The last boat this year goes down the river to-morrow. Long Hand, your man, is going to his people. He will not come back. He has had enough of the Blackfoot woman. You will see him no more." He waved a hand to the sky. "The birds are going south. A hard winter is coming quick. You will be alone. Breaking Rock is rich. He has five hundred horses. Your man is going to his own people. Let him go. It is four years and still there are but two in your lodge! How!"

He swung on his heel with a chuckle in his throat, for he thought he had said a good thing, and that in truth he was worth twenty white men. His quick ear caught a movement behind him, how-

ever, and he saw the girl spring from the lodge door, something flashing from her belt. But now the mother's arms were round her with cries of protest, and Breaking Rock, with another laugh, slipped away swiftly toward the river. "That is good," he muttered. "She will kill him perhaps when she goes to him. She will go, but he will not stay. I have heard."

As he disappeared among the trees, Mitiahwe disengaged herself from her mother's arms, went slowly back into the lodge, and sat down on the great couch where for so many moons she had lain with her man beside her.

Her mother watched her closely, though she moved about doing little things. She was trying to think what she would have done if such a thing had happened to her; if her man had been going to leave her. She assumed that Dingan would leave Mitiahwe, for he would hear the voices of his people calling far away, even as the red man who went east into the great cities heard the prairies and the mountains and the rivers and his own people calling, and came back, and put off the clothes of civilization, and donned his buckskins again, and sat in the medicine-man's tent, and heard the spirits speak to him through the mist and smoke of the sacred fire. When Swift Wing first gave her daughter to the white man she foresaw the danger now at hand, but this was the tribute of the lower race to the higher, and—who could tell? White men had left their Indian wives, but had come back again, and forever renounced the life of their own nations, and become great chiefs, teaching useful things to their adopted people; bringing up their children as tribesmen—

Bringing up their children! There it was, the thing which called them back—the bright-eyed children with the color of the brown prairie in their faces, and their brains so sharp and strong. But here was no child to call Dingan back—only the eloquent, brave, sweet face of Mitiahwe. If he went! Would he go? Was he going? And now that Mitiahwe had been told that he would go, what would she do? In her belt was—but, no, that would be worse than all; and she would lose Mitiahwe, her last child, as she had lost so many others! What would she herself do if she were in Mitiahwe's place? Ah, she would make him stay somehow—by truth or by falsehood; by the whispered story in the long night, by her head upon his knee before the lodge-fire, and her eyes fixed on his, luring him, as the dream lures the dreamer into the far trail, to find the Sun's hunting-ground, where the plains are filled with the deer and the buffalo and the wild horse; by the smell of the cooking-pot and the favorite spiced drink in the morning; by the child that ran to him with his bow and arrows and the cry of the hunter— But there was no child; she had forgotten. She was always recalling her own happy, early life with her man, and the clean-faced papooses that crowded round his knee—

one wife and many children, and the old harvester of the years reaping them so fast, till the children stood up as tall as their father and chief. That was long ago, and she had had her share—twenty-



THE man who laughs outside when he is crying inside, who wears a smile on his face when there are tears in his heart, has mastered the art of all arts—self-control.



five years—of happiness, but Mitiahwe had had only four! She looked at Mitiahwe, standing still for a moment like one rapt; then suddenly she gave a little cry. Something had come into her mind, some solution of the problem, and she ran and stooped over the girl and put both hands on her head.

"Mitiahwe, heart's blood of mine," she said, "the birds go south, but they return. What matter if they go so soon, if they return soon? If the Sun will that the winter be dark, and he send the Cold-maker to close the rivers and drive the wild ones far from the arrow and the gun, yet he may be sorry and send a second summer—has it not been so?—and the Cold-maker has hurried away—away! The birds go south, but they will return, Mitiahwe."

"I heard a cry in the night while my man slept," Mitiahwe answered, looking straight before her, "and it was like the cry of a bird—calling, calling, calling."

"But he did not hear—he was asleep beside Mitiahwe. If he did not wake, surely it was good luck. Thy breath upon his face kept him sleeping. Surely it was good luck to Mitiahwe that he did not hear."

She was smiling a little now, for she had thought of a thing which would, perhaps, keep the man here in this lodge in the wilderness, but the time to speak of it was not yet. She must wait and see.

Suddenly Mitiahwe got to her feet with a spring, and a light in her eyes. "*Hai-yai*," she said with plaintive smiling; then ran to a corner of the lodge, and from a leather bag drew forth a horseshoe and looked at it, murmuring to herself.

The old woman gazed at her wonderingly. "What is it, Mitiahwe?" she asked.

"It is good luck. So my man has said. It is the way of his people. It is put over the door, and if a dream come it is a good dream; and if a bad thing come it will not enter; and if the heart pray for a thing hid from all the world, then it will bring good luck. *Hai-yai*! I will put it over the door, and then—" All at once her hand dropped to her side, as though some terrible thought had come to her, and, sinking to the floor, she rocked her body backward and forward for a time, sobbing. But presently she got to her feet again, and, going to the door of the lodge, fastened the horseshoe above it with a great needle and a string of buckskin.

"O great Sun," she prayed, "have pity on me and save me. I can not live alone. I am only a Blackfoot wife; I am not blood of his blood. Give me, O Great One, blood of his blood, bone of his bone, soul of his soul, that he will say, 'This is mine, body of my body,' and he will hear the cry and will stay. O great Sun, pity me!"

The old woman's heart beat faster as she listened. The same thought was in the mind of both. If there were but a child, bone of his bone, then perhaps he would not go; or, if he went, then surely he would return, when he heard his papoose calling in the lodge in the wilderness.

As Mitiahwe turned to her, a strange, burning light in her eyes,

Swift Wing said: "It is good—the white man's medicine for a white man's wife. But if there were the red man's medicine too—"

"What is the red man's medicine?" asked the young wife, as she smoothed her hair and put a string of bright beads around her neck and wound a red sash round her waist.

The old woman



"It is good luck. So my man has said."



"I've got my heart nailed to the door of the lodge."

shook her head, a curious, half-mystic light in her eyes, her body drawn up to its full height, as though waiting for something. "It is an old medicine; it is of winters ago as many as the hairs of the head. I have forgotten almost, but it was a great medicine when there were no white men in the land. And so it was that to every woman's breast there hung a papoose, and every woman had her man, and the red men were like leaves in the forest—but it was a winter of winters ago, and the medicine-men have forgotten; and thou hast no child! When Long Hand comes, what will Mitiahwe say to him?"

Mitiahwe's eyes were determined, her face was set, she flushed deeply, then the color fled. "What my mother would say, I will say. Shall the white man's medicine fail? If I wish it, then it will be so; and I will say so."

"But if the white man's medicine fail?" Swift Wing made a gesture toward the door where the horseshoe hung. "It is medicine for a white man—will it be medicine for an Indian?"

"Am I not a white man's wife?"

"But if there were the sun medicine also, the medicine of the days long ago?"

"Tell me—if you remember. *Kai*! but you *do* remember—I see it in your face. Tell me, and I will make that medicine also, my mother."

"To-morrow, if I remember it—I will think, and if I remember it, to-morrow I will tell you, my heart's blood. Maybe my dream will come to me and tell me. Then, even after all these years, a papoose—"

"But the boat will go at dawn to-morrow, and if he go also—"

"Mitiahwe is young; her body is warm; her eyes are bright; the songs she sings; her tongue—if these keep him not and the Voice calls him still to go, then still Mitiahwe shall whisper and tell him—"

"*Hai-yo*—hush!" said the girl, and trembled a little, and put both hands on her mother's mouth.

For a moment she stood so; then, with an exclamation, suddenly turned and ran through the doorway, and sped toward the river and into the path which would take her to the post, where her man traded with the Indians and had made much money during the past six years, so that he could have had a thousand horses and twenty lodges like that she had just left. The distance between the lodge and the post was no more than a mile, but Mitiahwe made a detour and approached it from behind, where she could not be seen. Darkness was gathering now, and she could see the glimmer of the light of lamps through the windows, and as the doors opened and shut. No one had seen her approach, and she stole through a door which was open at the rear of the warehousing-room, and went quickly to another door leading into the shop. There was a crack through which she could see, and she could hear all that was said. As she came she had seen Indians gliding through the woods with their purchases, and now the shop was clearing fast, in response to the urging of Dingan and his partner, a Scotch half-breed. It was evident that Dingan was at once abstracted and excited.

Presently only two visitors were left, a French half-breed called Lablache, a swaggering, vicious fellow, and the captain of the steamer, *Saint Anne*, which was to make its last trip south in the morning—even now it would have to break its way through the young ice.

Dingan's partner dropped a bar across the door of the shop, and the four men gathered about the fire. For a time no one spoke. At length the captain of the *Saint Anne* said: "It's a great chance, Dingan. You'll be in civilization again, and in a rising town of white people—Boise'll be a city in five years, and you can grow up and grow rich with the place. The Company asked me to lay it all before you, and Lablache here will buy out your share of the business at whatever your partner and you prove it's worth. You're young; you've got everything before you. You've made a name out here for being the best trader west of the Great Lakes, and now's your time. It's none of my affair, of course, but I like to carry through what I'm set to do, and the Company said, 'You bring Dingan back with you; the place is waiting for him, and it can't wait longer than the last boat down.' You're ready to step in when he steps out, ain't you, Lablache?"

Lablache shook back his long hair and rolled about in his pride. "I give him cash for his share to-night—some one is behind me, *sacré*, yes! It is worth so much. I pay and step in—I take the place over. I take half the business here and I work with Dingan's partner. I take your horses, Dingan; I take your lodge; I take all in your lodge—*everything*!"

His eyes glistened, and a red spot came to each cheek as he leaned forward. At his last word, Dingan, who had been standing abstractedly listening, as it were, swung round on him with a muttered oath, and the skin of his face appeared to tighten. Watching through the crack of the door, Mitiahwe saw the look she knew well, though it had never been turned on her, and her heart beat faster—it was a look that came into Dingan's face whenever Breaking Rock crossed his path, or when one or two other names were mentioned in his presence, for they were names of

[Concluded on pages 652 to 654]

The Campaign Back Home

By EUGENE WOOD

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

GENTLE READER: Up to now you and I have walked along, in our journeyings back home, with our arms interlocked upon each other's shoulders, thicker than thieves. Whenever I have given my experience, and told my "tribbles and trialations," as Brother John Warnock said in class meeting one time, you have grinned all over your face and wagged your head and agreed: "Yes, sir, that's so. Now, that's jist the way it was."

I don't know how it is with you, but I begin to feel kind of uneasy about that sort of thing. I'm so constituted that it's bad for my health to have folks agree with me all the time. It gets so monotonous. I don't see but what you and I will have to have a row. It's bound to come sometime and we might as well have it over and done with. And yet I should n't like it to be anything more than a boyish spat, like those we used to have coming home from school, when I'd black your eye and you'd send me in bawling to my ma, with my hand held like a cup under my nose, and the next morning when you passed my house you'd yodel for me the same as ever, and I'd snatch up my books and tear out of the house so as to walk with you.

Let me see now—what is there we can quarrel about?

I might pick a fuss by calling you names. I might chant at you,

"Moore! Moore!
Rick-rick-store!"

or,

"Fie, for shame! Fie, for shame!
Everybody knows your name!"

But I don't know that your name is Moore, or, indeed, what it is at all.

I might tease you with

"Black eye! Black eye!
Turn around and tell a lie."

or,

"Blue-eyed beauty!
Run home and do your
mammy's duty!"

which is a terrible insult and implies that you help your mother with the dishes, an aspersion which you would have to "take up" or be forever disgraced. But I don't know the color of your eyes.

I might bristle up to you and say, "I kin lick you. You think you're smart." That is n't done, though, to pick a fuss, but to get acquainted, and we don't need an introduction, Gentle Reader. And, besides, it would be just like you to sniffle, "You lea' me be, now; you big stiff! Ma! Ma-ma!" and run home bawling.

Let me see, now—is n't there something we

can squabble about, just like boys, and be 'just as unreasonable and loyal to our side? Let me see—let me see—

I have it—politics!

And since I proposed the game it's my first choice of sides. I choose Republican. I've got the advantage of you from the very first. I've got something to holler at you, and you have n't anything to holler back at me.

"Sixteen rats! Sixteen cats!
Sixteen dirty Democrats!"

I knew that would grind you. Your side hasn't any poetry like that. Not smart enough. The nearest you ever came to it was a long time ago when you could say "329" to us, and we'd get fighting mad in a second. So many of these

young whiffets don't know what that means that we'll have to explain it to them. It seems that one time Congress voted to raise its own salary, and dated the raise far enough back so that each con-

gressman would have \$329 that he had n't figured on. But it was such an unpopular move that a statesman, afterwards nominated for President, covered back his grab into the Treasury. The worst thing he could have done! The very worst thing he could have done!

Because (if you're a politician) when you get caught with the goods on, the thing to do is to make out that you are working in the best interests of the country, and stick it out that it was your plain duty to do that very thing. And for this statesman to run like a whitehead at the very first holler, and go put the money back where he got it—oh, that was too mortifying! And your side was just malicious enough to see it and to take advantage of it. Bad little boys thought 329 was a new naughty word, and chalked it on the fences and on the sidewalks, to the horror and disgust of all. You saw it everywhere. Going home from church you'd see it, and if you were walking with a lady you'd have to say: "Oh, what a

funny looking cloud that is!" to divert her attention. It was everywhere. People who lived at No. 329 Main Street had to petition the

Common Council to change their house number to 327A. They could n't stand it. In the early part of the campaign it looked as if our candidate was going to be defeated, but after this 329 movement got good and going, the moral sentiment of the country was awakened and our candidate was triumphantly vindicated by being elected. He's dead now, and he's got a far finer monument than the ramshackle factory chimney made out of brickbats they put up for Lincoln.

That was the only popular cry you ever got on us, and it taught you a lesson, seemingly. It taught you your place. And when we shout at you

"Sixteen rats! Sixteen cats!
Sixteen dirty Democrats!"

you take your medicine in silence, the same as Tom Lee did when we gathered outside his laundry and declared, "Chinymen eat rats!" I always associated the two cries.

I suppose most nice people have an Uncle Jack, the same as I did. Uncle Jack's Christian name was not John. It was—I kind of hate to tell you—his initials were A. J.—well, I might as well out with it, I suppose: his name was Andrew Jackson, and they called him Jack for short. So—so you may guess what his politics were. There's black sheep in every family

and it's no use trying to make out different. As you go through the world you learn to have more charity for others' failings, and you try to think it is n't always their fault, even though it does make you hang your head a little.

It was to my Uncle Jack that I made my first political argument. I did n't realize what a sock-dolager it was until afterwards, when I heard my daddy telling it around and laughing about it and saying what a smart child

I was for my age. If Uncle Jack had n't been another Ephraim joined to idols, that argument should have set him to thinking.

I was just at that place in the First Reader where it says, "See the fat pig. Can

the pig run? No, the pig is too fat to run," and when Uncle Jack, who had come to town all dressed up, with a ribbon pinned on his coat, bade me sit on his short, round knee while he felt around in his pockets to see if he could n't find a stick of red striped



"Help your mother with the dishes"



"Bad little boys thought 329 was a new naughty word"



"He had just joined the church"



"Uncle Jack"

candy somewhere on him, I thought of how Uncle Jack would look if he should try to run, for he was what you would call "a fleshy man" if you picked your words, and "a pussy man" if you did n't. He made inquiry as to the progress of my education, and let on to be much surprised that I knew my letters. To prove it, I called off the big capitals printed on the strip of muslin tacked on the bottom of the big flag hung across Main Street, from the window over Case's Drug and Book Store to the window above Mr. Morningred's New York One Price Clothing Store.

"And what does that spell?" I asked my Uncle Jack.

"That spells 'Democratic County Convention,'" answered my Uncle Jack, with a pride I thought unseemly.

"Yes, but what you got it on the Union flag for?" I demanded to know. "Why ain't you got it on the Copperheads' flag?"

Ain't the Democrats Copperheads?" Uncle Jack got red as fire, but he said: "We're all under the one flag, my boy. We all want to do what's best for our country, whether we're Democrats or Republicans." When they come at you with talk like that, what can you say? When they get the quiver in their voices, I mean. I knew as well as I knew anything that Uncle Jack had been a Copperhead; that he believed that when the people of a State vote of their own free will and accord to come into the Union,

they have the same right to go out of it if they vote to do so of their own free will and accord; and you know that's not only nonsense—it's treason.

Wait a minute. Say! You and I once came to blows about politics. Yes, you do too remember it, if you'll just stop and think. It was when we were in Miss Munsell's room. There was a Democratic rally, and big Pat McManus was one of the marshals, with a sash on him and all. And he came riding past the school yard when we were out at recess, and we hooted at him that about rats and cats and Democrats; and just to show that we were n't all Black Republicans you hollered: "Hurrah for" (whoever it was that was running for President and Vice-President on the Democratic ticket—they did n't get elected, I know), and quick as a flash I added, "And a rope to hang 'em!" And quick as another flash you hauled off and hit me in the mouth, and I hit you on the head and knocked your cap off, and you hit me—no, that time it went right past my ear; never touched me—and I hit you in the face, and the other boys came a-running and shouted, "A fight! A fight!" And I was whirling my fists around each other like the real fighters do and studying where I'd paste you if I got a good chance, when Enos Barker came up and stopped it. I was kind of glad of it, for my lip was bleeding, and the blood was red just like it is when it comes out of

an artery, but the other boys were plum disgusted at Eeny. He was an awful bossy boy, anyhow, and he was bigger than most of us, and he had just joined the church and was what they



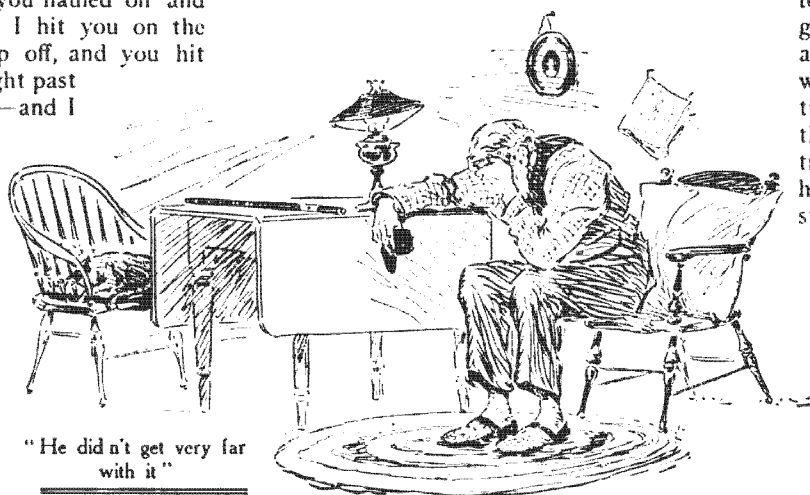
"Mose Strayer always had charge of the fife-and-drum corps"

call "an influence for good." Why, look! If he caught you at it, he'd make you give back the marbles you had won, and he would n't even let you say "Gosh!" You'd have to say "Goodness!" Last I heard of Eeny, he was running one of these country history enterprises. Say; but he did everlastingly soak those farmers up in Clarke County! "All the traffic will bear!" was Eeny's motto.

So he went and tattled on us to Miss Munsell, and she had us both up before her desk. She told us we must n't fight over our "political preferences" (I remember that expression as plain as if it was only yesterday), and said she would let us off this time, but the very next time—she wanted the whole school to pay attention—the very next time she caught anybody, it did n't make any difference who, quarreling over politics, why—she hoped a word to the wise would be sufficient. By golly! she was a terror when it came to whaling a boy. When she got done with him he was as ridgy as a wash-board.

She had to say that because, theoretically at least, Democrats do have some rights, but I could see she was with me, heart and soul. The others were, too, and all but said, "Goody! Goody!" when I told how I had capped your sentiment with "And a rope to hang 'em!" So I went back to my seat with a swelling heart. My lip was swelling some too.

That night there was a drunken man on the street. That's the kind of folks Democrats



"He didn't get very far with it"

are! That's why the Democrats like to see it rain, for rain makes corn and corn makes whisky and whisky makes Democrats.

Hear also what Horace Greeley saith: "All Democrats are not horse-thieves; but all horse-thieves are Democrats." (That was before he ran for President on the Democratic ticket.) I feel sorry for you fellows. Honest, I do. And I felt sorry for my Uncle Jack and troubled in spirit about him, because he was a nice man, and a good-living man, and a sweet singer, and could tell such beautiful, scary Indian stories, when I went out there to visit his boys, that when it came bedtime Aunt Caroline would have to hold my hand all the way up-stairs. It was a shame he was a Democrat—a blame shame, so it was. He was no drunk man, neither was he a horse-thief, and it got me why he should want to associate, even politically, with such a crowd.

They were a distinctly inferior class of people, and always had bad luck. They had to get up that cheerful saying about rain, because whenever they had a rally or anything it almost always rained. Their sky-rockets were n't near as pretty as ours and didn't go half so high.

And when they had the band it didn't blow as loud for them as for us, or play such nice tunes. And you could see the band felt ashamed to have to turn out for Democrats, and always made a point of giving them "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," because in the first line of the second verse there is a distinct allusion to Democrats. You never thought of it? Why, it says as plain as anything:

"The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither," and if that is n't hinting pretty strong I don't know what is.

Their torchlight

parades were regular fizzles. "About a hundred men and boys in line," the *Examiner* said about them always. But our parades were fine. Sometimes there would be about a million in line. Well, of course, not quite as many as that, but pretty nearly though—pretty nearly.

We'd be up on Richardson's steps on Main Street, where we could see 'way, 'way down to the South End. It would be all dark except for the coal-oil lamps in the windows of the stores and on the wooden posts at the street corners. Every once in a while we'd stand on our tiptoes to see if they weren't coming yet, and the grown folks would give us an impatient shake and say, "No, child, not yet—not for a good while yet," and go on talking the inconsequential foolishness that grown folks will talk when they get together—about how old man Dietrich wasn't expected to live, and how they had telegraphed for Jinny and Ed, and all such stuff as that. And we'd gape till the tops of our heads seemed likely to come off, and mother would say, "I don't know what possessed me to bring these young ones out. They ought to be in bed this minute. It's just the ruination of children to keep 'em up so late, but they teased so to come along—that there

"That was the kind of folks Democrats were"

"Other boys' pas let them march"

"He's grand"



"Up on the stage were the finest men in town"

was n't any living with 'em, so they'll just have to prop their eyes open the best way they can," and we'd chirp up, "Oh, I ain't—hee-hy-ho-hum!—sleepy a bit," and try not to gape, or if we had to we did it mannerly behind our hands. And pretty soon somebody would say, "Hark! what's that?" And away off somewhere you could hear: "Boomp!—Boomp!—Boomp-boomp-boomp! Boomp!—Boomp!—Boomp-boomp-boomp!" The bass-drum! (I always get excited when I hear the bass-drum. Something doing!) And it would keep getting a little louder and a little louder and a little louder; and we kept getting more and more excited, and just at the psychological moment the line turned into Main Street at Mad River Street, and the drums began to roll—"prrrrrrr-rum-pum! Boonge!" and the solo cornet to go—"Tantara - tantara - TAH! Teedle-eedle-TAH!" That's the introduction, and that grand old patriotic air, "Marching Through Georgia," would set the pulses to leaping.

It's strange, when you think of it, that of all the fine tunes made during the war-time that alone should have lived. I don't think it begins to be as pretty as:

"Brave boys are they!
Gone at their country's call!
But yet, but yet, we can not forget
That many brave boys must
fall!"

"You take it in silence"

And in lofty sentiment I don't think "Marching Through Georgia" is quite up to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." But that's only a funny song nowadays about a man named John Brown, or some such name. The real patriotic air is "Marching Through Georgia." I once knew a man that was in the march to the sea. He brought home three gold watches from it. He always liked that tune a lot.

Well, as I was saying, around the corner came the rows on rows of sparkling lights, with all the sinuous, wavy motion of one of these woolly

"Fever-'n-ager" caterpillars, moving up and down as the men kept step, and moving to this side and that as the men dodged the mud-puddles. Farther back in the line, where part of the time the men heard the music of the cornet band, and part of the time the music of the fife-and-drum corps, there was a sort of joint (as we could see from Richardson's high steps) where the line of lights joggled and wobbled. Uncle Mose Straver always had charge of the fife-and-drum corps until he got the rheumatism so bad that Aunt Becky would n't let him march through the wet any more. I reckon that man knew more nice tunes on the fife than any other man before or since. He knew "The Irish Washerwoman," and "The Fisher's Hornpipe," and "Money Musk," and "Bonaparte Over the Rhine," and "St. Patrick Was a Gentleman," and "The British Grenadiers," and "The Frozen Leg," and—oh, a whole, whole lot of tunes that would make your foot go in spite of itself.

Summer nights, just at dusk, when it would be all still, you could hear him from far across the prairie. After he had done a lot of these "quick and devilish" airs he'd stop, and we'd know, just as if we'd been there to see, that he had run the fife through his hands a couple of times and put it away, and gone and got his old German flute with the one brass C-sharp key and the finger-holes all worn white. And then he'd play this here soft, sweet music that makes your throat all swell up and hurt you, and you sit and wish for something, you don't know what.

"Oh, father, dear father, come down,
Come down and open the door."

He'd always wind up with the old familiar words:

"Believe me if all those endearing young charms
That I gaze on so fondly to-day,"

because that was Aunt Becky's favorite. The summer after she died he did n't play on his fife at all, but one evening we heard him with his flute awhile. He ran a scale or two on it and then he began, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," but he did n't get very far with it. He stopped. We listened for him to go on, but he never did. As we waited I heard my mother draw a kind of a long breath and sigh it out. After a little my father said, as if she had asked him something, "Yes, he thought an awful lot of Aunt Becky." The old man did n't live a great while after that.

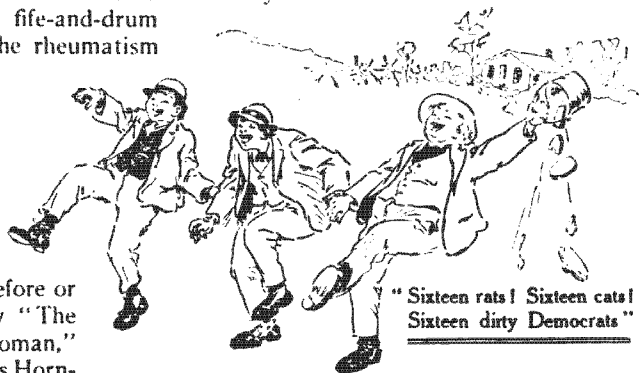
I don't know why it is that I keep wandering from the subject so. Seems as if I could n't stick to my text when I get to talking about the old times. You remember, though, that when the whole long line of torches got into Main Street you wondered why it did n't make everything as bright as day. They must have had a thicker kind of darkness at night in those times. It soaked up more light! You would n't believe it—it was only when they got right close to that you could see the tin cans of the torches wabbling in the crotches of the staves, and the red and

white and blue oilcloth caps of the different companies; and only when they were right in front of Richardson's could you recognize the boys you knew walking along with their pas, holding hands with them, or else clinging to their cape-corners.

Other boys' pas let them march; it was a funny thing you could n't ever get to go. Mud up to your knees—nothing! You'd look where you were going.

But even if we could not march and go help our side win, we could cheer and wave our handkerchiefs and hope our side would win. It almost always did. It could all the time, but it got to be such a sure thing that sometimes the Republicans would say, "Oh, I guess I'll stay home and clean out the furnace. They don't need my vote," and that time the Democrats would win. They always voted. Sometimes they voted two or three times apiece, which is no fair. But that is a Democrat trick, and you've always got to be on the lookout for it. And if they won, why, there would be the dickens and all to pay. The weather would be so bad that the farmers would n't make more

[Concluded on pages 650 and 651]



"Sixteen rats! Sixteen cats!
Sixteen dirty Democrats"

YOUR IMPRESS

By STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

NOW what is your niche in the mind of the man who met you yesterday?

He figured you out and labeled you; then carefully filed you away.

Are you on his list as one to respect, or as one to be ignored?

Does he think you the sort that's sure to win, or the kind that's quickly floored?

The things you said—were they those that stick, or the kind that fade and die?

The story you told—did you tell it your best? If not, in all conscience, why?

Your notion of things in the world of trade—did you make that notion clear?

Did you make it sound to the listener as though it were good to hear?

Did you mean, right down in your heart of hearts, the things that you then expressed?

Or was it the talk of a better man in clumsier language dressed?

Did you think while you talked? Or but glibly recite what you had heard or read?

Had you made it your own—this saying of yours—or quoted what others said?

* * * * *

Think—what is your niche in the mind of the man who met you yesterday
And figured you out and labeled you; then carefully filed you away?

A Church that is

by Alexander

IT SEEMS to be a fact that we don't go to church as regularly as we once did, and that, in the big problems of life and progress, the Church is a less vital power than formerly. In this article, Mr. Irvine tells how an old Fifth Avenue church (the Church of the Ascension) is searching into the problems of wealth and poverty, and of the relations between class

and class. Millionaires and their wives are here brought into close personal relation with socialists and sweat-shop workers, and each is free to speak out his own conception of the eternal truths. The result appears to be a closer and more sympathetic understanding of each other's burdens, and a gentler and more tolerant Christian feeling between man and man.



LONG, narrow chapel, densely packed—more than packed—with a nerve-tautened, eager-faced crowd of two hundred and fifty seated in a square mass fringed on three sides with a double file of men and women glad of standing room; in front, a small platform also packed and fringed; in the center

of the platform a small table, and beside it a tall, powerfully built, ecclesiastical figure—this was the scene in the Church of the Ascension in New York on the last night of a remarkable series of meetings. There had been forty such gatherings—crowded, intense, nerve-racking conferences, in the fashionable old Fifth Avenue church throughout the Sunday nights of the winter and spring, and now the friends and foes of the year's contentions were to part company. The rector touched a bell and the hum ceased; every figure was erect, every eye fixed on him. The silence was painful, intense.

"We have come to the close of these meetings," the rector said, "and we are to avoid debate to-night. Each speaker will tell us what the meetings have meant to him or her."

Even on this last night it was not possible entirely to escape controversy, for the spirit of absolute freedom and independence that had characterized the series and made it unique in the church history of New York was present up to the last tinkle of the bell. There were harsh comments, bitter criticisms, and unfortunate missteps in speech, but it was largely a meeting of good will and gratitude for pleasure and profit received during the winter. One speech at that meeting stands out in bold relief.

"I appreciate the courage of Mr. Grant in opening this church to the people and in opening its pulpit to a representative of the people," said the speaker, a leading socialist of the country. "I am grateful for the fine fellowship, the freedom of discussion, the music, the beautiful architecture, and the inspiration that comes from such contact, but these are perhaps the smallest of what has come to me during the past winter. I am the son of an orthodox Jewish rabbi, but I have been an atheist all my life. I have been over-bitter and destructive in my addresses. I am now a believer in the immortality of the soul and I look forward to life instead of death. This has influenced my work, my life. Instead of a hundred words against human slavery to one for human freedom, I reverse the order; and as against one word against slavery, I speak a hundred for liberty. There is a big difference to me—a new psychology."

Among the people on the platform was a young man—a millionaire. He turned to me and said: "That speech is one of the most inspiring things I have ever heard."

That Jewish socialist's heart-spoken words express, perhaps better than anything we could say, the value of these meetings. They represent what we hoped to accomplish, and what to a certain extent we did accomplish, in opening the chapel to free discussion.

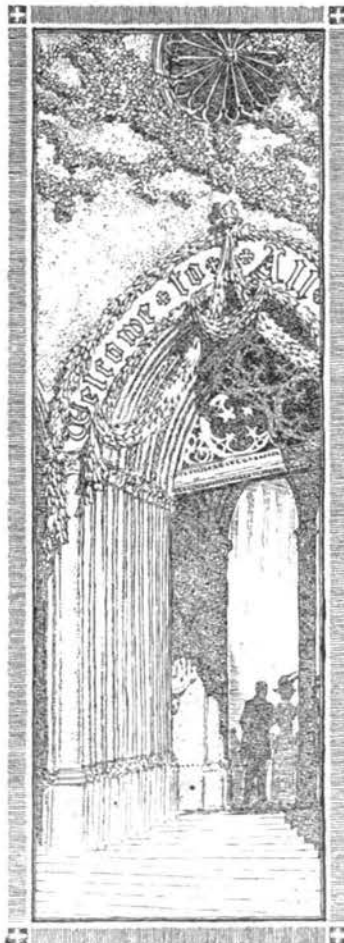
The meetings originated in a conversation between the writer and the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, rector of the church. I had seen no hope of uniting on a religious basis classes hopelessly divided on economic and industrial fields. My experience had taught me that the difficulty was not so much in getting wage-earners into church as in preventing church members from keeping them out. I was struck with the depth of character and breadth of vision of Mr. Grant and offered him my services as a volunteer worker in his parish.

Some months later he invited me to become a member of his staff. I was naturally suspicious—not of Mr. Grant, but of an aristocratic church reputed to be composed mainly of millionaires and ladies. I accepted the call without much enthusiasm, and when the time came to begin work I asked to be relieved of my promise. "I am a socialist," I told Mr. Grant, and he replied, "What of it?" It was with that distinct understanding that I began the series of pulpit addresses.

In addition to the Sunday evening addresses, I went to some of the largest factories and workshops in the city and addressed the workers during their dinner hour—dinner half-hour is more correct. To tell these men of grime and toil that a church on Fifth Avenue cordially welcomed them was something new. Many came out of curiosity—they came again and brought others.

The Church of the Ascension holds three services each Sunday. The first is at 11 A.M., when the rector preaches; the second is a musical service conducted by the assistant rector at four in the afternoon; and the third is at 8 P.M., and is usually conducted by the rector. Probably half of those who attend the morning service attend no other. They are the somewhat exclusive and conservative communicants. The majority of the attendants at the afternoon service are music-lovers, and come from far and near to enjoy the special music.

The new point of view at the evening service brought a new constituency, largely composed of wage-earners—thinking wage-earners—and men and women who are in sympathy with them. This evening service occupies an hour—seldom more.



Battling for Progress

Irvine

A personal acquaintance with a few thousand working men in New York gave me at once a parish, and from the beginning I had the men I wanted to reach. There came also men of large affairs in Wall Street, lawyers, doctors, artists, professors, writers, clergymen, and day-laborers. The contrasts were sharp. The people were packed together—no special pews or choice lots. The prayer-book was a new thing to most of them, but they struggled through it. They joined in the hymns and responses, and it was very evident that everybody or nearly everybody tried to get into the spirit of the hour.

In the early part of the winter we decided that in order to get acquainted with the newcomers we must have a good social aftermeeting in the chapel adjoining the church. This meeting was at first of the most informal character. The ladies served coffee and cake and there was a real mixture of the classes.

One night when we had had a number of these social aftermeetings a working man was asked to give us a five-minute talk. He did so, and before we were prepared for it we were confronted with a new phase—a new necessity. After that it seemed quite natural to ask any one of prominence who happened to be present to speak. Later we asked for questions from those who would not, or could not, make a speech. We then found it necessary to have a prepared program and a chairman. The church services had a gradual increase in attendance, and the aftermeetings grew in the same proportion. It was a strange sight to see hundreds of people emerge from the pews, get into file—four to six deep—and slowly squeeze through the chancel doors into the chapel. This was a slow process, but it gave us a chance to shake hands with the people as they went through.

In the conference we discussed child labor, model tenements, the unemployed, the "bread line," individualism, socialism, and kindred topics. The leading speakers were given half an hour and speakers on the floor three minutes. The very sound of the word socialism made some of our people nervous and uneasy. Some heard it one night and returned not again; others heard it and fought it violently; still others grew to like it.

In addition to the three-minute speeches, questions were allowed. It was ludicrous to notice how the propagandists tried to sandwich in a speech. On one such occasion the chairman called the speaker to order: "This is the time for questions. Now, if you have a question, ask it; but don't make a speech." The speaker looked disturbed. He paused a moment as if searching for a question, then concluded, "Well, my question is that I disagree with the speaker, see?"

The meetings were so intense at times that a burst of laughter was an immense relief—a safety-valve. One night the laugh was especially welcome—one stormy session when our craft was almost wrecked in a sea of controversy. "I am from Boston," said a note which

was handed to the chairman. "Will you give me ten minutes?"

Five minutes was all this nice lady from Boston needed in which to stir up a fearful storm. "Socialism," she said, "is against God, religion, and the family." She went on and on, while the storm gathered strength. An athletic-looking young man, a stranger, came to her rescue. Another stranger, a woman, offered her time. I knew what this invasion of strangers meant, but I was powerless to interfere. The storm broke, and fifty people at once asked for recognition. "Suppose," I said, when a semblance of order had been restored, "all that the Civic Federation speakers have said be true—" I never got any farther, for the secret of the invasion was out, and anger gave place to laughter and applause. The meeting was saved, but the incident was almost the undoing of our scheme. There were reporters there on that eventful night for the first time, and from that moment we were in the limelight. The newspapers proceeded to discredit and poke fun at the meetings.

The following Sunday the streets were black with people seeking admission long before the hour of opening. Then we were forced to admit by ticket and to ask the aid of policemen to keep the doors clear.

One newspaper published a statement that the vestry had met and voted against the meetings, and that Mr. Grant and I were to part company. When the rector pointed out to the editor the falsity of the statement he retracted it, but hinted that it was "true just he same." It was a month or six weeks before we regained our equilibrium.

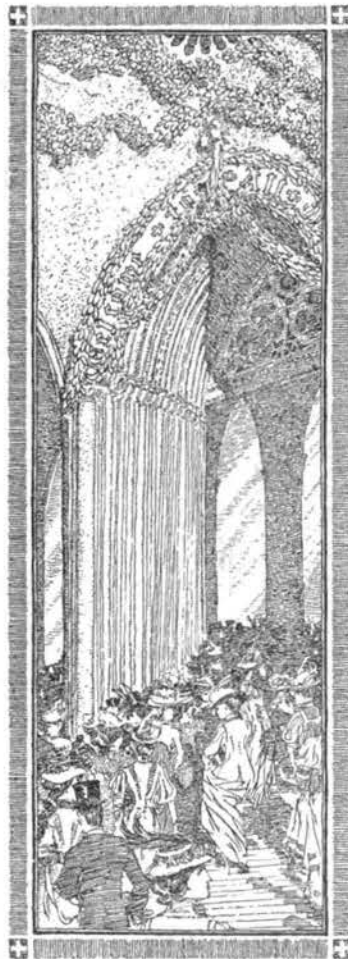
In the depth of the winter it happened one night that the "bread line" was under discussion, and a few men undertook to turn the discussion into practical channels. Collections were taken up and the men of the "bread line" were furnished with beds. This collection was continued for months.

It seems strange to me now that we never had a man or woman in those meetings asking for food or shelter. It was a working man who first suggested that the distribution of coffee and cake took up too much time and space. He advised that we "cut it out," and we did.

The meetings lasted sometimes until midnight. They were never dismissed before eleven. The last minutes of each conference were the best, for, no matter how hot the debate or how bitterly opposed men and women were, on going out they grasped each other's hands, smiled, and walked away as friends.

After the conferences certain groups used to resort to a neighboring restaurant for an after-aftermeeting over refreshments. One group would be composed of a few millionaires and their friends. In another corner would be a group of literary socialists and working men. Mr. Grant and I would often take a cup of coffee with one group and then join the other. More than once I have seen these groups amalgamate and sit around the same table with the finest feeling and social fellowship. One millionaire has

[Concluded on pages 648 and 649]



A Father by Purchase

MESSRS. MORRISON & LEVY, dealers in second-hand furniture ("Highest Cash Prices Paid for Contents of Flats, Hottels, and Libraries"), displayed an assortment even more suggestively pitiful, more pathetically shabby, than usual. Conglomerate representatives of household tragedies crowded the interior of the shop, bulged in the dingy window, and escaped to the pavement, where the least dilapidated specimens, offered at tempting reductions, enticed the hopeful bargain-hunter within.

Here, rubbing elbows in indiscriminate informality, were the cast-up flotsam of time and circumstance. That battered desk—what burning lines may not have been penned on its marred mahogany? My lady's dresser, shivering there in flimsy draperies—what lovely face, smiling into the oval mirror, grew older and graver, fading with the dimity curtains through the years? Grandmother's rocker here, with the flattened cushion tied by bits of tape to the high back—can not one see the peaceful old head with pushed-up spectacles and the ball of yarn fallen to the floor in the sunshine? There, under that heap of moldy carpet (and something tugs at your heart at the glimpse of it), a baby's little cradle—however came it there?

In a conspicuous corner of the window, for six weeks past, had lingered a picture—the large and ambitious crayon reproduction of an old-time daguerreotype. The high lights were very glistening, the shadows brilliantly and opaquely black, and the half-tones a sleek and uniform gray. But the subject had been too fine for even the crude treatment entirely to distort.

The portrait represented the head and shoulders of a hale old man on the sunny slope of seventy—broad-chested, erect, with a clean-cut, clean-shaven chin; firm, kindly mouth; fine brow, and brooding, serious eyes below a mane of snow-white hair. The spotless white waistcoat and flowing black-silk tie seemed part of the whole personality of taste and graciousness—a personality to which the cheap gilt frame of the portrait was an insult.

If you had happened to stroll past Messrs. Morrison & Levy's emporium of second-hand furniture quite early of a morning—say while the army of department-store clerks was marching down-town—you would have seen the portrait's daily visitor—a shy slip of a girl, somber-eyed and poorly garbed, who lingered to gaze earnestly and wistfully at the gentle old face in the window.

The first time she had come had been six weeks before—one late-summer evening after a day when work had been more than ordinarily depressing and life had appeared less than ordinarily possible; though the girl, not being given to habits of introspection, did not herself think of it in precisely those terms.

It had been one of those days, such as come to the best of us, when the tide of contrary circumstance seems to set with unusual determination our way. In the first place the girl had been late that morning—five criminal minutes—and the uncompromising record of the time-desk entailed a sacrifice to the Powers-That-Be of a quarter

By Elizabeth Payne

Illustrated by John Wolcott Adams

of her day's pay—a tidy sum withal, when one is dependent on six dollars a week for board and lodging and raiment and literature and car-fares and dissipations.

Customers, too, had seemed unusually exacting. Perhaps that was because she was worried. Problems of domestic economy harassed her mind in an under-current of anxiety. For, economize as one may, one can not bring the price of a chop much under five cents, or a can of tomatoes under nine, or bread under four. And the five minutes late meant going without at least the chop for two days. Of course one might manage on the tomatoes and bread, but even the least hearty of us will admit that there is, after all, a certain sustaining quality in meat when one has stood steadily from eight until six.

"Yes'm," said the girl with a start, coming out of a troubled consideration of these points, "your change is ready: ninety-eight cents, and two is one dollar—three—four—five. Thank you. I'm sorry you were kept waiting"—with a smile.

It was the girl's smile that made her always the busiest saleswoman at the button counter, where customers, returning a second time, seemed to think it worth their while to wait a few minutes in order to have her serve them.



"The head-of-stock slipped a fat envelope into the floor-walker's hands"



"Say," said he, grinning affably, 'stuck on th' ol' man, eh?'"

That particular September night when the girl first caught sight of the picture, she stood a very long time before the window of the second-hand furniture shop. Something in the compelling sweetness of the eyes, in the kind, strong mouth and sensitive chin, marvelously attracted her and insensibly comforted her flagging spirit.

"He looks," she whispered to herself, "like somebody's father. Oh, I wish't he was mine!—I wish't he was mine!"

Something rose up stormily and choked her—a passionate protest against the narrowness and ugliness of her own existence. She had never had anything that other girls have—not even a father. Since the second marriage of the dressmaker, who had generously removed the girl from the depressing monotonies of a foundling asylum to fill a larger sphere of errand-running, the girl had not even possessed a friend. For the dressmaker had been a kindly soul, though, she had as blithely freed herself from adopted responsibilities, with the acquisition of a profitable "second," as she had cast aside the rusty weeds that had mourned a long-lamented "first."

In her loneliness the girl had often envied mutely and longingly those other girls who whispered and giggled among themselves—the stronger spirits who were faring forth this moment on the five-cent trolley lines "down t' th' Island."

No one had ever invited the girl to go "down t' th' Island"—poor little white-faced, unpompadoured, shabbily dressed drudge that she was. But then, how *can* one wear *lingerie* (the girl called it "ling-ery") blouses and patent-leather pumps and automobile veils and turquoise beads on six dollars a week and provide the chops and canned tomatoes of one's domestic economy?

But somehow, as the girl stood there on the dusty pavement, drooping with weariness and discouragement, the picture of the hale old man rested her and made even the heretofore coveted pleasures of "th' Island" less achingly alluring.

The next evening and the next the picture was still in the window, and each time the girl stopped and gazed long at it and wished it were her father. And each time she seemed to go away feeling a little happier.

Then came Sunday, when she did not have to go down-town to work. On Sundays—when she was not too tired—she walked to church the other way, far up near the park, through the wide, beautiful streets where there was room for bits of green grass between the houses and the pavement, and where carriages and motor-cars rolled noiselessly over the asphalt.

To be sure, there were churches in the district where the girl's lodging-house hung tentatively on the edge of the business community—active, strong, workaday churches where she might have made one of a circle of working-girls like herself.

But for some reason, which she could not herself have explained, the girl preferred to creep away alone and sit far back under the gallery of the church near the park. She liked the shadows under the vaulted roof and down the echoing aisles, and the shafts of sunlight piercing in gorgeous splashes of color through the stained-glass windows. She liked the flowers and the music and the delicate faces of the women in their rustling garments. And something in the minister's voice, clear and deep and sweet across the quivering stillness, helped to make life less difficult, though the girl quite often could not understand at all what he was saying.

This September Sunday, however, as she trudged back to the lodging-house, it came to her strangely that there was something for her in the face of Her Picture, as she had come to call it, that even the minister's voice had never given. With the thought came a sudden alarm lest, with the customary week-end readjustment of stock, the furniture dealers might have given some other work of art the place of the portrait in the window.

The girl worried so about the possibility that she could not enjoy her Sunday dinner, which extravagantly included, in addition to the chop and canned tomatoes, a "chalk-lit eclaire." But then are we not all prone to these little extra gastronomic indulgences of a Sunday?

The girl had a feeling that the day would lack completeness unless she could say her usual good-night to the picture. She knew it was foolish, for she was tired after her four-mile walk to the park church and back—and one must consider shoes, too, for which too much walking is weakening. But while she was thinking how foolish it would be, she was absent-mindedly pinning on her hat and looking for her door-key. It is the illogical way of women.

When she reached the second-hand furniture store she found that the curtains had been decently drawn over the dirty windows—a very unusual Sunday observance on the part of a second-hand furniture store, which does not disdain, generally the advertising possibilities of an artless Sunday display of its treasures.

So the girl trudged home and there was a lonely feeling at her heart—as though she had

gone to a trysting-place and had waited in vain for a friend. And she felt doubly lonely all through the evening.

Next morning she approached the furniture store with apprehensive eyes and a heart all ready to sink. The lily and forget-me-not decorated washstand and the magenta-red parlor suite were absent from their accustomed places on the pavement—she saw that while yet two blocks away.

But the picture was there! The girl was positive it smiled back at her reassuringly. If you have ever consulted daily the photograph of any one whom you loved very much and whose pictured eyes met your own frankly, instead of staring in a silly, photographic fashion sideways, you know very well that it is a fact that pictures *do* smile, or look grave and stern, at different times.

After that the girl rose regularly at six instead of a quarter past, in order to have time to pause on her way down-town to bid good morning to the picture of somebody's father whom she liked

to pretend was hers.

One night on her way home the junior partner of Morrison & Levy caught her looking at the picture.

"Say," said he, grinning affably, "stuck on th' ol' man, eh?"

Habit came near making him add facetiously, "Vhy nod chuce somepody younger and hantsomer?" but on second thought she was really not pretty enough, with her big, hollow eyes and sharp cheeks, to be worth the effort at gallantry.

The girl drew back nervously. She resented his mocking tone and was fearful lest his disapproval of her trespassing might lead him to take the picture from the window. She turned hastily to walk away.

"Say," called Mr. Levy, with business-like promptitude, "want the pigcher? Sell it cheap—t' you."

The girl stopped, arrested to startled attention. She had not thought of buying the picture. A breathless vista of possibilities opened suddenly before her.

"How much?" she faltered, coming back, unaware how expressive were her eyes. Of course it was to be expected that such a remarkable piece of art, accompanied by a gilt frame of such beauty, would cost a very great deal of money—as much, perhaps, as even a head-of-stock could earn in a month at the button counter.

Now, Mr. Levy saw immediately that the girl wanted the picture very much—so much that,

no matter what price he chose to name, she would be likely to go home and consider what she could do without in order to pay it. But for all his cupidity Mr. Levy had a heart. Besides, though this is immaterial, there had not been any remarkable demand for works of art in the six weeks that the portrait had graced his window. So, after due deliberation, he said magnanimously, while the girl's eyes were fixed anxiously on his face:

"Two dollar—t' you, m' dear."

The girl sighed with relief. Two dollars—why, it was only the price of a week's provisions! By economizing a little more closely, leaving off the tomatoes, perhaps, and just for a week eating bread without butter (which, as every one admits, is only a luxury), and by doing another month without a winter jacket, she might easily manage it. As for the jacket, in November the weather seldom gets down to freezing-point—and if water does not freeze, of course blood is not likely to, either.

She drew closer to Mr. Levy.

"Do you think," she ventured fearfully, "that you could—could keep the picture till next Saturday evening—if I promised to come then and pay for it?"

Mr. Levy considered.

"There's a goot many calls fer them fine gray-ons," he hesitated—"fer drawin'-rims in flats"; but he guessed, judiciously, that he could manage to hold the portrait at least until Saturday.

The girl gave him a smile that made him wonder why he had thought her thin little face uninteresting.

"And," she added, gaining a fine boldness as she began to realize the responsibility of potential ownership, "I would be very much obliged if you would just leave the picture here in the window till then."

And every morning and evening until Saturday she stopped and looked at her picture, herself appearing each time a little happier and a little hungrier than she had on the previous day.

Suppose one had a father to bid good-by to each morning—an invalid father, say, who was always sure to be there when one set forth and when one wearily returned at evening; a kindly, sympathetic father to whom one could confide all one's little daily worries and perplexities—would one not naturally try to keep one's face smiling and hopeful and cheerful on his account?

Suppose one's father, furthermore, were a conspicuous example of Chesterfieldian elegance, in snow-white waistcoat and flowing black tie and with beautifully parted, waving white hair—one would presumably feel a certain obligation

about having the room in which he stayed as spotless and as attractive as might be; say, with colored tissue-paper window shades instead of newspaper ones, and clean bureau-covers and towels, and the part of the rug that had the hole in it turned under the couch—and, when one could, a flower blooming in the tooth-mug.



"A little happier and a little hungrier"



"A pair of brown eyes snapped"

That was exactly how the girl felt. There was an obligation, too, about one's attire. With those steady, exacting eyes always following one, it made more difference whether one's belt and skirt met evenly, and whether one's collar were quite spotless, even if one had to wash the only collar one owned each night of one's life and dry it on the looking-glass.

And if, of an evening, instead of a cheerless room and hours of loneliness, there was a gracious father with ready, sympathetic ear for the recital of injustices and unfairnesses on the part of the Powers-That-Be, and with genial companionship while one ate one's chops and canned tomatoes—would n't it be worth while doing one's hair over and twisting in a bit of red ribbon?

In fact, would n't life be altogether a richer, larger, happier thing? So the girl found it.

In the evenings she read to him—not the romances that she had been wont to choose for her own relaxation—glimpses of the world whose outside she viewed at the park church—but books of history and poetry and travel, which the young lady at the circulating library had recommended as sure to prove entertaining to an invalid father.

And insensibly, as the weeks wore on, the girl herself grew finer because of the finer things that the picture had brought into her life.

Even the floor-walker noticed the difference in her. He had frequently observed the girl with approval because she was the only one on his aisle whose eyes were not always alertly ready to meet his before he reached the counter.

For he was a very young and very good-looking floor-walker. Customers had often remarked it. Some of the younger ones had been heard to say that he was "a regular Gibson man."

But a floor-walker, if he respects his business, and properly reveres the Powers-That-Be, has other things to think of than catching eyes behind counters, even if the constant avoidance gives him a preternatural dignity almost alarming to timid customers who venture to approach him for information.

This particular floor-walker had, in fact, a matter in mind far more engrossing and serious. This was the acquiring of an education. He did the studying nights and paid his board bills by being a floor-walker.



"She flung her hands over it."

It was a sort of *noblesse oblige* with him—this securing of an education—for his grandfather had been a judge and a scholar. His mother had told him about it before she finally laid down the burden of baking and brewing and ironing for his stepfather's brood of children.

And she had tried very hard to secure for him the necessary leisure for an education. But the delicatessen dealer, who was her second husband, could not be made to see why a big boy, who looked fully the essential fourteen

years which one must claim in order to labor unmolested by the prying society that seeks to interfere with the pecuniary advantages of parents, should feed at his table, yet contribute nothing to his purse. So the boy went to work, beginning with the messenger service in the same store where at length he rose to the enviable position of floor-walker, with the proud privilege of attiring himself in a Prince Albert coat and the brief authority that is so ponderous a thing—from behind the counters.

In her poor way the boy's mother had tried to stimulate his ambition and his ideals. Perhaps it was her ardent desire that he should make himself a gentleman; perhaps it was the inherited gentleman within him that made the floor-walker place only a stepping-stone and not a goal to the boy. It had been during his father's harum-scarum college days that the marriage with his mother had taken place. She had been so pretty and so shy and so innocent—and the judge's son had been a gentleman, even if he was young and hot-headed and had made a dreadful mistake.

The floor-walker's father, so his mother had often told him in the talks that they had had together while his stepfather was dealing out pickles in the delicatessen shop, had been full of little gentlemanly notions—like preferring the bother of neckties that one had to tie and untie oneself instead of the handy sort that come ready adjusted; and cuffs that were extravagantly incorporated into one's shirt-sleeves instead of economically detachable, to be kept clean on the mantel. And he had had fastidious preferences for exclusive towels and table napkins. And so remarkable are the influences of heredity that the floor-walker himself confessed to a weakness for these inconsequent niceties of environment.

"Blood 'll tell," his mother had frequently commented proudly, "blood 'll tell."

"Blood 'll t' hell," her second husband had discourteously responded. "Th' same way his father went afore him—th' lazy spen'-thrif he was!"

But night-school and the memory of one's mother's ambition—and the consciousness of a grandfather who was a judge—can together accomplish a great deal. The boy was wishing now that his mother had lived to see him step out of the floor-walker's Prince Albert—as he expected to do very shortly—into the position

[Concluded on page 642]

THE UPPER ROOM

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

IN MY house of life is an Upper Room,
A small and garnished place;
And there I dreamed in the mist-gray gloom,
And I looked my soul in the face.
(O Upper Room with your dreams where I
Let my friends, unwept, go passing by!)

Once Love tried the door, and a child's voice came—
I heard it through my prayers—
But the door was barred when they called my name,
And the steps went down the stairs.
(And yesterday at the door I found
A toy and a rose trampled on the ground.)

And my prayers were heard, for with toil my house
Has grown, though empty, great;
And from my Upper Room I see
Crowds gathered around my gate.
(From my Upper Room with its dreams where I
Let the loveless years go passing by.)

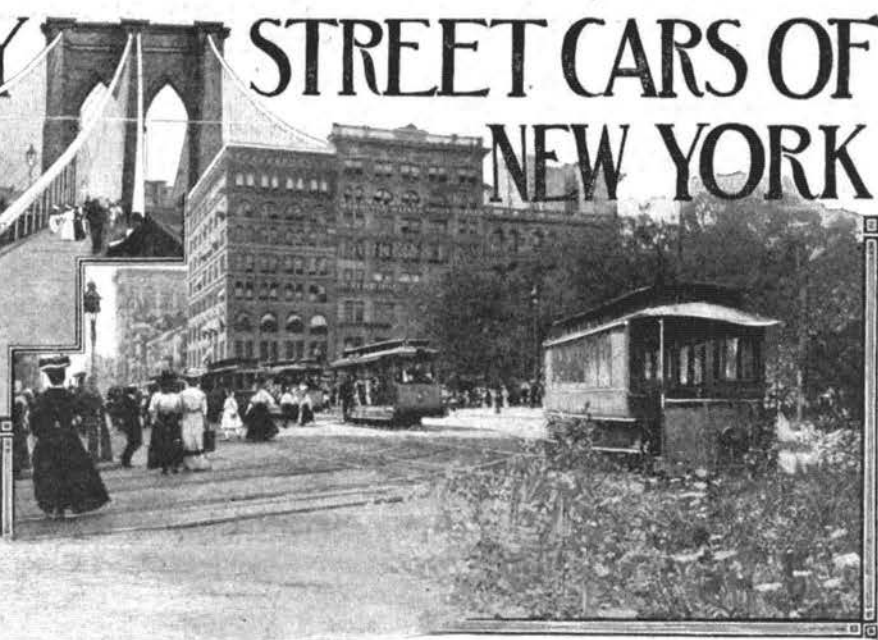
I have fought my fight. Hark, they bring the prize—
I have run; I have won the race!
But I sit and I dare not lift my eyes
To look my soul in the face;
(For yesterday at the door I found
A toy and a rose trampled on the ground.)

THE EXTRAORDINARY STREET CARS OF NEW YORK



A Brooklyn Rapid Transit Express. Off to Coney Island!

From photos by Bach



The fearful pace at "Dead Man's Curve"

What the Traction Magnate from Peoria Discovered in the Great Metropolis

Related by WALTER WEYL
Illustrated by George E. Graves

MRS. DUNCAN GRAY,
Hotel Apollo, Atlantic City.

"Delay your return Peoria. Am going New York for one month. Study traction system for Peoria Air Line. Meet you Atlantic City early next month."
DUNK.

MONDAY.

DEAREST ALICIA:

Your letter irritated me. Is a traction man, twenty years in service, likely to get run over by cars? Am I a farmer? Your New York ladies may put on airs in Atlantic City, but we know something in Peoria, too.

Got the Twentieth Century Limited. Great! Never imagined such luxury. There's American efficiency for you!

Well, I thought the one-horse car was a myth, but here it is as large as life; jangling bells, old spavined horses, trotting to their graves, little cars discarded by Hendrik Hudson. Don't see how they manage it. New Yorkers *must* be easy.

So far this system does not seem so wonderful, but old Butler, who is a New York man, you remember, said we Peorians were behind the times, and I should get some up-to-date, modern ideas.

P. S. Have been riding all day—cross-town cars, up-town cars, down-town cars, pay-as-you-enter cars, antediluvian, Lilipution horse-cars. I've stood up, hung to straps in the aisle, ridden on the platform, on the buffer, on the roof—that's where they carry New Yorkers at five cents per! The only decent car line I have seen yet is the Staten Island ferry. No more to-day.

Yours devotedly,
DUNK.

TUESDAY.

Gee! Excuse this pencil. Am looping the loop on one of the famous flat-wheel cars. Great churning process! I feel like a quart of milk just before it became cheese. Rapid

transit in New York is in three dimensions: up and down, side to side and—occasionally—forward. Every time the broad side of the wheel scrapes along the rail, there is a repercussion like a— An obese lady has just sat down on my lap—unintentionally. I have apologized. They really ought to have the roofs of these flat-wheel cars cushioned.

WEDNESDAY.

And they say New Yorkers are quick! The conductor yells, "Step lively!" You do "step lively," fearing to waste a hundred-thousandth part of a valuable New York second, and then—down breaks the car.

Have discovered one good thing about rapid transit here; it is cheap. They boast about how far you can ride for a nickel; I should like to tell them how often I rode to-day without a nickel. One conductor evidently saw that I was beating the company, for, as he passed, he shook

"An obese lady has just sat down on my lap"

my hand warmly, just to let me know we were in the same business. Met a conductor who leaves to Providence the disposition of the fares he collects. His system is, "Ring up the nickels, but let the pennies take care of themselves." One of the richest men in New York was a street-car conductor until the register came in.

Some day I shall write a sonnet on New York transfers. I got on a car to-day and said, "Transfer." I said it because every one else said it. I thought it was a game—as it is.

Well, some got transfers and some didn't. I did n't. When I insisted, the conductor became angry and called me a "cheap guy" and a "ringer." For an hour I argued with that man, and finally I got a little strip of red paper, with forty agate lines of First Aid to Passengers upon one side, and upon the other an advertisement of the Big Store announcing cuts in crutches and bandages.

Those transfers don't take you anywhere. It's all a joke on the transferee. "No good on this line, vouchsafed the first conductor I tried it on. "You've got to walk back to Fort Avenoo." I walked

back to Fourth Avenue. "Too late," decided the conductor on that line; "this is a transfer, not a calendar." I protested that I had received it only that minute. But the conductor

was as unyielding as Fate. Spitting a gentle stream of tobacco juice upon my patent leather shoes, he concluded laconically, "Pay or get off."

I got off. On the next car I had no trouble. I did not present my transfer; I dodged.

THURSDAY.

I have gone up against the "car-ahead" proposition. George! That's the institution! Every

now and again and again and again a car strikes, or gets tired, and they decide to lead it gently back to the barn. Then they trot you out into the street to the tune of "car ahead," and you waddle along through the mud and slush into the next car. The car-ahead invariably breaks down, and then the two are locked together and you are ordered back again, and back you've got to go. One would n't mind getting out of an accidental seat into an over-filled car, if there were any sense, rhyme, or reason to it. But—

Ours not to reason why,
Ours not to make reply,
Ours but to do—

I forget the rest. Something about 600.

LATER.

Have been fraternizing with a gentlemanly old New Yorker whom I met on the horse-cars.

"What do you think of this transportation?" I queried, speaking very gently so as not to hurt his feelings.



"The horse's name is Samuel"



"See this hand!"



"Short block, leave the cards on the seat"



"Cut it out," said the old gentleman"



"I pictured the tracks strewn with dying men"

"Rotten."

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"Nothing."

"At Peoria," I suggested, delicately, "we have a fine, up-to-date system."

"Cut it out!" said the old gentleman. "Where in the somewhere or other is Peoria?"

That is, I think, a fair sample of New York ignorance and insularity. No wonder they are satisfied with their medieval street-cars. *Where's Peoria!!!* Catch a Peorian not knowing where New York is. I assure you, Alicia, I have not met a single person here who is at all informed on the Peoria traction system.

They have *some* new notions here. There's the pension fund. Any employee who has served for seventy-five years without missing a day or receiving bad marks, or any employee, ninety-five years or over, who has served continuously for sixty years, and is good to his mother, is entitled, in case there is sufficient money in the treasury of the company, to a pension of three dollars a month.

The man who is drawing this pension, has been driving the same old horse since Lafayette's visit here in 1826. I am told that the horse's name is Samuel.

FRIDAY.

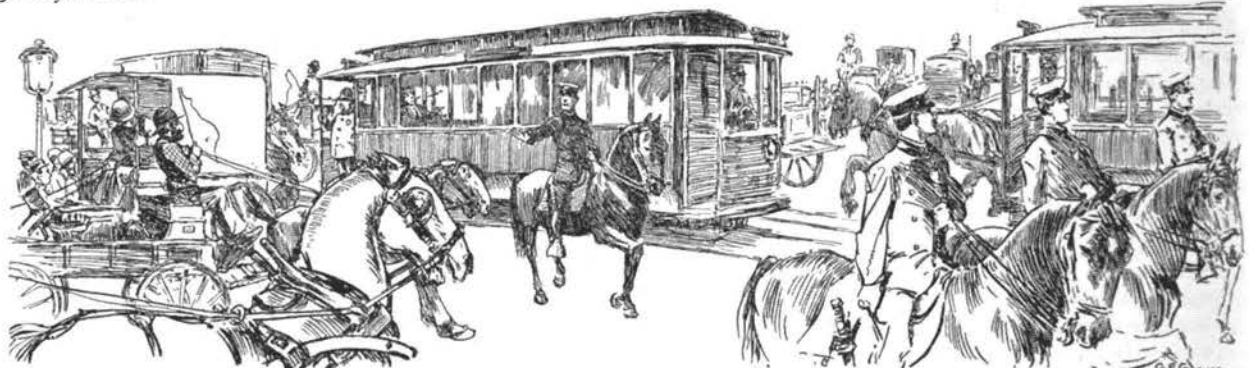
Good old Doré could have got points on his Inferno if he'd seen the Bridge crush. I used to think that sardines were "packed," but I assure you, Alicia, on these cars it takes a miracle to get in and a surgical operation to get out.

At six this evening I watched the Broadway funeral cortège in its mournful procession. These cars are very sociable. Not a quarter of a car in a quarter of an hour; and then, of a sudden, a jovial, rollicking bunch of forty inebriated vehicles come rolling up together, invariably, however, in the wrong direction.

Along the street come two great parallel lines of pedestrians, homeward bound. They are the men, women, and girls who have toiled all day, and who now look forward to the peaceful joys of their own firesides. They have far to go. Onward, steadily onward they march. Tired, fagged, spent with exacting toil, they would *like* to ride. Alas! They haven't the time.

SATURDAY.

See this hand! I have been snap-shotting some of the ancient street-car ruins, and as this conductor got my nickel, I got him. Do you see the black creases like a relief map of the Mississippi Delta?



"Special precautions were taken to insure his safety"

That black hand is typical of the whole New York system: dirty, slovenly, inefficient. It is not only the conductor's hand that is dirty, but his face, his collar, and his shabby suit.

I don't blame the poor fellows. They're good boys, but they're overworked and underpaid. And they're tired. They see how the cars are run.

SUNDAY.

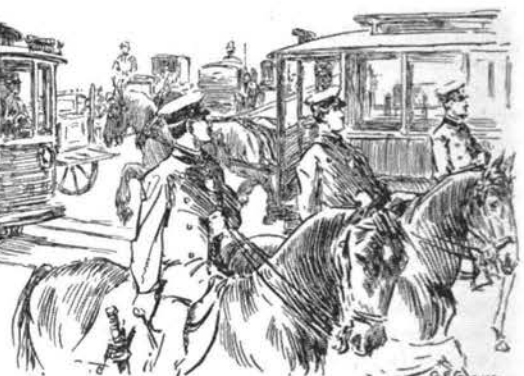
The more I think of these New York cars,

the less I think of them. They are developing a race of strap-hangers, pendant mortals, who cling to a strap as to salvation. The cars to Brooklyn are the worst, probably because a man who will live in Brooklyn will stand for anything.

You wouldn't believe that people actually get run over by these slow cars, but they do. They're getting killed all the time. I don't understand it. Of course, if a blind man were walking along the track in the opposite direction, or an inebriated gentleman was taking his afternoon nap on the rail, and the motorman, seeing his chance—

MONDAY.

Fourteenth Street and Broadway is called



"Dead Man's Curve." I expected to see a shambles. I pictured the tracks strewn with dead and dying men, crushed by the furious, on-rushing cars as the Roman soldiers were trampled down by the Carthaginian elephants. Instead I found a block, "most of which I saw, and a part of which I was."

"Does this happen often?" I asked a weary-looking man, who rode in the cars because he was lame.

"It always happens," he replied sadly.

I could think of nothing more to say along that line.

"Why is this called 'Dead Man's Curve'?" I queried. "What do they die of?"

"Hope deferred." Then he added in a low, very low whisper, "Sometimes they die of old age."

Blocking the cars here is a tradition. They come to a stop one minute after you have paid your fare, and the passengers look at each other anxiously, consult watches, glare at the growing line, and get off and walk. When all the cars are emptied, the block comes to an end, and the people get on and pay their fares a second time. This block at Fourteenth Street is like the chaser in the variety show.

I sat out the block this afternoon. I knew it was against all precedent, but I wanted my nickel's worth. The conductor and motorman came in and argued, asking me whether I thought it was a "continuous performance." Ten minutes passed, twenty minutes. Then, at the end of half an hour, just when the conductor, motorman, and I had composed our-

[Concluded on page 658]



"Why that's Billy. That little germ was on this line before I was"

WE DO WHAT WE HAVE TO

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

SIR HENRY IRVING played *Becket* on the very night of his death. His physicians said that he was undoubtedly dying throughout the entire performance. So buoyed up and stimulated was he by his great zeal for his work and the bracing influence of his audience that he actually held death at bay.

It is a common experience for actors who are ill to be cured for a time and to be entirely forgetful of their aches and pains under the stimulus of ambition and the brain-quickening influence of their audiences.

Edward H. Sothorn says that he feels a great increase of brain activity when he is on the stage, and this is accompanied by a corresponding physical exhilaration. "The very air I breathe," says Mr. Sothorn, "seems more stimulating. Fatigue leaves me at the stage door; and I have often given performances without any suffering when I should otherwise have been under a doctor's care." Noted orators, great preachers, and famous singers have had similar experiences.

That "imperious must" which compels the actor to do his level best, whether he feels like it or not, is a force which no ordinary pain or physical disability can silence or overcome. Somehow, even when we feel that it is impossible for us to make the necessary effort, when the crisis comes, when the emergency is upon us, when we feel the prodding of this imperative, imperious necessity, there is a latent power within us which comes to our rescue, which answers the call, and we do the impossible.

It is an unusual thing for singers or actors and actresses to be obliged to give up their parts even for a night, but when they are off duty, or on their vacations, they are much more likely to be ill or indisposed. There is a common saying among actors and singers that they can not afford to be sick.

"We don't get sick," said an actor, "because we can't afford that luxury. It is a case of 'must' with us; and although there have been times when, had I been at home, or a private man, I could have taken to my bed with as good a right to be sick as any one ever had, I have not done so, and have worn off the attack through sheer necessity. It is no fiction that will-power is the best of tonics, and theatrical people understand that they must keep a good stock of it always on hand."

I know of an actor who suffered such tortures with inflammatory rheumatism that even with the aid of a cane he could not walk two blocks, from his hotel to the theater; yet when his cue was called, he not only walked upon the stage with the utmost ease and grace, but was also entirely oblivious of the pain which a few moments before had made him wretched. A stronger motive drove out the lesser, made him utterly unconscious of his trouble, and the pain for the time was gone. It was not merely covered up by some other thought, passion, or emotion, but it was temporarily annihilated; and as soon as the play was over, and his part finished, he was crippled again.

General Grant was suffering greatly from rheumatism at Appomattox, but when a flag of truce informed him that Lee was ready to surrender, his great joy not only made him forget his rheumatism but also drove it completely away—at least for some time.

The shock occasioned by the great San Francisco earthquake cured a paralytic who had been crippled for fifteen years. There were a great many other wonderful cures reported which were almost instantaneous. Men and women who had been practically invalids for a long time, and who were scarcely able to wait upon themselves, when the crisis came and they were confronted by this terrible situation, worked like Trojans, carrying their children and household goods long distances to places of safety.

We do not know what we can bear until we are put to

the test. Many a delicate mother, who thought that she could not survive the death of her children, has lived to bury her husband and the last one of a large family, and in addition to all this has seen her home and last dollar swept away; yet she has had the courage to bear it all and to go on as before. When the need comes, there is a power deep within us that answers the call.

Timid girls who have always shuddered at the mere thought of death have in some fatal accident entered into the shadow of the valley without a tremor or murmur. We can face any kind of inevitable danger with wonderful fortitude. Frail, delicate women will go on an operating-table with marvelous courage, even when they know that the operation is likely to be fatal. But the same women might go all to pieces over the terror of some impending danger, because of the very uncertainty of what might be in store for them. Uncertainty gives fear a chance to get in its deadly work on the imagination and make cowards of us.

A person who shrinks from the prick of a pin, and who, under ordinary circumstances, can not endure without an anesthetic the extraction of a tooth or the cutting of flesh, even in a trivial operation, can, when mangled in an accident, far from civilization, stand the amputation of a limb without as much fear and terror as he might suffer at home from the lancing of a felon.

I have seen a dozen strong men go to their death in a fire without showing the slightest sign of fear. There is something within every one of us that braces us up in a catastrophe

and makes us equal to any emergency. This something is the God in us. These brave firemen did not shrink even when they saw every means of escape cut off. The last rope thrown to them had consumed away; the last ladder had crumbled to ashes, and they were still in a burning tower one hundred feet above a blazing roof. Yet they showed no sign of fear or cowardice when the tower sank into the seething caldron of flame.

When in Deadwood, in the Black Hills of South Dakota, I was told that in the early days there, before telephone, railroad, or telegraph communication had been established, the people were obliged to send a hundred miles for a physician. For this reason the services of a doctor were beyond the reach of persons of moderate means. The result was that people learned to depend upon themselves to such an extent that it was only on extremely rare occasions, usually in case of severe accident or some great emergency, that a physician was sent for. Some of the largest families of children in the place had been reared without a physician ever coming into the house. When I asked some of these people if they were ever sick they replied, "No, we are never sick, simply because we are obliged to keep well. We can not afford to have a physician; and even if we could it would take so long to get him here that the sick one might be dead before he arrived."

One of the most unfortunate things that has come to us through what we call "higher civilization" is the killing of faith in our power of disease resistance. In our large cities people make great preparations for sickness. They expect it, anticipate it, and consequently have it. It is only a block or two to a physician, a drug-store is on every other corner, and the temptation to send for the physician or to get drugs at the slightest symptoms of illness tends to make them more and more dependent on outside helps and less able to control their physical discords.

During the frontier days there were little villages and hamlets which physicians rarely entered, and here the people were strong and healthy and independent. They developed great powers of disease resistance.

There is no doubt that the doctor habit in many families

[Concluded on page 643]

The Jelly of Madam Dorpat

By JEANNETTE MARKS

Illustrated by LAURA E. FOSTER

MADAM DORPAT looked at her long, thin son: she adored this boy who was too old to be young and too merry to be really old. And when John smiled at her she loved the wrinkles that circled about his eyes and traveled from the corners of his mouth upward toward his ears, making the face both tender and whimsical.

"You grow like your father."

"Go on, mother," he replied, with a wave of one loose-jointed hand; "Rose and the children will be in soon."

Madam Dorpat seated herself on the sofa. As she settled, from all sides of her, feather-like things, capes, fichus, ribbons, overskirts fluttered out, and fell into place again. She balanced her cane against the head of the sofa, took out her spectacles, put them on upside down on the very tip of her minute, captious-looking nose, and drew forth a letter from her reticule.

"I will say, Johnny, your Aunt Celestia is a puzzle to me since her husband's death. She talks about her gardens and luxuries and pantries and storerooms and about my 'struggling along' to help you bring up the children."

John patted his pocket and watched his mother folding up the letter.

"Jelly, Madam Dorpat?" he asked gently.

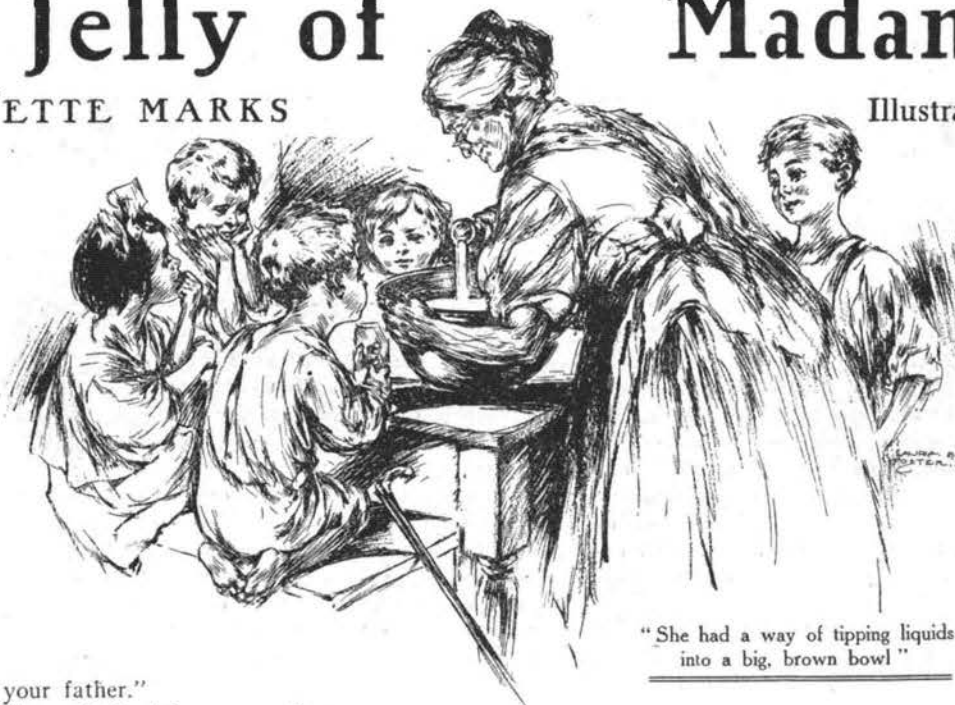
Without raising her eyes Madam Dorpat nodded assent.

"Oh, what a dream for an old lady who has so many children she does n't know what to do!"

"Celestia's always had everything."

The spectacles came off slowly and went tremulously into the reticule.

Madam Dorpat had longed her life long to put up jellies, but just about the time she was ready to jell another child came, and her seasonable jelly plans were knocked into a cocked hat. Lively little lady that she was, the jelly glasses outdid in alluring sparkle anything in all the world of which she had ever thought. She dreamed of rows upon rows of jelly, immeasurable alleys of jelly, in color putting the spectrum to flight: amber, yellow, amber, orange, deep red, crimson, light red, rose color, pink, purple, strawberry, cerise. And there must be jellies, preserves, jams. She saw them always this way. Of jellies there must be apple, quince, currant, grape, barberry, low-blackberry, swamp-huckleberry, and crab-apple. Of preserves, peach, damson and green-gage, quince, pineapple, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, currant, cherry. Of jams there must be grape, currant, raspberry, blackberry, and some marmalades as a matter of economy. It was an inherited passion. She had seen her mother jell and jell again, and had lived through many deliriums connected with jelly-making. She could still hear her mother in the last hours of her life cautioning the cook not to let the raspberries "work." There was a great deal of legendary history in the family, too, about closets full of *confitures* owned by re-



"She had a way of tipping liquids into a big, brown bowl!"

mote ancestors. Her people had had the gift also of culinary improvisation. She herself, when John's purse would permit, liked to play a concerto in cakes, from angel food to fruit-cake. She had a way of tipping liquids into a big, brown, earthenware cake-bowl, beaded around the edge by from five to six pink, expectant snub-noses, and then of pouring in sugar in a fashion that not only elicited a volley of sniffs from the children, but was also enough to make the fat hour-glass on the kitchen shelf burst in ineffectual rivalry.

Her hobby, full-grown and unindulged, was like a repressed passion. Linen closets, tea-cup collections, paper and string frenzies, button bags, stamp-collecting, or even the collecting of

REAL life, a life which ennobles and makes character as well as insures happiness, is not a breathless scramble, but a serene and patient doing, resting, and enjoying.

other people's remarks, never at any time in her life had any hold upon her. But ever this spectrum of jelly, bright as a refracted solar ray, danced before her eyes and just out of her reach.

Twice she had been known to get as far in her plans as the purchase of sugar and fruit. In both cases she sailed too close to the wind. And while Madam Dorpat swallowed her disappointment as best she might and nursed her daughter-in-law, the children—Baldie, the red-cheeked; Nancy, the pleasant; Sabina, a neophyte of the higher education; Crisp, the red-haired; Tabby, the big-eyed, and a long-legged son of grief, John the Second—ate up the fruit and licked up the sugar. Now she had abandoned hope; there was no counting upon Rose, and you could never tell what the children would do. After all, the children were Johnny's; the little old lady clicked her reticule together with more decision than the tremulous hand had shown in taking off the spectacles.



"I don't understand your Aunt Celestia," she continued. "She writes more about herself than she ever used to, but somehow what she says, Johnny, does n't sound genuine. She moralizes too much—and she used to moralize less and give more."

"Mother!"

"Yes, just that. She has n't sent the children even a pair of stockings in the last six months. Five years ago she used to send such handsome things."

"Never mind, Madam Dorpat, look 'e here! Faint heart ne'er won fair editor."

John counted off some bills from a roll in his hand and extended them toward his mother.

"Why, Johnny!"

John moved nearer Madam Dorpat. With one big hand he tapped her knee. "And this was the story that made these pennies: Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, lived a little old lady. This little old lady was the dearest little old lady in all the world, and her name was Mother."

"Johnny!"

"Yes, Madam Dorpat, 't is true and pity 't is, 't is true. And her son's family took her and they made a sort of family barbecue of her, and they lived on her and they ate her all up—the cannibals they were!—without even taking time to roast her. I mean they tried to eat her all up, but they did n't succeed, for her son was a noble man, a very noble fellow, and drawing his pen and stabbing right and left he rushed from his newspaper office, shouting, 'Run, run—cut, mother—now's the time!'"

"Johnny, Johnny, what ails you?"

"And there was a handsome daughter-in-law and sixty children and ten-million household tasks and the most dreadful editors, but this noble fellow plunged his pen—"

"Ssh, ssh, Johnny; they're coming."

"And this dearest little old lady in all the world lit out and she never came back, and her son—"

"Johnny, dear, be still; it's Rose and the children."

"And this was a true story, for you see it's coming true, as the fairy stories don't."

Rose came into the room in the midst of a cherubic train, her face open, pink, and wholesome. In the morning Rose had gone to her work placid and clean; clean and placid she had just come home to-night. Even the dentist in whose office she was an attendant worshiped her indestructible freshness. While Rose was meeting people, answering the telephone, sending out bills, keeping the office in order, her mother-in-law struggled single-handed at home with eight children. Things happened. Madam Dorpat no longer attempted to tell Rose just what these things were; for, shrewd and tender old lady that she was, she had but little appetite for placidity. Undoubtedly they were troublesome children. Madam Dorpat was not certain that Rose knew of the things which happen in a world where Original Sin and Growing Pains gently propel human nature in the direction of virtuous contrasts. And of the ambitions connected with jelly and literature Madam Dorpat and her son

had long since ceased to say anything. Rose remained at her post against all importunity, serene in the apparent sense and justice of her service. Even when her husband's salary was raised she still kept her office work; her mother knew how to care for the children, and, obviously, Madam Dorpat could not go out for employment; undeniably they all needed the money. So daily Rose went to the office placid and clean; clean and placid she returned at night.

"Come, children, kiss me," she said, looking at her husband and mother-in-law, who sat guiltily silent on the sofa. "Come, children; granny will put you to bed."

"No," said John, "you go start the children for bed yourself. Granny got them up and she's been about with them all day. I've something I wish to say to mother."

Rose's eyes widened.

"Are you ill, mother?"

"Oh no, my dear. I'll be with you in a minute."

* * * * *

The next morning the Dorpat family came to consciousness slowly.

"Wow!" yelled Alfred a half-dozen times.

No glistening spectacles and kindly hands rescued him from the boredom of bed.

"Say, Crisp, I wonder where granny is?" demanded John. "It must be gettin' late."

"Rose," said her husband, "I think mother must have overslept. When I went in to build the fire she was n't up yet."

"Mother not up?" questioned Rose, her face a fresh, deep pink. "She ought to be. She will never get the children dressed and the breakfast ready. I must be at the office by eight to-day."

John the Younger rushed into the room.

"Say, pa, granny's not in her room and she's not in the kitchen."

Nor after careful search was she to be found anywhere in the house.

Before the day was out all Charlesgate City knew the news. One neighbor, thrusting her head out of the window at an early hour of dawn, had seen Madam Dorpat eloping with the milkman. She positively had seen this, for she remembered just the number of milk-cans and could prove it. Another had seen her going off with that young Brown Willis, Mr. Sawyer's confidential clerk. Mrs. Barnes, who lived only a block away, had seen her driving in a buggy with the sewing-machine agent, "decked out fit to kill." A member of Madam Dorpat's own church announced:

"Things is changin' when mothers-in-law take to skippin' off an' elopin'. That's all I've got to say!"

Nobody contradicted her.

"Anyway," continued her *vis-à-vis*. "I'm glad she's gone; it'll give that poor wife a chance now. She's always been so put down."

"Well, there's something in it!" exclaimed a masculine neighbor, looking at the *Centertown Post* covered with big headlines: "A Mother-in-Law—The Flight of Madam Dorpat."

He scrutinized the picture, that of a tall, slender, middle-aged woman with a big fluffy mass of Marcel-waved hair and

a lorgnette at an angle before her eyes.

"I tell you there's something in it. She brought up a big family of her own—twelve, I think. And now she wants a good time. They say she's a little giddy, has an idea about something or other. I tell you this mother-in-law business is a nuisance from A to Z. They're always in the way. Still there's something in this, something in this," continued this just, male appraiser. "To begin bringing up children when you're scarcely more than grown-up yourself and then to keep on everlastingly till you're old, it don't give the old woman time to die. They say the daughter's a fine motherly creature, a different sort from her officious, giddy, dried up mother-in-law."

"Aw," said young John, later in the day, studying his father's countenance, "granny's too smart to be settin' around here takin' care of kids."

And while Charlesgate City was buzzing over this mystery—a mystery the chief of police seemed to take more calmly than any one else—a little old lady, quilted with ribbons and fichus and capes, a broad bonnet tied with broad ribbons under her chin, her gold-headed cane leaning against the polished sill of the window, sat comfortably in a parlor-car chair, smiling and making sympathetic faces at a little boy. It was a glorious day, and at the end of the route she shook her cane blithely at a cabby and stepped into a cab. What a good boy her Johnny was, what a good boy her Johnny had always been. And Rose was a good girl, too—the cab gave Madam Dorpat a jounce heavenward—but if only she could, ever had, or would see a joke. How nice to see Celestia again—Celestia used to see a joke!—and then how doubly nice to settle down to jelly-making. For an instant twenty, fifty, a hundred rows of jelly tumblers hopped and skipped, jelly full, before her happy eyes. The cab came to



"Rose went to the office"

a stop. Madam Dorpat looked out. A gray stone building confronted her; over the large entry a black sign, "Home for Incurables."

"This is n't the place," called Madam Dorpat, thrusting her head around as far as she could at the cabby.

"This is the address you gave me, ma'am."

"Twenty-three Withington Road?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"But I want to see my sister; my sister is a rich woman—Mrs. Celestia Arden."

Cabby shook his head and looked ugly. An altercation about other streets followed. Finally Madam Dorpat stepped out and rang the bell. Celestia did live there! Madam Dorpat followed the attendant up-stairs; she had been writing to this same address for five years, so her sister must have been here all that time. She entered a little cubicle of a room. In a wheelchair sat a tiny old lady seemingly many years older than herself, but

still a pretty old lady. Celestia had always been pretty.

"Well, Celestia Jefferson Arden, I"—then Madam Dorpat checked herself and added, "How d'ye do, sister?"

They sat looking at each other. At last Celestia spoke—

"Now, Tabby, what in all creation could you have done with me, with ten other people to care for and all of you poor as church mice? When James died everything went. Then I had a fall, breaking my hip, and there was just enough money to buy myself an establishment here!"

Celestia indicated the room grandiosely with one tiny, beringed hand. There was silence.

"What could you have done?" repeated Celestia, pleadingly. "I've made a very good best of the best of it here. Everybody is most kind and attentive."

The silence continued. This was the day Celestia had dreaded for five long years.

"Well, Celestia," said Madam Dorpat, slowly, "we'll see"; and then added, her face unwrinkled by even the suggestion of a smile, "I've come to earn my living by jelly-making."

Within three weeks Madam Dorpat's name had become a household word. The head of the Woman's Exchange leaned out from her desk to urge the little old lady to make jelly and more jelly. Never was jelly with such luster, such sparkle, such delicacy, such firmness, such form, such sweetness, such tartness, such taste! Never were there such varieties. Never such jeweled colors! They could not supply the demand. It was a phenomenal success. Ordinarily it took even their best workers several

weeks to get launched on a good custom. But Madam Dorpat—Madam Dorpat looked back with an unresponsive, dreary eye. She was thinking of the children.

In Celestia's room she unwrapped a glass and stood it on the window-sill.

"Ginger-apple," she remarked, without any of that sweet complacency which accompanies gift-giving.

The sun shone through the jelly, casting a red-gold glow on the sill and making certain bubbles at the bottom of the glass sparkle like imprisoned sunshine.

"Tabby!"



"I shall never leave you again"

The Woman of Fifty

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

THE word "woman" in its representative sense is always tacitly understood to mean "young woman." The majestic female figures used to typify our ideals, statues of Liberty, of Justice, of Charity, of Grief—these are always young women. In the poem, the proverb, the wide fields of drama and fiction, our treatment of women generally refers to the young ones.

The old woman comes in, to be sure—she is there, and must be mentioned in any large view of life; but she appears as duenna, as nurse, as an embittered and unfortunate crone, and, most largely, as the mother. The mother is a frequent personage in fiction, a respectable secondary character in the drama, an occasional subject of verse, but she serves always as a background to the young woman, who holds the stage.

Treated poetically or artistically, the mother is preferred young; she is the mother of babes; the innumerable pictures of "mother and child," holy or not, give us a baby in arms, and a parent well under thirty. The period of youth and beauty, of blossom and fruit, is taken universally as being the period of woman's life, and what comes after is glossed over as a retrospective season, spent in satisfying contemplation of previous achievements.

What does come after?

Women live as long as men, and a little longer; they have as many years to fill, and keep their "faculties" as well. Between twenty and twenty-five the woman is married; if she begins early her family are all pretty well grown and established by the time she is fifty. What remains to her? Sixty—seventy—eighty she may live to be; there are at least twenty years of usefulness remaining to a healthy woman.

These are not like the years of young adventure, where so much time is lost in making mistakes and gaining costly experience. They are years of ripe wisdom, strong, rich, well-balanced, unhampered by the predominant egotism of youth, or by the overmastering personal demands of that period; years that should yield rich and sure returns. In earlier ages, in a different social structure, no such problem as we are considering arose. In upper and lower classes there was well-defined occupation for all women. Among the nobility and royalty the queens and countesses kept busy and interested all their lives, finding much larger occupation than the domestic; and among the peasantry the old women worked till they dropped, unquestioning.

In these days, among our millions of fairly well-to-do people who "keep a girl," where the men are active, intelligent workers, but where the women merely supervise the labor of servants, we have a new condition. The "cares of the family" are practically over when one is fifty; the cares of housekeeping ought to be easy by that time, and there are still fourteen hours wherein one is up and dressed and must do something. Take out two for meals, or even three; take out one more for seeing the cook and ordering the food; still there remain ten. Ten hours is a good working day; enough for anybody. Take out some more—the evening two or three—and one for exercise—there are six left. One can accomplish a good deal in six hours a day; and, without accomplishment, six hours is a good deal of time to sit through.

WHEN the duties of the mother are done and the children have gone out and found their places in the busy world, when the housekeeper's duties have become simple or perfunctory, what is a woman to do? Because her life has been a busy and a useful one, must she therefore waste the twenty years or more of life and strength that remain to her? Mrs. Gilman believes that a woman should have an active, independent place in the world's affairs. Because of her original, interesting ideas upon these questions, we have asked her to discuss with us the problems of the woman of fifty.

Our modern women have developed so much ability they do not make good idlers. If their capacity lies in domestic lines, it has reached its height in training and experience at the period of middle life, and is then confronted with less and less to do. The man of ability develops it in his work, rises in position and in salary, counts progress in achievement and in increased income. He grows and keeps on growing. The woman has her hardest work and severest responsibility when she is least fit for it; having to struggle with the problems of housekeeping while her physical strength is drawn upon by motherhood, and her mind distracted with all the unsolved problems of child culture. Then when she has acquired comparative efficiency in these arts, she is reduced to a family of two to look after, and no children at all.

There is a vague idea that being a grandmother is now sufficient occupation. For the poor, yes; for the well-to-do, no. Few are the daughters that are willing to forego their privilege of personal experiment; many, that react definitely against their mothers' methods; perhaps because they are dissatisfied with the result upon themselves. This vague, shadowy time of the *mater emerita*—the ex-mother—is too easily dismissed with the assumption that being a grandmother is a profession in itself. Besides, in our first classification of the woman as a mother, and the second as a grandmother, we quite overlook the fact that she is all the time something else—"a simple, separate person"—herself.

The personality of the woman we have ignored. It made some rebellious protests in her childhood, perhaps, but was overborne by the relentless tide of what was proper and requisite for little girls. It frolicked forth here and there in girlhood, within safe and narrow limits, but was soon submerged in the great common experience of love, marriage, and maternity. If it spoke at all during the next twenty or thirty years, it spoke to deaf ears. There is no room for personality when your trade is the same trade as that of every other woman; your major field of hope and fear, joy and pain, practically identical with hers.

You may have had any one of a dozen talents in other lines, but neither you nor the world is the better for it. You may have preferred other occupations, you may have particularly disliked this one, but neither capacity, preference, nor distaste made any difference. A wife and mother, you must also be a nurse and housekeeper—for better or worse. One wonders, sometimes, noting the wide difference in housekeeping and in child-culture, whether that "better or worse" clause was not put in on account of them. If it is "better" the family is more comfortable; if it is "worse" the family

is more uncomfortable; but, whichever it is, the woman must spend all her young years at it, and personality slumbers.

Is there any left when one is fifty? Is not the remainder a mere shell—a husk or a remnant of what was once a woman, all her womanhood accomplished?

That's what we have always thought. We have peacefully taken it for granted that she who had so patiently obliterated herself in the interests of her family should stay obliterated

on general principles for all the rest of her life. Is not this "mother" that once we looked up to with awe, and now we look down on with grateful affection? Is it not indeed "only mother," and, in tender retrospect, "my mother"—but quite inconceivable as anything else?

No man wants to see his mother, already gracefully shelved for the remainder of her days, suddenly burst forth in some new capacity and be somebody. No woman, married and busy with new babies, wants to see her mother becoming prominent and conspicuous in any way. It seems to reflect somehow on our most sacred ideals.

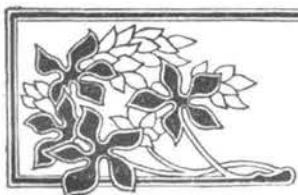
Here is this beautiful picture again—"Mother and Child." Here is the child, quite grown up and gone about its business; but the mother must remain *in statu quo*—and spend that solid twenty years of elderly life in the pleasing consciousness of what she has been. Son and daughter are quite willing to take care of her but not at all willing that she should take care of herself. It discredits them. Meanwhile the facts are there.

If the woman is normal and healthy, she is none the worse for having outgrown the mother period. That is done with (for better or worse), and now she is free to do something else. Her health should now be on a solid foundation, free from the variations of earlier years. She is not so taken up with being a woman now, and can realize at last her individual character as a human creature. It is never too late to mend; and in this matter of personality there is no age.

The cycle of progress that grows green and strong, buds, blossoms, fruits, and withers, is the cycle of sex. Personality is another thing altogether. It is part of human life, and forever young. Once untangled from the clinging bands of domestic habit, taken out and stood upon her feet, taught something new—to swim, for instance; to paint; to take up any trade or business; the woman of fifty finds, to her intense surprise, a fountain of youth bubbling up within her. She can enjoy the green earth as much as she ever did—more, if her soul has grown. Travel, if she can afford it; study, if she has the time and likes it; new and intensely interesting kinds of work always—life, in the largest sense, is open to her now.

In times past, in the harem atmosphere, when a woman was valued only as a potential mother, she lost that value with advancing years; but in these days, when women are realizing that they are something else besides—that they are real folks, human creatures, citizens as well as women—age has no terrors.

Suppose your woman of fifty lives in the country. The last daughter is married; the last son has gone to the city. The old folks are



WRITE it in your heart that every day is the best day in the year. A day is a more magnificent cloth than any muslin; the mechanism that makes it is infinitely cunninger, and you shall not conceal the sleazy, fraudulent, rotten hours you have slipped into it.—Emerson.



fairly well off—they keep a maid, there is a telephone, a daily mail, a trolley-car close by. "Father" is contented. He adds field to field, puts something in the bank, studies improved agriculture, stands high in the Grange, goes into politics a little, perhaps.

What can "mother" do?

Let her take an account of stock. Let her set down age, health, habits, capacity, tastes, what she would most like to do if she could. She may have to "loaf" for awhile, and to "invite her soul" assiduously before it will come out—souls get very much discouraged by a long course of neglect. But after a while there will emerge and stand up a little feeble thing, alive but rather shaky, and say, "Is it true? May I really come out and live?" Consult it carefully. What does it want, this real you, so long ignored?

Do you want money of your own to spend as you like? Consider the ways of earning it—there are many—bees, asparagus, Angora goats, tomatoes—a thousand possibilities. Have you

special skill in cooking? Develop it further; make some kind of perfect food and find a market for it. Do you prefer sewing? Use your power, do beautiful work; make your name upon a garment a proof of merit and a source of profit for the rest of your days.

Do you object to "working for money," or does your husband? If it is your own objection, if you really prefer not to be paid for your labor, then find means of working for people who need help. If it is an objection based only on masculine pride, suggest that you have done your duty as he saw it for thirty years, and might have an opportunity now to do what you prefer. If you really are competent as a mother, and enjoy the care of children, take some more!—there are plenty who need it.

If you prefer to rest awhile, and to improve your mind, do it; but do it with large purpose. Lay out a course covering years; plan ahead, open up a new horizon for tired eyes to look toward. Take a deep breath, a large new hold on life, wake up and begin to live!

"But I am old!" says the woman of fifty.

Not at all. As a mother you may be—but you are something more. A lot more. As a citizen you are a big-eyed child—a new person—just beginning.

In ten years' time you can accomplish wonders. Ten years of wisely applied effort, effort of a woman rich in some experiences, used to labor, strong and judicious—these should count for more than ten years of youth with all its blunders and back steps.

Suppose you live in a city and can not build an asparagus bed or put up tomatoes in glasses. (You could do the latter, by the way. Much of the "home-made" jelly sold in our groceries is put up within city limits.) But your talents are not in the culinary line, perhaps.

Do you like cleaning? There is a steady and growing demand in all our large cities for skilled labor of this sort by the hour; a demand that makes room for the hand-worker at one dollar and a half a day, and that calls still more loudly

[Concluded on page 644]

DIANA AND THE DUKE

Part Two

By EMERY POTTLE

Illustrated by JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

IT WAS nearly seven o'clock that evening and Gerald, scantily clothed, was answering the telephone in his bedroom. "No, Isabel the motor has not returned. I say no, it has n't.—What? No, I should n't worry; it has probably broken down—nothing could happen. What?—how dared my nephew take her away? I don't know anything about his dares. Apparently your daughter also dared a little.—Scandalous? Oh, nonsense! Prince Gray is one of the best fellows on earth. Diana is perfectly safe.—You don't like it?—I suppose not; but what are you going to do?—Yes, I shall, just as soon as I know anything myself.—Nothing has happened.—Oh, don't be absurd!—Yes, yes, yes, I will, of course.—No, I'm dressing now.—Good-by."

He hung up the receiver crossly. "That fool girl and boy!" he grumbled. "I wonder what they're up to now. There's a nice row coming—I can see that. Isabel is furious. We'll have a gay little family dinner this evening. I wonder if it really was Diana whom Prince met in Rome? Funny. I'll bet it was. Oh, yes, there's going to be a ghastly scene soon."

"A lady to see you, sir." Gerald's man entered at that moment with this announcement. "She says it is very important."

"A lady!" cried the amazed Gerald. "A lady at this hour?—to see me? Who is it?"

"It is the young lady who was here at luncheon to-day, sir."

"Good heavens! Did n't you tell her I'm dressing?"

"Yes, sir; but she insisted on seeing you."

"Get me my dressing-gown and my slippers, Crew," groaned Gerald. "There is n't time to dress. So. Give me a hair-brush and my glasses."

"In heaven's name, my dear," scolded Gerald, as he came out to meet Diana Fearing, "what are you here for?" He paused on the threshold of the library to regard her. "You are not ill? Nothing has happened?"

She laughed and shook her head.

"You will have to pardon my appearance," Gerald went on testily. "Don't

you know that you have no business here alone—even at my age? And your mother is in a fine state over you. Have you been home?"

"No—not yet," Diana serenely replied.

"Not yet? Are you mad, child? Where have you been, all the afternoon?"

"Motoring."

"With whom? Where?"

"Mr. Gray. Around."

"Young woman, have you no vestige of sense at all? Out all the afternoon with a strange man—though he happens to be my nephew—and turning up here placidly, at seven o'clock, where you should n't! And your mother raising Cain on the telephone for two hours!"

"Don't fuss, Guardy," Diana rejoined in a composed tone.

"Don't fuss! Oh, heaven, give me patience! Where's my nephew?"

"Outside in the motor—waiting to take me home."

"Well, upon my word! And what are you doing here, may I ask?"

"I came to see you. I was afraid I might not have another chance. I—I wanted to talk to you a little, if you don't mind, about myself."

"Oh, did you? Well, you can talk just five minutes, and then home you go to your frantic parent." Gerald seated himself protestingly, and assumed a martyred air of listening; but his eyes caught Diana's, and in spite of himself he laughed. "Minx," he grumbled, "what is it?"

"I don't wish to marry Prince da Falerna, Guardy," the girl began confidentially.

Gerald adjusted his eye-glasses and made careful scrutiny of his ward. She returned it frankly. "You look quite imperial in that purple velvet dressing-gown, and your white hair is too lovely," she continued flatteringly.

"Stop!" he commanded. "Don't drag my gray hair into this business. So you don't want to marry Falerna, eh?"

"I do not."

"Why not?"

"I—I don't know. I just don't," she hesitated.

"That may be all very well for me, but it won't satisfy your mother. You'll have to have a stronger argument, my dear."

"I don't want to marry any one now, Guardy."

Gerald cast his eyes to heaven in mute appeal.

"I am happy as I am," she asserted.

"My dearest child," answered Gerald, "you come here to tell me this sentimental condition at this time of night! Why didn't you fight it out with your mother in the beginning?"

"I'm so afraid of mama," Diana confessed, "and—"

"So am I," put in her guardian. "Have you by any chance seen the evening papers? I suppose not. Read that." He put his finger on a paragraph of the *Evening Moon* which he picked up from the table.

Diana glanced hastily at the sheet. She read aloud: "Although it was denied by Miss Fearing, her mother, and her guardian Courtney Gerald, there is little doubt that the young heiress, who comes into a million next month, will wed the Italian nobleman. 'Oh, Lord!' was Mr. Gerald's forcible comment on the arrival of the steamer, 'they've brought Falerna with

The Heritage

By EDNA S. VALENTINE

DOWN the centuries a-line, a-row—
Grandmothers, grandfathers, belle, and beau,

Puritan, vagabond, gypsy, peer,
Barefooted carle or cavalier;
Bone of the mountains, blood of the sea,
Reaching down through the years to me.

Bravely and surely, as one kept his sword
Unsheathed for the king in Naseby fight,
Steadfastly—purely, as one kept his word,
A Puritan's word in a battle for right:
Puritan courage and Cavalier pride—

The ages have sifted their dust away;
Dead are the causes for which they died,
But it's their love I give thee, dear, to-day.



"Don't you know that you have no business here alone—even at my age?"

them!" Miss Fearing's father was one of the—Guardy, did you say that?"

"I suppose I did. These dashed reporters! What are you laughing at?"

"Guardy, you won't make me marry him, will you?" coaxed Diana. "Help me to get out of it. Please help me."

"My dear child, if you refuse, no one can do anything."

"Then I refuse, I flatly refuse to marry him. I won't do it." She was very defiant.

"There you are, then," said Gerald, rising. "Run right home and tell it to your mother."

"Oh, I'm afraid to."

"Diana, what are you going to do?"

"I—I hate him. He bores me so," she hurried on. "There's nothing real about him. And—and he's—they say such horrid things of him in Paris. Guardy, who is *La belle Desirée*?"

Gerald glanced sharply at her. "What do you mean?"

"One hears everything in Paris," she said slowly, "and—oh, I don't like it! It—it is horrid and loathsome."

"Poor child," Gerald murmured.

"Guardy—we met him to-night in a motor with her as we were coming home. They did not see us." Diana's eyes besought him appealingly. "Is it always like this with men?"

The old man understood her. "No," he replied, patting her hand, gently, "No, child, not always."

"I've no father—no one to ask anything of. And mama and I are—different. Guardy—if I were your little girl, would you marry me off to Falerna?"

Gerald's voice was very gentle. "No, Diana," "Guardy, help me, will you?"

His eyes twinkled. "On the principle that two cowards are better than one? My dear, I'll help you all I can. Now you must run home. You will need all your courage to face your irate mother. We'll think out a plan of action later."

Diana threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. "You're an angel. I won't bother you any more."

"By the way," said Gerald, as he was sending her away, "how do you like that nephew of mine?"

Diana was demure. "He seems very nice indeed."

"Oh, does he?" her guardian commented dryly. Then, with an air of authority, he added, "Young woman, you see that you go straight home."

"Don't tell mama I came, Guardy," Diana called back.

"Poor little girl," Gerald sighed. "She's in for it. Oh, there's a fine row ahead! And I'm billed for the first old man. Telephone, Crew?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hello—you, Isabel?—No, not yet!—No, no! nothing could have happened; somebody'd have telephoned us.—Well, it's not my fault.—Wait five minutes more, Isabel, and then we'll have the police and the fire department out if you like.—Yes, yes, I will.—I can't come, though, without my clothes, can I?—Good-by."

VII.

"MR. GRAY, sir," announced Crew.

"Very well; show him in."

"Well, young man," began Gerald, peremptorily, "it is time you arrived to explain yourself. What precisely do you mean by running off with my motor and my ward together?"

"I would n't have gone with the one

without the other; it was the combination which was so irresistible"—and Gray grinned happily.

"Is it your custom, may I ask, to run off with young women—and motors—whom you have known for an hour or two only?"

"I've never let it become a habit."

"Well, where did you go—if it is not indelicate to ask?"

"Out into the country. It was so pleasant."

"Yes—rained horribly."

"Yes, but the motor broke and it rained only while your man was repairing it. We were quite sheltered."

"I'm enchanted to learn it. You are not, I suppose, aware that Miss Fearing's mother was in a state bordering on frenzy. She blamed me for it all. If you had happened in on our light-hearted dinner-party last night, and had seen how blithe and good-humored we all were! Isabel was in a refined tantrum; Falerna had the sulks; Diana rarely spoke and then only some vague foolishness; and I was expected to be bland and conversational—all of which I have to thank you for."

"I'm awfully sorry, Uncle Court. I—I—"

The old man laughed. "Go to the deuce; you don't care a straw! There, take something cooling to drink."

"I don't believe Mrs. Fearing likes me very much, does she?" modestly inquired Gray over his drink.

"Likes you? Great goodness, young man! she's ready to rend you limb from limb. No, she does n't like you. You'd better get quickly back to your farm while there is yet time."

[Concluded on pages 645 and 646]



"There was a ghastly silence at the table."



AS A RELISH AND A GARNISH to serve with a light meat course, such as chicken croquettes or timbales, nothing is more refreshing than small individual molds of very tart lemon jelly, in which are molded a few nut meats. The jelly can be tinted to carry out any color scheme.—J. M. S.

TO PREVENT CLOTHES FROM FREEZING to the line in cold weather, use a little salt in the last rinsing water.—MRS. R. G. D.

SAVE BITS OF TOILET SOAP from the bath-room and put them in an old cup at the back of the stove, with just a little water. The result will be a composite cake of soap for the kitchen sink, to remove from one's hands the odor of dishwater.—TEXAS HOUSEKEEPER.

ON MOTHS AND THEIR HABITS, and the best ways to get rid of them, there is an excellent pamphlet, published by the Government for free distribution, which should be in the hands of all housekeeper.—A. E. PERKINS.

USE LEMON PEEL, after the juice has been partly squeezed out, to rub stains from silverware; also to remove fruit stains from your fingers.—B. N. M.

IF YOU DO NOT WANT LIQUOR in your mince-meat, use one pint of clear, strong coffee to each gallon of mince-meat.—A. M. B.

WARM JELLY GLASSES before putting in the jelly, as it helps it to thicken.—MRS. LAURA HUTCHINSON.

LAST SPRING, WHEN I GOT OUT THE SCREENS for doors and windows, I found broken places in several of them, which I mended neatly by cutting patches from old screens. Each piece was a little larger than the break. I sewed it on with fine wire pulled from the edge of the netting. The patches were hardly noticeable.—D.

TO MAKE AN UPHOLSTERY NEEDLE, take a rib of an old umbrella, break to the desired length, sharpen the broken end to a point on a grindstone, thread the eye in the other end, and it is ready for use.—M. V. D.

I HAD AN OLD PAIR OF WHITE SUÈDE GLOVES, elbow length, which had been cleaned so many times with gasoline I could not wear them as they were. I needed some gray ones badly, so I experimented by using about a teaspoonful of gray oil paint in half a basin of gasoline. I put in my white gloves for about five minutes, stirring them all the time to keep them from being streaked. After drying, I found them a beautiful shade of gray and they looked new. I have found since that cerulean blue and vermilion used in the same way make exquisite shades of pink and blue.—B. H.

I KEEP MY GAS BILL DOWN in many little ways. For instance, I put my dishpan on one burner of the gas stove, one-third full of water; then I put vegetables, rice and meats in small cans or small crocks, and place these in the pan of hot water. In a few minutes they will begin to cook without any fear of their burning. I often cook baked apples this way, too. When your dinner is cooked your dishwater is ready.—B. H.

SOME YEARS AGO we had an excellent quality of yellow oiled shades at all the windows in our house. These were changed for dark green shades, with the exception of those in two back rooms, which were "too good to be thrown away." Since they had become soiled, and also because I wished them to harmonize with those in the other rooms, I decided to paint them green. With two pots of ready-mixed paint, at ten cents each, and half a pint of turpentine, I covered four shades on both sides. It is not necessary to remove the shades from the rollers. Keep paint very thin with turpentine, so as not to get work streaked. They look like new, and are opaque—so the experiment was well worth while.—M. H.

ONE OF MY HOME-MADE CONVENIENCES is a twine-holder. I have it tacked on the wall near the kitchen table, for use when wrapping up bundles. It is made from half a coconut shell, and represents the face of a monkey. Use the end of the shell which has on it the

Little Hints from Our Readers That Will Lighten the Burdens of Everyday Life

three natural spots commonly known as the "face"; paint the eyes white, and cut a hole in the shell for the mouth, through which is passed the twine. A small piece of white paper, on which is drawn a few vertical lines, pasted inside of the shell, half over the opening for the mouth,

answers for the teeth. Take half a red bandanna handkerchief, cut triangular, fold over the monkey's head, and tie with a knot on top. It serves to hold the ball of twine in the shell, and also adds to its comical appearance.—C. E. R.

HAVING SUCCESSFULLY TREATED one canary for ten years, I would advise keeping a green pepper in the cage continually and let him nibble on it when he will. Never let him have sugar, as it tends to fatten him and spoils his song.—G. W. G.

WHEN WE MOVED TO OUR COUNTRY HOME, we found the cistern filled with black, sooty water. My husband emptied a ten-cent package of baking soda into it; in a few days the water was clear. Afterwards we never forgot to turn the eaves pipe for the first few minutes when it rained so the water would not enter the cistern until the roof was washed off and the water became clear.—MRS. J. W. M.

TALCUM POWDER WILL REMOVE GREASE spots if applied freely and allowed to stand for a day or two; then brushed out and the spots sponged with naphtha soap.—J. W. M.

THE DELICATE, PUNGENT FRAGRANCE can be restored to Indian sweet-grass baskets, also to dry lavender, even after all odor has apparently dried out, by dipping them into boiling water.—MRS. A. B. STROUP.

TO PROTECT THE WOOD FINISH of tables and mantels from the discoloration caused by wet things placed on them, I use small squares of glass. I bind them neatly with passe-partout binding, so they will not scratch polished surfaces. One laid under a vase or pot of flowers, a medicine bottle, or water glass, insures protection to polished wood. A long, narrow strip of glass, cut to fit, and placed on the window-sill will prevent the cherished house plants from leaving a row of ugly white rings on the sill.—MRS. A. B. STROUP.

I HAVE OFTEN saved myself hours of wakefulness at night with the exasperating cough of bronchitis by propping a hot water bottle tightly against my chest and throat. After a few minutes, sometimes half an hour, if the case is bad, the hacking ceases and I fall asleep. The cold will often be gone in the morning.—L. R. M.

IF A COLD DIP in the morning is unpleasant because of physical delicacy, a hot dip may be substituted. It will secure equal immunity from colds. But it must be hot, not warm—as hot as one can hold a hand in while counting sixty. I have had it bring the "goose pimples" out on my skin, as cold water will do. Reaction—the reddening of the skin—will always follow the hot dip, while the cold one will not always produce it. Either should be followed by vigorous friction of the skin. A soap-suds brush scrub all over, taken before the dip, is good. One should not stay in the hot bath longer than a minute or two. The short hot bath is even safer than the cold for persons in ordinary health.—MRS. L. R. M.

I SAVE THE INSIDE WRAPPERS of laundry soap for use on ironing day. I rub the hot iron over the paper a few times, and the result is a perfectly smooth surface.—MRS. H. L. SCUDDER.

TO CLEAN COPPER, wash thoroughly with very sour buttermilk and common table salt; then rinse with plenty of warm water.—A. E.

WHEN BUYING A SILK PETTICOAT, it is a most economical plan to choose one a couple of inches too long. Take up the extra length in a hand-run tuck. When the bottom of the petticoat frays, cut off the edge, hem neatly, let out the tuck, and your petticoat is as good as new.—B. STONE.

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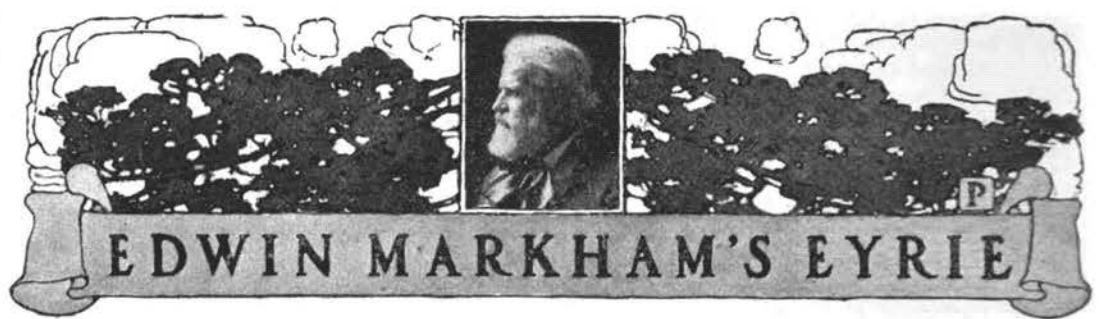
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EDWIN MARKHAM'S EYRIE

WE CAN never have a preeminent nation—a nation that shall be a light to nations—till our young men and women are inspired by the higher moral ideal of politics. They must come to see that graft in politics is perhaps the foulest dishonor that can darken a name. They must feel that all public service should be undertaken only in the spirit of an unselfish devotion to the common welfare. Indeed, a true politics is saturated with the religious passion; and every man in public office is an agent of the divine Providence. Whoever betrays that trust betrays his soul to that traitor crew that Dante found in the lowest gulf.

I have said this many times in my way; and now comes President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, sounding the note in these ringing words to his graduating class of 1908:

Some of you will, I hope, go into public life. Here may be found one of the best ways of rendering service; but as a means of gaining a livelihood it is a delusion and a snare for souls. Be perfectly clear, make no mistake about it; you can not use the opportunities of a public office to advance your private interests and repay personal favors, any more than to get bribes and to filch from public funds. Both are graft. Graft is the mixing up of private and public. The holding of public office, if it is to be a blessing and not a curse, must be treated as an opportunity to help and serve and give—not get. No one has lived the fulness of his life, who has not enriched it with loss and sacrifice. This is a matter of plain, every-day observation and experience. After all, it was only a cool, worldly wisdom, or what we call plain good sense, which spoke in the words of the carpenter's son when He taught that he who would save his life must lose it, and that he who would be the greatest must be the servant of all.

Washington, the Retreater

IT TAKES strength, great strength, to retreat from a position which we have taken before our friends or before the world. Washington is one of my heroes because he was always ready to retreat—ready to retreat whenever he found himself in the wrong. To him the voice that said "Be right!" was louder than the voice that said "Be consistent!"

Reverence the Trees

ONCE a year, on Arbor Day, we talk and sing about the trees; but do we all the year keep the spirit of reverence for these comrades of the forest, guarding the life we can not give again? In some European countries the man who cuts down a tree must plant ten trees; and wisely enough, because in the chances of the woods, many trees die for one that prospers. Would it not be well for us Americans to offer hostage to the future by thus seeding the ground we desolate? And would it not also be well for us to act as guardians to the fine old trees already growing green and goodly about us—to see that they are pruned and patched if necessary?—for the tree-doctor can now fill a hole in a tree to check decay, as the dentist fills a hole in a tooth. Improvement clubs and Good Govern-

A Record of Individual Opinion of Men, Books, and Public Affairs, by the Author of "The Man With the Hoe"

ment clubs could lessen the wanton destruction of noble trees by judicious expostulation with the axman, or by crossing his palm with a few persuasive dollars—dollars that would count as an alms to posterity.

A Query about a Queer Word

The law of Karma is taught in the Vedas, or Hindoo Scriptures, but not in our Bible. Does this not show that the Hindoo Scriptures are superior to our own?—A TROUBLED MARTHA.

KARMA is Fate as the consequence of acts; that which happens to one, for better or worse, in matters over which one may exercise choice. It signifies the doctrine of inevitable consequence; the doctrine that destiny is controlled, not by judicial reward and punishment, but by the inflexible push of cause into effect. So that the present is shaped by the past in an unbroken chain of causation. The karmic law is the iron law of justice, wherein all sentient beings are held to the last moment of their destinies in this world and in all worlds. It is the law of universal Retribution.

The bibles of all peoples contain hints of the karmic law. It is set forth on many pages of our own Scriptures. The word of the Lord came to Jeremiah, saying: "I will recompense them according to their deeds, and according to the works of their hands." Paul tells us of the righteous judgment of God, who will render to every man according to his deeds. Again he declares, "God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." John, the Revelator, declares, "I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord . . . their works do follow them." And Jesus speaks in the spirit of the karmic law when he says to him who is cast into prison:

"Verily, I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." And He carefully defines the great law when He says, "With what measure you mete,

it shall be measured to you again."

It must not be forgotten, however, that Christianity, unlike esoteric Buddhism, recognizes the fact that the law of karma does not abolish the law of mercy. God, who is the all-retributive, can be the all-merciful too. Law and Mercy are the two angels that follow the soul in all its wanderings.

To the Young Poet X

YOUR verses have a grace and melody that are pleasing, but they need more freshness of phrase and feeling. This freshness can come only through life's experiences coupled with careful study of the best work of the best poets. The threadbare phrase is the death-rattle of poetry. I recommend you to drench your mind with the beauties of Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Tennyson, and all the radiant rest. If you have done this already, take up the volume by Leigh Hunt called "Imagination and Fancy." This

little book will help you to see what poetry really is. Corson's "Primer of English Verse" (Ginn & Co., Boston) will help to give you a knowledge of the refinements possible to introduce into the monotonous hoof-beat of your measure.

The Wisdom of the Foolish

THE foolish think that they can escape punishment; but every wrong-doing carries its own punishment. Punishment is not always something that happens to us, but rather something that happens in us. The greatest of all punishments is the loss of our humanity. What is more terrible than to lose the open countenance—to be forced to wear the fox's eye and the wolf's mouth?

Muir Park

WE ARE all exulting over Mr. William Kent's gift to the nation, the gift of three hundred acres of primeval forest near the city of San Francisco—a tract to be known as Muir Park, in honor of our famous John o' the Woods. Mr. Kent did himself additional, and even greater credit, in declining to let the park be named after himself, although this use of his name was the suggestion of the President.

Mr. Kent, acting as a special providence, has saved a beautiful expanse from ax and saw and fire. Where other hills are gashed with gorges and warted with stumps of trees, these Muir hills will keep their virgin beauty. For long years they will be the cool haunt of shy wild birds and the fragile forest flowers, and be the happy pilgrim-shrine for coming generations of our people—a place of refreshment and peace.

A Poet of Power

JAMES OPPENHEIM, of New York City, is a new poet who has heaved up over the horizon of the commonplace. He is a writer with a rush and a rhythm that is all his own, a sort of Walt Whitman sheared and shaven. In his technique, he is daring to the brink of chaos. In his thought he has the vision and the passion, the invective and the sympathy, that ever surge in the poets of that mysterious race that has given the world a David, an Isaiah, and a John of Patmos. To Mr. Oppenheim the universe is intensely alive, from monad up to farthest moon; and every soul, from ashman to archangel, is big with unknown destiny. Here are a few lines from his memorable "Monday Morning"—a poem celebrating an early ride on the elevated train:

Surely this moment huge Earth is rolling beneath the floors of these cars,
And we, wonderful living organisms, are blown in the cyclone of stars!
Yet do I know that God's purpose with man reaches each life like a root,
That His world of suns in myriad millions is a Tree and Man is the Fruit!

An Excellent Life of Jesus

MORE books have been written about Jesus than about any other man character in the world's history. But as every age translates Homer anew, so every generation, from its higher view-point, rewrites its impression of the tremendous personality of Jesus. Now comes Rev. William Dawson with his "Life of Christ" (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia), wherein we find the old, old story made as alluring as a romance, and where we find answers to many of the questions of the heart in this day of daring speculation and careless unbelief. In this year of general Sunday-school study of the life of Jesus, Dawson's biography ought to be in every teacher's hand and in every pupil's reach.

Under Rose-Colored Shades

THERE is a type of person who does not wish to be disturbed by disagreeable truths. He insists on drawing down the curtains at noonday to shut out unpleasant and accusing facts staring in at the windows. In his cozy corner he sits in padded ease, with pink shades on the lamps, declaring that because he feels so comfortable, thank you, everything must therefore be well with the world.

Many of these worthies are determined to believe that the cankering evil of child labor in America has been exaggerated; that the number of children at work in body-dwarfing, mind-deadening toil is a negligible quantity; that illiteracy among children is a myth in this land of free schools; that, anyhow, the law has the matter in hand.

Let me tell these cheerful blinkers that they must be careful to skip the report of the Good Government Club of Williams College. This club (composed of students) has a committee on child labor. This committee is formed of alert young people, trained in sociology and in observation, who do not work with the haste and waste

of a census reporter, nor are they dependent only upon the word of those interested. They have visited twenty-six mills within a radius of fifty miles from Williams College, all in the

territory of New York, Vermont, and New Jersey. They report that fifty per cent. of the children are violating either the age limit or the educational requirements. This happens in the oldest and stablest communities of the nation, and under the best child-labor laws, in districts forsooth where the question was supposed to be settled long ago. Would that all competent schools and colleges would follow the fine example of Williams College, and help to expose and exterminate this growing incubus on the vitals of the nation!

Miracle Is Unknown Law

THERE is no miracle, if by miracle is meant the abrogation of the law. The natural law never has been and never will be broken. So when Jesus performed His wonders, he simply laid His wise hand on the lever of the Unknown Law. In this law all things are circling to their destinies. This does not mean that God is ever balked in the final achievement of his purposes, for in the all-wonderful law all things are possible. Men, as they rise toward the arch-natural, or higher, degree of life, will rise into the realm of miracle. "Greater things than these shall ye do," said Jesus.

A Little Essay on Evil

WHATEVER helps life is good; whatever hinders life is evil. Evil springs from the misuse of life; it is the rust that comes out on the neglected machine. Evil has no root in being, so it does not proceed from a primordial principle of evil; it has no efficient cause. In the same way darkness does not proceed from a principle of darkness. Evil is mere negation, emptiness. Or call it wrong motion, ignorance in action. "Evil," says Leibnitz, "is not a generation, but a degeneration." Moral evil sprang from the will of Man, for the power to do right, *ex necessitate rei*, involves the power to do wrong. Man, to become holy, must have freedom to become unholy, for holiness is conquered territory.

Molted Feathers

EVERY man appoints his own Judgment Day and pronounces his own sentence.

Pontius Pilate was the prince of compromisers.

The thrill of heroic passion is the touch of God.

"THE PALE GIRL"

Did Not Know Coffee Was The Cause

In cold weather some people think a cup of hot coffee good to help keep warm. So it is—for a short time but the drug—caffeine—acts on the heart to weaken the circulation and the reaction is to cause more chilliness.

There is a hot wholesome drink which a Dak. girl found after a time, makes the blood warm and the heart strong.

She says:

"Having lived for five years in N. Dak., I have used considerable coffee owing to the cold climate. As a result I had a dull headache regularly, suffered from indigestion, and had no 'life' in me.

"I was known as 'the pale girl' and people thought I was just weakly. After a time I had heart trouble and became very nervous, never knew what it was to be real well. Took medicine but it never seemed to do any good.

"Since being married my husband and I both have thought coffee was harming us and we would quit, only to begin again, although we felt it was the same as poison to us.

"Then we got Postum. Well, the effect was really wonderful. My complexion is clear now, headache gone, and I have a great deal of energy I had never known while drinking coffee.

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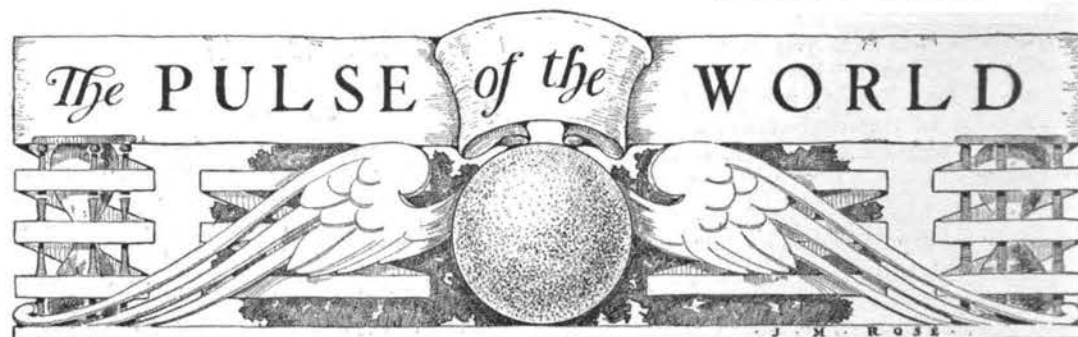
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EVERY WEEK
THE NATIONAL NEWS REVIEW.



WHEN we consider how surprised and embarrassed any of us would be if we were driven to bay by a large crowd and told we were a candidate for President, we must admit that both Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan acquitted themselves very creditably in such a situation. The Republican nominee recovered his self-possession sufficiently to make the very excellent point that we need a simpler and cheaper and more rapid brand of justice in this country of ours. In some way he succeeded in giving the impression that he will do something about this if we will give him a chance. On the other hand Mr. Bryan, who thinks quickly on his feet, gave it as his opinion that the people ought to rule, and pointed out several practical ways in which such a desirable end could be achieved. Besides the popular election of senators and the abolition of despotism in the House, the Democratic standard-bearer is most interested in the reform of our method of raising campaign funds.

On this latter question Mr. Bryan's party has thus far a distinct advantage. While the Republican platform refuses to commit itself on this point, the Democrats pledge themselves to prohibit corporation contributions. Against the Republican offer of publicity after the election stands the Democratic promise of publicity before. As opposed to the commendable, though amusing, Democratic plan for passing the hat for small favors, is Treasurer Sheldon's amazing statement that "a corporation should be permitted to aid the election of any candidate who it thinks will be instrumental in serving its interests."

There are a number of good reasons why Taft should be elected, but the Republican attitude toward campaign contributions is not among them.

International Mud

THE Thomas Car which came into Paris second and thereby won the great New York to Paris automobile and steamship race, is now in New York and vicinity exhibiting its wounds. It is probably the most unattractive looking object in the Eastern States, the drivers apparently having taken great pains to prevent its being washed. It resembles a motor car only faintly, but it constitutes perhaps the best-known collection of the muds of all nations.

It will be remembered that the American car made an honest attempt to carry out the original idea of going through Alaska and across the Behring Strait, but found the project impossible. For the twenty-three days the Thomas lost in that attempt, and because of the fact that the Germans shipped their car over a thousand miles in order to catch a boat, the Americans were given thirty days' handicap and arrived in Paris only four days behind the Protos. The first thing these enterprising Americans did upon arriving at the French capital, was to get themselves arrested for motoring without a lamp.

The victory was a noteworthy achievement. The hardships of the journey were terrific, the endurance of both men and machine something to be marveled at. A machine that can plow through the snow-drifts of our own Middle West and then survive the awful geographical names of the Russian Empire, is entitled to great admiration.

The New York to Paris race has proved beyond a doubt that America can make better cars and poorer roads than any other nation in the world.

Investigating the Farmer

WHAT's the matter with the farmer, if anything—and if nothing, why not? In either case, what ought we do about it—or stop doing? This, as we understand it, is the purpose of the inquiry which President Roosevelt has instigated into the conditions of rural life in this country. In the President's opinion, while the American farmer is better off than he was last century, or than the European farmer will be next century, his well-being has, nevertheless, not kept pace with that of the country as a whole. He has asked his commission to seek a solution of the problem as to how farm life can be made less solitary, more replete with opportunity, free from drudgery, and more comfortable and attractive.

There was a time after the crash last fall when it seemed that the farmer was the only man in the country with whom there was nothing the matter. There was something about his grin that was very convincing. No doubt, however, there is a lot that might be done

Our Editorial Opinion of Public Affairs and Things in General

By HOWARD BRUBAKER

to improve the living and working condition of the farmers. The commission appointed is an excellent one and will doubtless be able to speak intelligently upon all questions, from the rotation of crops to the spanking of the baby.

There is only one objection to President Roosevelt's idea—it is paternalism. Paternalism is either a disease or a crime; it consists in being interested in somebody's welfare besides your own. We would all like to see the farmer prosperous and happy, but we must be careful about trying to help our neighbor; we might be misunderstood.

The Silence of a Great City

WHAT is it which goes with a car, comes with a car, is no use to a car, and yet without which no car can get along? Do not take this for a prize competition and send in your answers neatly written on one side of the paper. You would all say "noise" and then you would be wrong. For noise has been abolished.

It was Police Commissioner Bingham of New York City who took the first step to abolish noise. He discovered that there are laws which forbid breaking your neighbor's ear-drums, and he has prosecuted a number of bell-ringers and horn-blowers and other disturbers of the peace. When he gets through with his job, street-cars are going to sneak quietly up and down the streets taking nickels from the inhabitants, dogs will bark in whispers, milk wagons will wear pneumatic cans, and it will be a state's-prison offense to blow a whistle. Some day we'll have noiseless steam-drills and painless hand-organs and voiceless small boys.

A jolly old idealist is this man Bingham. He thinks he can make the large city a good place to live in. He wants to turn the boiler works into a rest cure.

Progress on the Big Ditch

THE commission sent by President Roosevelt to see about the big job at Panama is back all clogged up with statistics. Its first act upon getting home was to whisper something into the Presidential ear, whereat there was a great display of Presidential teeth. From this demonstration, we knew at once that the canal business was prospering.

The report is out now and is, on the whole, very encouraging. The diggers have struck a pace of thirty million cubic yards per year. At the rate they are going now, they ought to finish the excavating in three or four years. They have already cut a bigger hole in the Isthmus than the French did in fourteen years—but why boast of being a better digger than a Frenchman?

There are about forty-four thousand people working for Uncle Sam now on the Isthmus, and about six thousand of them are Americans. That he is a benevolent employer is shown by the fact that he works his men only eight hours per day, does their washing and ironing, doctors them, fixes their teeth, and, when occasion requires, locks them up in good, substantial jails. If you doubt whether he is a "good provider" look into the records of the Commissary Department and be confounded with the sight of pie on every day's bill of fare.

We have spent over one hundred and seventy million dollars thus far upon the project and we are handing it out now at the rate of over nine thousand dollars per working hour. In these figures we mean real American dollars and not the imitation money that is current in that region. For anybody less opulent than our distinguished Uncle this would seem a pretty lively pace, but if you have never tried to turn two oceans into one, you have no idea how much it costs. But we do want the canal and we want it as soon as possible and we want our workmen well treated and the old boy can go as far as he likes, so far as we are concerned. It will be worth the money to be separated from South America.

Springfield's Misfortune

IT is always shocking to hear of lynching and race rioting, but it comes with peculiar force when such an orgy of lawlessness takes place in a Northern city. Those of us who live north of the Mason and Dixon line, while not posing as saints, have always had a feeling that this is peculiarly a Southern institution and should be condemned accordingly.

When therefore a crowd of crazy, drunken white men in Springfield, Illinois, disappointed in their efforts

to lynch a brutal, criminal negro, declared war on the whole race, we dropped that virtuous attitude of ours. The mob that burned and killed innocent, law-abiding negroes in the very shadow of the Illinois Capitol Building, has given us some very serious food for reflection. We are forced to wonder whether criminal race hatred is to break its bounds and spread over our Northern cities.

We are encouraged to hope not. Illinois dealt with its offenders wisely and promptly. There were no so-called "leading citizens" in the Springfield riots, only criminals and degenerates; in the North, lawless race-hatred has not yet permeated all the social strata. While, therefore, Springfield should be condemned, perhaps we had best leave the task to residents of those cities which are free from lawlessness and crime.

Our Little Jokes

Those remarkable people who can read and understand the Japanese newspapers say that the leading journals over there are exceedingly wrought up, in their polite Oriental fashion, over the remarks of Captain Hobson at the Democratic Convention. The *Japan Mail* implies that Honorable Hobson's statement of Japan's eagerness for war with the esteemed United States shows an inconceivable degree of imagination. A Tokio paper with a name sounding like a leaky soda-fountain, fears that the eminent American is regrettably demented.

We can not expect a people who laugh uproariously at the funerals of near relations and sob through long musical comedies to understand our jokes, any more than we understand a laundry check. Therefore we need not be surprised that a speech which sent the Denver Convention into convulsions of laughter should cause tears to flow in the streets of Tokio.

Now comes the jolly old roistering New York *Herald* with a new one. The *Herald* will be remembered as the journal which so gallantly led our forces in the recent newspaper war with Japan. This facetious old joker proposes that we ally ourselves with China against the Japs. Even an Englishman would see how funny that is; yet, for all we know, it may cause doleful head-shakes in the island across the Pacific.

Of course we'll have to do something about that sense of humor of Japan's. In the meantime, would n't it be wiser to keep our jokers in the harmless field of mothers-in-law and chickens crossing roads?

Hughes and the Machine

BECAUSE of its important bearing upon the result of the Presidential election this fall, the country at large is considerably interested in the way things are going in the Empire State. Governor Hughes, as everybody knows, has made an able and efficient executive, and has brought about a number of reforms, such as public service regulation and the suppression of race-track gambling. There are important things still to be done, and the Governor has signified his willingness to stay in the job and do them. The people like what he has done, and New York is normally a Republican State and you'd think that he was all but reelected.

But an interesting complication has arisen. In taking the nomination two years ago, Mr. Hughes was in no way indebted to the petty Republican politicians who had ruled New York State so long and so badly. For nearly two years now these fancy-vested near-statesmen have been undergoing the humiliation of having a Governor in the chair who was not interested in them or their doings. When you have worked hard building up a machine and you issue an order, it is embarrassing to find everybody laughing in his sleeve. You would call that a poor way to run a republic.

So the politicians of New York are not anxious for the renomination of Charles E. Hughes. Oyster Bay, when approached for advice, said it was not running New York politics, but that if they didn't nominate Hughes they might lose the State for Taft. Thus the alleged rulers of a great commonwealth are left between bewhiskered virtue and the deep blue sea. It will be interesting to see which way they will jump.

Philadelphia Will Celebrate

PHILADELPHIA recently appointed a committee to look up the old family Bible and find out how old she is. The records show that she was born, officially, in 1683, and arrangements are now under way for celebrating the two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of that event. The week of October tenth has been set aside as Founders' Week, and Philadelphia has jumped into the preparations with a vigor quite remarkable in one so advanced in years.

There is to be a Civic Day which will be occupied with municipal history and problems, an Industrial Day on which a parade will represent the evolution of industry, and a Children's Day when one hundred and fifty thousand children will sing in Independence Square. There will be a day given up to historical pageant, the first ever attempted in the United States.

Upon the occasion of this birthday, Philadelphia is to be congratulated upon her long and inspiring history, upon the tremendous magnitude of her industries, and, perhaps most of all, upon her vast number of happy, prosperous people living in their own homes.



Which
is
which?



You think you can tell the difference between hearing grand-opera artists sing and hearing their beautiful voices on the Victor. But can you?

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Everyone Ought to Read This
SUCCESS MAGAZINE

New York, February 20, 1908.

CHAR. H. TYRRELL, M. D.

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I have taken pleasure in recommending the Cascade to a number of my friends and will continue to recommend it.

It gives me great pleasure to write this little note of grateful appreciation.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) DAVID D. LEE.

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POINT & PLEASANTRY

Woman-Suffrage

"I FEAR I did not under-stand you correctly," said the Man from Mars. "Did you say that women have no voice in the affairs of the nation?"

"Exactly," replied the Politician.

"That would be a cause for revolution where I come from," observed the Martian. "How do the women like to be in that servile position?"

"They like it all right," answered the Politician. "Just a few suffragettes object, and they are easily jailed; while so far as a revolution is concerned even the Daughters of the American Revolution refuse to support the suffragettes."

"Of course the reason for this undoubtedly is that the women are of inferior mental and moral caliber to the men."

"Oh, no," explained the Politician. "It is because they are so much superior."

"That seems rather illogical. It is hard to believe that superior beings should submit to being ruled by inferior beings."

"Yes, but don't you see," objected the Politician, "if women got into politics they would become inferior?"

"Would they?" said the Man from Mars. "Then, by the same sign, if the men got out of politics, they would become superior, I suppose. If I were a man I would n't object to that."

"Yes, but we love our women."

"I don't follow your logic at all," said the Man from Mars.

"What's logic?" asked the Politician, with awakening interest. "Is there any money in it?"

ELLIS O. JONES.

For these bits of "Point and Pleasantry" payment is made at the rate of TEN CENTS A WORD. The editors reserve the right to make such editorial changes as may seem necessary.

Material which fails to gain a place on these pages, and yet seems worthy of publication, may be retained at the usual rates. No MS. will be returned unless stamped envelope is inclosed.

Address: Editor, "Point and Pleasantry."

he replied, as he looked at the clock, "that I did not come in at m-midnight."—IVAN LA ROCHELLE.

Not an Up-to-date Church

TWO COLORED sisters living in a suburban town met on the street one day, and Sister Washington, who had recently joined the church, was describing her experiences.

"Deed, Mrs. Johnsing, I've joined the Baptist Church, but I could n't do all the jining here, 'cause they had to take me to the city church to baptize me. You know there ain't no pool-room in the church here."

Rough on the Metropolis

A NEW YORKER died and went to his "eternal home."

This man walked around growling, as most New Yorkers do, finding fault with everything, and saying that he could n't see that heaven was much better than New York.

"Why, say," he observed to a shade who happened to be near, "this place is all undermined with dynamite, just like New York, and when you're not being blown up you are being ground to death in some sulphurous subway or other. I don't see the use of coming to heaven, anyway."

"Excuse me, my dear boy," said the shade to whom he was talking, "you have made a slight mistake. This is not heaven."—A. GIESEY.

A Week's Experience

THE year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's SUN.

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he had very little MON.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues,
I've nothing here but ones and TUES."

A bright thought struck him, and he said,
"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will WED."

But when he paid his court to her
She lisped, but firmly said, "No, THUR."

"Alas," said he, "then I must die!"
His soul went where they say souls FRI.

They found his gloves and coat and hat,
And the coroner then upon them SAT.

The Origin of a Miserable Joke

CONFUCIUS had just met William Penn at one of Cleopatra's five-o'clock teas.

"William Penn?" he said. "William Penn? Seems to me I have heard of you, sir."

"Yes?" said Penn, with a pleased smile. "I am the man who was mightier than the sword."

"Ah, yes," said Confucius. "You are also the man who invented sleep, are you not?"

"No," said Penn, "I founded Philadelphia."

"Oh, yes," said Confucius. "I knew it was something of that kind."

Hard on the Messenger

TOMMY had been spanked by Miss Manners, his first-grade teacher, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said Miss Manners one morning, after her colleague had related his many misdemeanors.

About eleven o'clock Tommy appeared at Miss Manners's door. She dropped her book, grasped him firmly by the hand, led him to the dressing-room, turned him over her knee, and administered punishment.

When she had finished she said, "Now, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors," was the unexpected reply.

B. V. CUMMINGS.

The Tender-Hearted Tar

A SEAMAN in our navy, fresh from the long battle-ship cruise, entered a bank in San Diego, hailing the teller boisterously as follows:

"Hello, matey! How's busi-ness?"

"Business is n't any too brisk," replied the teller, indulgently, "but maybe it'll pick up. What can I do for you?"

The jacky produced a check for \$30, payable to bearer.

"How will you have it?" asked the teller.

The genial seaman hesitated a moment, and then replied:

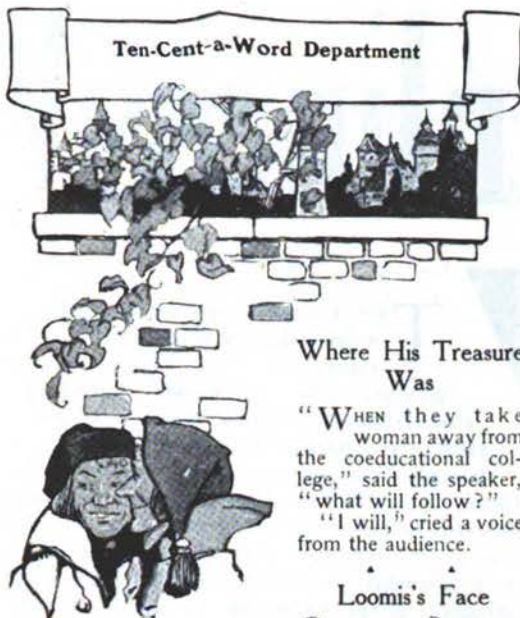
"Matey, secin' that business ain't so good, I won't be hard on you. Gimme ten dollars now, an' I'll take the rest at ten a month."

EDWIN TARRISSE.

A Catastrophe Averted

MR. SHARPE had faithfully promised his wife to be home at 10 p. m., but had later accepted an invitation to "sit in" in a social game with three friends. Considerably the worse for wear, he quietly entered his home just as the hall-clock was striking two, and was met in the hall by a nurse who informed him that he was





Where His Treasure Was

"WHEN they take woman away from the coeducational college," said the speaker, "what will follow?" "I will," cried a voice from the audience.

Loomis's Face

CHARLES BATTELL

LOOMIS, the writer and humorist, has as sorrowful a face as can be found at a funeral. He seldom smiles, and then with a seeming effort that is painful to behold. He was present last winter at a theater party given by Mark Twain to all the Harper authors. After the show the elder humorist greeted the younger with a smile and a handshake, but the mournful visage of Loomis remained unchanged.

"We've met before, Mr. Clemens," he said. "I attended your birthday dinner; but I didn't suppose you'd remember my face."

"Remember your face?" responded Twain. "Why, I'll never forget it. I wish I had it."

MORGAN ROBERTSON.

Lay of an Ancient Anecdote

AN ANCIENT anecdote I be! Three thousand years ago Egyptian jokesmiths fashioned me to fit their Pharaoh. The old Chaldeans, sportive men, amusement would evince

To see me harnessed now and then to potentate or prince.

The Middle Ages knew me well; I was considered good. I helped make famous William Tell, and also Robin Hood.

The Grub-Street wits I did delight; I earned for them some pence;

And when the New World came to light I emigrated thence.

An ancient anecdote I be! I have been coupled with The foremost men of history and half their kin and kith. I've toiled since Humor had its dawn to feed the scribbling craft;

And now I s'pose they'll tack me on to William Howard Taft!

WILLIAM S. ADKINS.

Second Best

YOUNG ISAACS.—"Fadder, ees marriage a failure?" THE ELDER ISAACS.—"Vell, my boy, eef you marry a real, real rich girl, marriage ees almost as good as a failure."—T. Z. EVELAND.

The Terrors of English

IF AN S and an I, and an O and a U,
With an X at the end spell Su,
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?

Then if also an S and an I and a G
And a H E D spell side,
There's nothing much left for a speller to do
But go commit siouxeyesighed!

R. ROCHESTER.

The Moonshiner

IN THE days when certain sections of South Missouri were famous for the illicit distillation of whisky a visitor was introduced to a man named Joshua, famous locally for his illegal trade.

"Are you the Joshua who made the sun stand still?" inquired the visitor, facetiously.

"No," responded the other, "I am the Joshua who made the moon-shine still."

THE STANDARD PAPER FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY—"LOOK FOR THE WATER-MARK"



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As the Drummer Told It

By Charles Battell Loomis

As we journey through life (said my seat-mate, the happy drummer), we're told that it's bad form to knock. And they also say that Opportunity is no knocker. It knocks only once in each man's life. So they say. But they're 'way off. Opportunity has calloused knuckles, but the trouble is most people are hard of hearing.

I remember a case where Opportunity and I met in Chicago. Going in just as we are to-day, and on the same line, too, and in the seat where you sit, there was a chap who, it turned out in the course of gab, did parlor tricks for a living. He could give you the quarrel scene from "Julius Cæsar" with a book in his hand and not a dab of grease-paint. He delivered the goods, too, because after I'd been talking to him for half an hour and wondering where his face had furnished a pleasant sight for my eyes, I remembered that he had done his stunts at a meeting of my lodge up in Harlem, and the boys had all liked him, for a change.

Well, I asked him how was business, and he said, on the blink; that he was on his way to Chicago to see if he could n't interest some of the High Brows in his work. This was the first time I'd ever heard of High Brows in Chicago, and it interested me.

He told me that if it wasn't for the bad name it would give him he'd be willing to give an hour and a half of Willy the Hamlet Man for ten dollars, although some of the Boston guys got as high as a hundred an evening and escaped with it.

Well, to a chap that works for his living, such tales as that are always interesting, and I asked him if it was a fact that there were dubs who would hand out ten of the same high denomination just to see a feller hold a book and let borrowed words escape from his mouth, and he told me it was the Veritable Truth, only in his case he'd seldom got more than thirty simoleums for any one evening, and now he'd staked his last hundred on being able to capture some dates from the busy Chicagoans.

I asked him if there were enough people in Chicago who had ever heard of Shakespeare to make it pay, and he gave me a lot of serious talk about Chicago being an Intellectual Center—those are his very words. He said it was good fun for Easterners to give Chicago the merry laugh, but that she was made up of Americans as well as of foreigners, and some of the Americans had as high brows as ever touched the top of a derby.

Well, that interested me some more, and I wished I could help the feller to a handful of dates, seeing he needed the fruit in his business, but unless I could get next to some chairman of an entertainment committee of some local lodge I did n't see what I could do.

Say, if you'd rather side step and read some magazine I'll tell the rest to myself.

Thanks; well I think so myself. Reading's all very well if you're alone, but I'd rather hear a man tell a true story than read it in a magazine, and I'd rather tell one myself than listen to another man tell it. Gee, it bores me to hear a long-winded story. You that way too? I guess we all are at that.

I was going to a hotel on Michigan Avenue, and I recommended it to this chap as a good place to write his letters to committees in, and yet not a robbery joint; and so he went along with me.

After we'd registered I wished him good luck and told him I'd meet him at the gentle hour of half past six at the food platform, if he had nothing better to do, and then he went into the writing-room to get busy at once with his committees and I went over to Studebaker Hall to see a musical chap who was interested in barbed wire (on the side) which I was handling at the time (with gloves, you understand).

My friend Burdell's office was up near the top floor, and as I came out I noticed a lot of women buzzing around a big door that opened into an audience hall. They reminded me of a lot of pretty bees around a hive, and there were a good many queens among 'em, too. We can teach Europe how to dress.

"Oh, is n't it too vexing?" said one who looked as if she belonged to fifty-seven varieties of clubs—gee, but she had a jaw and an eye that made me glad I was n't her husband!

"Oh, I'm sure he'll come," said another; "because he never breaks an engagement."

Well, I don't know why, but I was curious to hear what was up, and I let a car go down that had brought up a young woman and a messenger boy.

"Is this where Mr. Henry Barton is to lecture?" said the young woman.

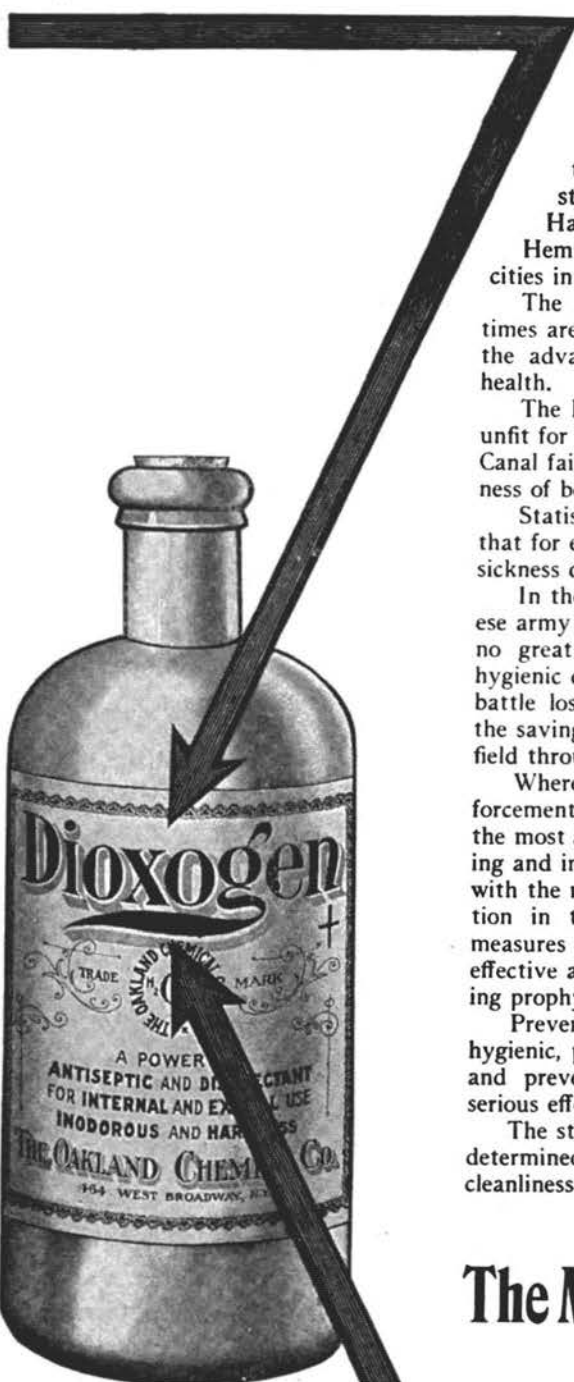
"Henrietta Hawley Hilson!" said the messenger boy.

The woman with the jaw and eyes said "Yes," to the young woman, and "Yes," to the boy, and snatched the telegram out of his hand.

Train broken down at Terre Haute. Must miss date.
HENRY BARTON.

The president of the association said something that looked like "amit," from the motion of her lips, and

The Cleanliness Whi



THE United States Government spent six million dollars to clean up the Panama Canal Zone.

The Canal Zone, 10 miles wide, stretching across the Isthmus, is now as healthy as any similar strip in any part of the United States.

Havana dirty was the pest spot of the Western Hemisphere; Havana clean is one of the healthiest cities in the world.

The great inventions and achievements of modern times are secondary in importance when compared with the advance in the knowledge of the laws governing health.

The French failed in Panama because conditions were unfit for civilized life. Health failed, life failed and the Canal failed. The secret of health is cleanliness—cleanliness of body and cleanliness of surroundings.

Statistics of great wars of the past 200 years show that for each man killed in battle, five men died from sickness or disease.

In the Russian-Japanese war the record of the Japanese army was four killed in battle to one by disease. In no great war, ancient or modern, was sanitary and hygienic cleanliness practiced as by the Japanese. The battle losses on either side were not materially different; the saving of life on the Japanese side was off the battle field through hygienic cleanliness.

Wherever authority exists and is exerted for the enforcement of sanitary and hygienic laws on a large scale, the most astonishing statistics are obtained; but, astounding and impressive as these are, they cannot be compared with the results that would follow the intelligent application in the home and in the family of those simple measures which science and experience have proven to be effective and sound in preventing sickness and maintaining prophylactic cleanliness.

Prevention is better than cure. The practice of hygienic, prophylactic cleanliness protects against disease and prevents the development of minor causes into serious effects.

The standard of a nation's physical and moral life is determined by its standard of prophylactic and hygienic cleanliness.

The Many Uses of Dioxogen in t

As a Mouth and Throat Cleanser—tooth cavities, around the gums and teeth, and throat and wherever substances in which reached by the tooth brush. It kills the germs putrefactive substances. Its taste is neutral aseptically, hygienically clean.

As a Cleanser of Cuts, Wounds, Sores—Dioxogen tells immediately by its bubbling (on decaying tissues, etc.), in which germs exist thoroughly cleanses the tissues so that no natural healing.

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As a Deodorant, Dioxogen stops bodily odors, pores and disinfecting the substances lodged in the pores.

Write for very interesting pamphlet containing full details.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.

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DIOXOGEN is a rational prophylactic cleanser. It contains only one active ingredient—oxygen—the recognized actual life-supporting, decay resisting cleansing force of the Universe; oxygen in appreciable and definite quantities that can be collected, weighed and measured; oxygen that is perceptible to the senses, whose activities can be seen and felt; oxygen that bubbles and foams when brought in contact with the products of decay.

Dioxogen is as effective an antiseptic disinfectant and germicide as Bichloride of Mercury, 1 to 1000, but it is harmless.

Because of his harmlessness and because its effectiveness is due solely to Oxygen, it is available for all human purposes.

In the mouth it bubbles and foams as it cleanses; on a sore it bubbles and foams as it cleanses; on a burn it bubbles and foams as it cleanses. On mucous membrane affected by discharges or inflammation, it bubbles and foams as it cleanses.

In all cases it is the Oxygen which is working, producing hygienic prophylactic cleanliness.

Dioxogen has been used by professional men for over 16 years. It has stood the test of rigid investigation and the grilling test of time.

Prophylactic hygienic cleanliness is very different from ordinary soap and water cleanliness. The surgeon knows that washing his hands with soap and water does not make them safe to handle operating instruments or to touch a wound; they must be cleansed of all germs by the use of some antiseptic cleanser or else the wound may become infected and cause septic poisoning.

The dentist knows that brushing the teeth does not destroy the germ life in the mouth. As with the surgeon this can only be accomplished by the use of proper germicide or antiseptic.

While there are many ways of sterilizing inanimate things there is only one way of doing it with the body, that is by the intelligent use of some harmless but effective antiseptic, germicide or disinfectant.



he Home and when Traveling

Dioxogen bubbles between the teeth, into under the tongue, into folds of the cheeks where germs thrive could lodge—places never disinfected and mechanically removes the unpleasant—it leaves the mouth delightfully,

es, Burns, and all minor injuries, Dioxogen ever it finds putrefactive matter (pus, st. Furthermore, it kills the germs and ing remains to irritate or prevent quick

in disinfects and removes from the pores es, blackheads, blotches and other com- rogen cleanses the cuts and scratches, both in a smooth condition, free from smarting native of skin infection from unclean razors.

odors quickly by bubbling its way into the in the skin which are producing the odors.

ther valuable information.

L COMPANY, NEW YORK

GOULD

then she turned and said to the one who was taking money at the door, "Refund the money. Mr. Barton won't be here."

Well, you see, this is where my ears did me a good service. I heard Opportunity at the front door knocking to beat the band, and not a soul there heard a sound. Of course they did n't know the little chap that had come into Chicago with me.

I stepped up to the presidentess, and I said, "Will you kindly tell me what Mr. Barton was going to lecture on?"

"The Unities as Observed by Shakespeare," said she, although as a title it did n't seem to have much sense to me.

But, anyhow, here was an audience expecting Shakespeare in some form of dope or other, and there was my little Shakespeare boy down at the hotel writing letters asking for dates. Two and two are four, even in as go-ahead a city as Chicago, said I to myself, and I said to Mrs. Henrietta, "Suppose you had something 'just as good' for these people, would you keep them?"

A woman with a lovely face to have in front of you at meals, and about half as old as the president, said, "Oh, it would be splendid if we could keep the audience, because they have all paid and it's horrid to give money back." I agreed with her that it was, and that it was also foolish, and I said that if she'd keep the audience from escaping into the windy streets I'd run down the street and bring her a man who knew Shakespeare backwards and talked it in his sleep.

They wanted to know his name, and they'd heard of it—that's a fact—and the idea made 'em happy.

Well, of course I was thinking some of a rake-off, because I never studied to be a philanthropist, and besides at that time my salary did n't suit me as well as it suited my boss and I thought that if I could collar a little ten per cent. it would add a sort of noonday glow to my Chicago sojourn.

First I got my hotel on the telephone and told 'em to close the doors and not let Julius Cæsar escape; that I wanted him to come with Shakespeare right up to Studebaker Hall as fast as his little feet could toddle; that they would find him in the writing-room, writing letters to committees.

They set up a search for him and reported him missing. When last seen he had been spoiling letter-paper in the writing-room, but he had left it behind him, each note beginning, "Chicago Entertainment Bureau, Gentlemen."

Chicago is a pretty slick haystack when it comes to losing needles there, and I was afraid that we had lost Julius, but I don't give up easily, and I gave myself one guess that perhaps if he could n't write the sort of letter he wanted to he'd go and see the parties face to face.

So I called up the Chicago Entertainment Bureau and in a minute I was talking to the manager and he said that Julius had left there about five minutes before, and that he had asked the way to the Art Museum.

"I've got him," said I to Mrs. Hilson. "Hold 'em a little while longer and I'll go and bring him in."

I rushed down in the elevator—so to speak—and I used Michigan Avenue just to set the tips of my toes on as I went at an Illinois Central gait to the Temple of Art. I knew very well that little Julius was solacing himself on art, because from the talk I'd had with him on the train I knew he took stock in things in frames and on pedestals, and the sort of bust that would suit him would n't suit Yours Respectfully.

If I'd missed him this time I'd have broken a few more limbs of the Venus de Mylow, but I was a regular Sherlock Holmes, for there, looking at the pretty pictures, was Hamlet.

I rushed up to him and I said, "Is it in your head, or must you have a book?"

He caught on quick and put his hand in his overcoat pocket and pulled out the immortal works of William Q. Shakespeare in two or three volumes, and I touched him on the shoulder with two fingers and said, "Tag; you're IT."

He wanted to know what asylum they had chosen for me and if I thought I'd like the restraint; but I told him I did n't want any persiflagging from him, that I was his amusement broker and was hot after ten per cent. of some pretty fair gate receipts, and that if we did n't hurry back the fair ones would have fled to the fudge joints and we'd lose good money.

"Just follow me out to a cab. Keep your breath, for you'll need it in your business," said I; and he followed me to a handy cab and we drove to the hall.

I met half a dozen of the pretty bees coming out of the hive on the ground floor, but I said to them that I had the goods and if they did n't want to miss a treat they'd better come back. And they giggled and came back and reinvested their little dollar again.

Yes, sir, it was a dollar a throw to hear that Barton, and so that is what it was to hear Richard three times.

I introduced him to Mrs. Henrietta Hilson, and as I'd told him all about what had happened, in the cab, he made a very pretty speech, saying he knew Barton and was glad to help him out.

"But the gate receipts belong to you," said I. "Of course," said Mrs. Hilson, who turned out a pretty good sort even if she did belong to a handful of clubs, and he mounted the platform and gave 'em more

[Concluded on page 655]

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These are the famous Lily Butter-Spreaders now seen displayed in the finest jewelry stores.

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Send us more of the tops as you get them, and send 10 cents with each to pay the cost of carriage and packing. We will send one spreader for each top until you get the six.

Thus this beautiful set—the very fad of the day—costs you only our carriage and packing cost—60 cents for the six.

That means that we return to you—for a little time—more than you pay for the Extract of Beef.

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We want you to learn the hundred uses that every home has for a real extract of beef.

Not merely for beef tea—not as a sick room food. That is the least of its uses.

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We ask you to use it in soups. Note what a difference it makes. Add it to gravies—both for flavor and color.

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The directions are always, "use one-fourth as much."

Armour's is concentrated. It is rich and economical. It gives one a new idea of extract of beef.

We want you to prove these facts.

There are two ways to tell you the worth of this Extract of Beef.

One is to supply you a few jars free. But that would cheapen the extract.

The other is to give you back—for a little time—more than you pay for the extract. That is what we offer to do.

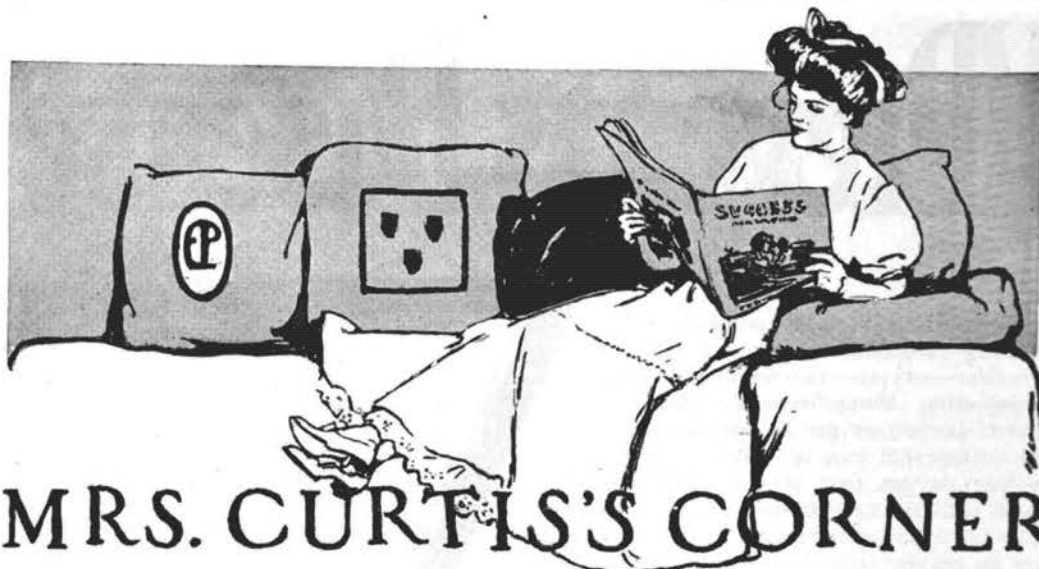
Then you will have a silver set that will remain in your home for a lifetime.

And then you will know what Armour's Extract of Beef means. And that knowledge, in the years to come, will better a thousand dishes.

Order one jar now—from your druggist or grocer. Send us the top or certificate with ten cents. Then judge by the spreader we send if you want the rest.

Send it today to Armour & Company, Chicago, Dept. W.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY



MRS. CURTIS'S CORNER

The Editor of Our Home Departments Gives Her Views on Some Subjects That Are Not Altogether Homely

THE other day, in a blossoming city park, I saw a young mother caring for her baby girl, a happy little two-year-old, who was sweetly obedient on all but one point: she wanted to walk on a low wall beside a gravel path. The mother denied the request half a dozen times, but at last she lifted the baby up to it and the laughing toddler pattered along in great glee, holding the mother's hand. After two or three trips she was content to be jumped down and to go back to her play in the long grass. A grim old lady who sat on a bench near by watched the two; then she asked severely, "Madam, is that the way you break a child's will?"

The happy young mother looked up in perplexity. "Did you speak to me?" she asked.

"I did," answered the stranger. "I have listened for half an hour to you while you repeatedly refused the baby's request; then you gave in—about walking on the wall."

"Why," she replied gently, "I took the best care of her—she could not have fallen."

"There was nothing wrong about walking on the wall. What I mean is, you refused her; then you gave in to her whim. That is no way to break a child's will."

"I don't want to break her will. All I think of is how to make my little girl perfectly happy."

"You are like thousands of other foolish mothers"—the stranger spoke severely—"they spare the rod and—"

"Oh," cried the mother, "I don't believe in the rod—for this happy little baby! She has never had a punishment of any sort. She has not needed it. I don't believe she ever will."

The face of the elder woman grew cruelly stern. "You will live to repent it. There is only one way to bring up children: that is to make them fear you. I had a family of eight. When they were no older than your little girl, I began to break their wills. If they set their hearts on anything, they did not get it, and I never allowed the slightest fault to go unpunished. My children realized there was a stern eye constantly upon them. They feared the stick, or the dark attic with a day's fare of bread and water. Some of them gave me more trouble, some less; but they grew up useful, honorable men and women."

The pretty young mother picked up her baby and clasped it tightly to her breast. She looked up at the older woman and asked, "Do they love you very dearly?"

For a few moments the woman sat watching the gurgling shower of kisses with which the baby returned its mother's embrace. The stern, cold face seemed to be convulsed by a moment of agonizing memory. She did not answer. She picked up a book she had been reading, and walked away.

THIS incident simply shows the widespread method of bringing up children a generation or two ago. It had continued so long that to-day there is a general revolt from such ideas. Of course, every mother and father is not gentle and wise. We hear only too often of harsh treatment of little ones, but the world grows better every day while parents grow wiser. The wisdom comes not wholly from educative influences. It is the result of looking into one's own heart and memory. The man with an unhappy, misunderstood childhood does not forget; sometimes he does not forgive. If he bends his memory to the task and analyzes episodes which can not be blotted out, he can often lay a finger on the place where punishment, instead of building character, gave it a nasty twist. For instance, he remembers his first lie, told to save himself from a beating. We all know the story of Charles Dickens's forlorn, squalid childhood. Doubtless there was an underlying reason for certain faults which

marred a great intellect and character. We realize how vividly he recalled that unhappy boyhood when we read his novels. *Oliver Twist* was not the only little lad who had to tread a thorny path; there are scores of children in Dickens's books for whom childhood was a reign of terror; and the pitiful truth of it is, millions of children have lived through such experiences—not in novels, but in real life.

TO-DAY, at least in America, such awful conditions can scarcely exist. The law of every State deals out relentless punishment for maltreatment of children; only there are other things than beatings and a dark attic which enter like iron into a child's soul. We see men and women who have children born to them, and it makes us wonder if the Almighty really regulates our being. No careful orphanage would give babies to such parents. It is not that children are unwelcome in such homes; they are simply looked upon as human souls to be reared with pitiless severity in the paths of rectitude, in fear of God, and to honor their parents. There are buoyant young wills to be broken, and childish ambitions to be crushed. Long before manhood arrives, the broken will has endured many an ugly snarl. Look around you: no matter where you live you will see men and women who are not wholly to be blamed for an unhappy nature. The fault lies with their parents—with who knows how many generations of parentage? I have heard stern fathers and mothers declare that nothing but love lay back of an austere upbringing. I don't believe it. Such love can not exist any more than the cruel, relentless God of our forefathers. There is only one sort of parental love—that warm, protecting, sympathetic, gentle, unselfish love which brings with it a wonderful understanding of child-nature. I have known the heart of a forlorn wanderer of the streets to overflow with such love for an unfathered child, while a minister in his pulpit knew nothing of the meaning of such love.

SPEAKING of a woman's intuition, that is the first necessity in bringing sunshine and good-fellowship into lives that need it. This intuition is born in some women; others have to cultivate it. I heard a story the other day of a woman who learned to cultivate it after an experience that cost her dearly. She is the wife of one of the wealthiest, most honored men in the country; a woman with a fine, generous, broad-minded nature. She has given much study to what wealth can do and what wealth is leaving undone. She discovered the "social interstices" of which the college girl speaks, and decided, in her gracious, impulsive way, to change things. She was just taking up her residence in a new city, the one city in America where social ambition runs highest. She joined a church which had a large membership; then she threw open her beautiful home to her fellow parishioners, almost regardless of class or wealth. Of course her guests came—in shoals. Some stared in amazement at the people they met under her roof; others, of better breeding, may have marveled, but they treated all with perfect courtesy.

IN LESS than a few weeks the woman who had been eager to bridge social interstices found herself in a place where it took more than everyday diplomacy to pull out. She was besieged morning, noon, and night by more callers, invitations, and attentions than a hundred women could have responded to. She had shown herself, to put it slangily, "a good thing." Suppliants for a thousand favors flocked about her. The friends to whom she had unwittingly introduced a hitherto unknown social circle, also found their homes invaded by all sorts of women. "At home" days be-

came a crush for them, not of old friends and acquaintances, but of an ill-bred throng who dragged about with them intimates as feverishly eager for a place in society as they were. It was simply a case of letting down the bars so any one might enter. The few well-bred, intelligent women to whom the doors of a new world had been opened, were the ones who took advantage slowly, of such kindness. Although the gracious hostess looked on with a perplexity which sometimes was half terror at the invasions she had unwittingly invited, still there were a few friendships which gladdened her heart, for she had carried brightness into more than one dull life. She realized, however, her dire mistake and set about straightening out things. It could not be done in a moment. She was not the sort of woman who can deliver a slight or a cold-blooded snub to any one. When spring came, she said her adieux, closed her city home, and went to Europe. It was late in the fall when she returned, and straightaway she was fallen upon by the crowd who had had a taste of her hospitality. She brought a diplomacy borne of much thought to bear upon the situation, and without a touch of unkindness began to separate from among the throng women worthy to be her friends. So discreetly was every move made that before the end of that season her circle had narrowed down considerably. After an absence during a second summer and a third, she won out, only—she had learned a lesson!

NO MATTER how broad-minded you may be, you have to confess that class distinctions, to a certain degree, do make for happiness. Watch the children in a playground gathering into little knots; there is the studious youngster friendly with boys and girls who love books as he does; there is the athletic boy with his kind; the over-dressed, vain little girl, gossiping with her comrades—like make-believe society women. It is society in embryo, the instinctive gathering together of human beings with common likes, common ambitions. Some one says, "Education tends toward isolation." We see a certain truth in that—as when the Indian boy goes back to the wild life of the reserve after a college education; when the negro girl after winning honors as high as her white sisters returns to the humble life of her own people. There are thousands of cases among our own people quite as sad. You can not call these young men and women snobs; that would be absurd. Their ambitions to be "somebody" socially is nothing more or less than a feeling that dwells in the heart of every true American. The Unitarian church carries out a plan which is exactly the personal help some lives need. It maintains what is called its "Cheerful Letter Club." Women do the work. To each member is allotted one lonely soul. She may be an invalid at home or in a hospital, a dweller in some out-of-the-world corner, a toiler in a mill or household. It does not require wealth to belong to the Cheerful Letter Club, but one must have a happy disposition; broad, human sympathy; some understanding of the problems of life; the capacity to write a pleasant, cheering letter, and be able to forget the problems of their own lives. To women with motherly and housekeeping experience is given some poor woman struggling to make a small income cover the needs of a large family; the bright girl radiant with joyful youth sheds some of her own happiness upon the life of a girl who toils. And the plan works. Unless you had seen letters I have read, you could hardly understand how wonderfully it does work. The weekly or fortnightly letter becomes a genuine ray of sunshine in some home or in some lonely room. Between the letters go magazines, pictures, tiny gifts, all sorts of small remembrances that mean so much to the dweller in a narrow place. A great preacher, once speaking of how the world might be made happier, said: "If each man and woman here would give a hearty, personal friendship and something of genial sympathy to one lonely human being, the solitary places in life would be blotted out as surely as we are obliterating from the map of the world its unexplored regions."

Reluctant English Courtesy

THAT gifted publicity man, A. Toxin Worm, made the preposterous claim in London, last winter, that he would see to it that there was no "booing" of the actors at the opening performances by E. H. Sothern. This popular English diversion consists of bellowing through the hands, and no "first night" is supposed to be complete without these vocal interruptions.

On the night of Mr. Sothern's first performance, some forty-five evil-looking men, bearing black-jacks in their sleeves, were distributed throughout the gallery and pit. There was no interruption from the audience that night, but only the occasional dull thud of black-jacks upon knuckles. Every hand that was raised, as a preliminary to the "booing" process, received a quick blow. Mr. Worm says that he never saw so many limp hands, and so many bewildered faces assembled in any one place as he saw that first night among the crowd that left the theater.

At the close of the week that dignified journal, the *Times*, commented gravely upon the growing courtesy of English audiences toward American actors, and witnessed the case of six productions by Mr. Sothern without a single "boo."



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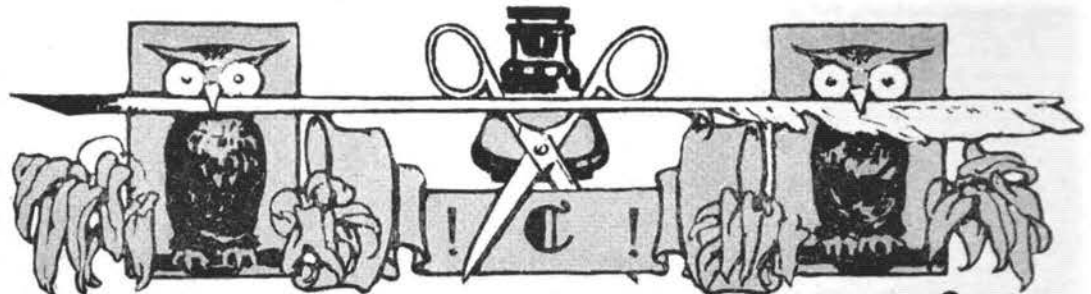
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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

The Coddling Habit

RICHARD CROKER's horse, Orby, which won the Derby in England, never had a blanket on him all winter. The windows and doors of his box were always open. The English horses which lost in that race were kept from drafts, and coddled in all sorts of ways. They wore thick blankets, and the boxes were seldom opened except for feeding. But Mr. Croker believed in giving Orby plenty of fresh air.

People who are always coddling themselves, who are afraid of drafts, afraid of this food or that food, afraid of water, afraid of malaria, afraid of germs—people who take all sorts of medicines, who live in constant fear that something is going to hurt them, are not nearly so healthy as people who rarely think about their health. Robust health is impossible to the person who is always thinking about it—worrying for fear this thing or that thing is going to injure him. Concentrating one's mind upon oneself, studying symptoms, only aggravates physical disorders.

The best thing to do with one's health is to let it alone—think about it as little as possible. A watched stomach is a dyspeptic one. People who are always afraid that their food is going to hurt them never have good digestion, for they swallow a bit of fear, a little dyspepsia, with every mouthful of food.

"Rapid, Intense, Sustained"

ONE of the great advantages of a college training or its equivalent is that it helps us to clip the corners, to take short-cuts in our methods of doing things; we learn to focus the mind and to hold it upon one thing continuously and vigorously. The college-trained young man or woman ought to accomplish a great deal more than one who has not had these four years of mental training and discipline.

We often hear people say that it is a pity to spend the four most valuable years of one's life in college; but there are innumerable instances of men who have so trained their minds that they have been able to accomplish more in a single year after leaving college than they could have in two or three years without this training, so that they have actually saved time by the discipline which has enabled them to work intensely and continuously.

President Eliot once said to the Harvard students; "You ought to obtain here the trained capacity for mental labor, rapid, intense, and sustained. It is the main achievement of college life to win this mental force, this capacity for keen observation, just inference and sustained forethought, and everything that we mean by the reasoning power of man. That capacity will be the main source of intellectual joys and happiness and content throughout a long, busy life."

President Eliot always emphasizes the possibility of the acquired power of intense, sustained intellectual labor in college, and he claims that the capacity for hard work, intense and sustained, is one of the principal objects of a college education.

Everywhere we see young men with splendid natural ability, but working with great loss of power because they never had continuous training in mind-concentration, in sustained effort. They work in a desultory, helter-skelter way. They can not hold the mind continuously upon one subject, which is really the secret of great mental power.

There is a tremendous force in mental intensity. In approaching a task with that strong determination which breaks a way through all difficulties.

I wish it were possible to convince young people who can not go to college of the untold advantage to them of putting themselves under systematic, continuous training in self-improvement. It would not be expensive for several to join together and hire a tutor to aid their efforts, and to plan their reading and study in special lines, to be taken up one after another until they acquire a substantial substitute for a college education. It is astonishing how quickly this can be done.

Everywhere we find young people regretting that they could not go to college; yet they have unconsciously wasted enough time in frivolous amusement, in doing foolish things in odds and ends of time and in half-holidays, to give them a splendid self-education, which is the best kind of an education.

I know a man filling a high position who has so scientifically and so completely educated himself through soli-

tary study and by the aid of correspondence schools, that no one would ever dream he had not been to college. Not one college graduate in a thousand is so thoroughly educated as he. He has done it by himself, mostly in his spare time. Why can not you do it?

Take a Pleasant Thought to Bed with You

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that the mental processes which are active on retiring continue far into the night. We have all dreamed of continuing an evening's experience during sleep, enjoying again the songs we heard, the play we saw. This shows how important it is not to retire to rest in a fit of temper, or in an ugly, unpleasant mood. We should get ourselves into mental harmony, should become serene and quiet before retiring, and, if possible, lie down with a smile on the face, no matter how long it takes to secure this condition. Never retire with a frown on your brow; with a perplexed, troubled, vexed expression. Smooth out the wrinkles; drive away all the enemies of your peace of mind, and never allow yourself to go to sleep with an unkind, critical, cruel, jealous thought toward any one.

It is bad enough to feel inimical toward others when under severe provocation or in a hot temper, but you can not afford to deliberately continue this state of mind after the provocation has ceased. You can not afford the wear and tear upon your nervous system and your health. It takes too much out of you.

Mental discord dries up the spirits, ages us prematurely, shortens life, and ruins our happiness. It does not pay to indulge in violent temper, corroding thoughts, mental discord in any form. Life is too short, too precious, to spend any part of it in such unprofitable, soul-racking, health-destroying business.

Be at peace with all the world at least once every twenty-four hours. You can not afford to allow the enemies of your happiness and your manhood or womanhood to etch their miserable images deeper and deeper into your character as you sleep.

Many of us with crochety, sour dispositions and quick tempers sometimes have very hard work to be decent in our treatment of others. But we can, at least when we are alone, when we get away from people who nuzzle and antagonize us, smooth out the wrinkles and forget all injuries; we can quit harboring unpleasant thoughts and hard feelings toward others.

It is a great thing to form a habit of forgetting and forgiving at night, of clearing the mind of all happiness and success enemies. If we have been impulsive, foolish, or wicked during the day in our treatment of others; if we have been holding a vicious, ugly, revengeful, jealous attitude toward others, it is a good time to wipe off the slate and start anew. It is a blessed thing to put into practice Paul's exhortation to the Ephesians: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

It ought to be the deliberate custom in every home to make the evening just as pleasant as possible, and to see to it that no member of the family retires in an unhappy mood. An evening happiness bath, a bath of love and good-will toward every living creature, is more important than a water bath.

We should take special pains to erase the memory of all unfortunate experiences of the day, all business or professional troubles and anxieties, in order to retire in a placid, peaceful, harmonious state of mind; not only because of the necessity of rising refreshed and invigorated in the morning, but because the character and the disposition are affected by the condition of the mind upon falling asleep. Mental discords prevent sound sleep and leave poisonous waste in the blood, and this in turn dulls and impairs the brain action.

Many business men suffer so much torture at night that some of them actually dread to retire because of the long, tedious, wakeful hours. Financial troubles are particularly exaggerated at night. Even many optimists suffer more or less from pessimism then.

We should fall asleep in the most cheerful and the happiest possible frame of mind. Our minds should be filled with lofty thoughts—with thoughts of love and of helpfulness—thoughts which will continue to create that which is helpful and uplifting, which will refresh the soul and help us to awake in the morning refreshed and in superb condition for the day's work.

If you have any difficulty in banishing unpleasant or torturing thoughts, force yourself to read some good, inspiring book—something that will smooth out your

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wrinkles and put you in a happy mood; something that will make you see the real grandeur and beauty of life: something that will make you feel ashamed of petty meannesses and narrow, uncharitable thoughts.

After a little practise, you will be surprised to see how quickly and completely you can change your whole mental attitude so that you will face life the right way before you fall asleep.

You will be surprised also to find how serene and calm, how wonderfully refreshed and rejuvenated you will be when you wake in the morning, and how much easier it will be to start right, and wear a smile that won't come off for the day, than it was when you went to bed in an ill-humored, worrying, or ugly mood, or full of ungenerous, uncharitable thoughts.

* * *

Things Trying to Down You

Do you ever think how many things in your experience are trying to thwart you, to keep you from what you are endeavoring to do? How every one of your weaknesses, mistakes, and blunders, every poor piece of work that goes out from your hand, every slipshod effort, is trying to down you; every deceived customer, every questionable act, trying to thwart your ambition?

Many eyes are watching you, and every slip or break you make is set down against you. Every quarrel, every injury done to another, every slighting remark, every falsehood, every hard bargain, every reflection upon others' motives, is a handicap to your career.

"Little things," you say? Life is made up of little things.

In every establishment there are employees who are kept back by some little, foolish sensitiveness. They are touchy and crotchety, and there are certain things you can never talk to them about without causing an explosion. They may be very strong in most things, but they have some little weakness or sensitiveness which keeps them in mediocre positions when they have the general ability which should win their rapid advancement.

I have in mind a young man of most remarkable ability who had jumped forward by leaps and bounds for years, until he began to develop some very cranky traits, partially due to his unusual success. Now he has become so cranky about his work that, in spite of his brilliancy, it is a very difficult thing to get along with him. He is headstrong, touchy; he can not bear to be criticized; and it is very difficult to tell him anything, for he is one of the kind who "knows it all."

The result is that although he works as hard as before he has received a great check in his career, and he can not understand why he does not continue to advance as formerly.

It would be useless for any one to try to tell him that his unbearable crankiness was the cause, for, having a colossal idea of his own importance and perfection, he would not believe it.

Many brilliant young men and young women are seriously handicapped in the same way. They develop such disagreeable, cranky, touchy qualities that it is very difficult to get along with them. Most employers think that it does not pay to try to utilize a person's brilliant qualities when surrounded with too many thorns. They prefer a little less brilliancy and more agreeability and amiability.

The firm with which the young man referred to is connected rarely has a conference or a directors' meeting which does not bring out some very disagreeable experiences with him.

His associates say he often gets angry and leaves the meetings, slamming the door and abusing every one. They realize that he is a great power intellectually; but they dislike him so thoroughly that they have been obliged to check his advancement in the firm, at the head of which he would have stood long ago but for the disagreeable qualities he has developed.

Instead of helping him along, everybody feels like holding him back.

* * *

Does He Really Live?

THE real test of a man's success is his daily life. Does he really live? Is he alive in every part of his being, or have his best qualities shriveled and atrophied from disuse?

What matters it how much money one has if there is only a small part of the real man alive; if his sympathies have dried up from the lack of use or cultivation, if his appreciation of the beautiful and his love of the good have become paralyzed?

Is a man whose brain has developed one huge money gland for secreting dollars, while all his other faculties have died from disuse or neglect, a success? Have growth and the unfoldment of all the powers nothing to do with real success? Is living in a business rut for a quarter or a half century, grasping, elbowing one's way, trampling upon others' rights and opportunities, scheming to get something away from others, indifference to the welfare of one's employees, cherishing only one great grasping motive—getting, getting, absorbing, absorbing—is this real living? Is this character building?

Is a huge tree trunk with all but one of the branches lopped off, and that one developed into an enormous monstrosity because of its having absorbed all of the

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sap intended for the other branches, a tree? Have symmetry, balance, and beauty nothing to do with a perfect tree? Most of us are at best monstrosities, with one faculty enormously over-developed at the expense of all the others. How rare it is to find a fully poised man, one with perfectly balanced development of faculty and function!

Adopting Heroic Treatment in Business

A GREAT surgeon will often resort to the knife, and operate at once, when a poor one would palliate with drugs, and delay and delay, hoping to avoid the necessity of an operation, and thus lose his patient through the spreading of the disease, or blood-poisoning.

A good business man, like a good surgeon, does not hesitate to adopt heroic measures by promptly lopping off a diseased department, changing managers or superintendents, or discharging inefficient employees. In other words, he will cut out the dry rot, the diseased part, and keep it from spreading through the whole institution, when a weaker man will adopt palliative measures and temporize with the difficulty, hoping for improvements without resorting to radical treatment.

Many business men seem afraid to acknowledge the real facts regarding the causes of a declining business, and will run along for years with shrinking profits, trying to find excuses for it in all sorts of causes but the right one. The shrewd business man would strike at the root of the evil at once, find out the real cause of the business decline, and take heroic measures, if necessary, to remedy the condition. He would look around and see if his competitors were on the decline too. He might find that they were more up-to-date than he; that they had better stores, more attractive show-windows, buyers with better taste and judgment; that their goods were more artistically displayed; that they had a better class of employees, more congenial and accommodating than his, and abler managers and superintendents. He might find that he was piling up a lot of old merchandise, out of style and out of date, and that he had earned the reputation of being behind the times, and had thus driven his custom to his competitors.

Insolent and indifferent clerks, or defects in your business system, may be driving away as many customers as your advertising is attracting. Eternal vigilance is the price of continued prosperity in business. It is astonishing how quickly even the most systematic and the best regulated concerns will go into decline when the proprietors are taking it easy, or not watching business as they once did. No business can live long on its reputation alone, no matter how great that may be.

Not long ago a New York concern doing an enormous business went into bankruptcy because of the neglect of the proprietors, who were having a good time in Europe. They never dreamed that such a solid business as theirs could go to pieces so quickly.

There are probably many business concerns in this country to-day suffering with some disease—dry rot, lack of system, loose, slipshod management, old foggy, petrified ideas, or some other form of business malady—which could be cured by prompt, energetic surgery, a heroic application of business principles, but which will finally fail for lack of proper treatment.

Many business men go to their physician regularly, to see if there is any hidden, insidious disease developing anywhere in the system, so that any trouble can be forestalled and remedied before it gains serious headway. So every business man should keep his hand on the pulse of his business. He should examine it often to see if there is any indication of weakness in the system, any indication of lax management and letting up of effort.

There are many concerns which are carrying dead wood enough to sink them. They may be hanging on to employees who long ago have gone to seed. There may be a back-number partner, and the whole concern may have gotten into a rut. It may be honey-combed with dry rot. Perhaps there are sons, or other relatives, of partners in the business in important positions which they are not qualified to fill. The proprietors may not be keeping up with the times; they may not go about to see what their competitors are doing, what improvements they are making. They may not realize the tremendous onrush of improved methods, and before they know it they are left in the rear.

Every surgeon knows that there are critical cases when the amputation of a toe would save a leg, or when the amputation of a leg would save a life. So there are times when very heroic treatment and very radical measures are required to save a business from dying of dry rot—loose, slipshod management.

What may be called "office inertia" often strangles a business. Proprietors get into the habit of doing things in the same old way year in and year out. They can not bear to change, to adopt new methods. They are afraid of new ideas, they cling to the old. The result is that their more progressive, up-to-date competitors gradually draw their customers away from them.

It is not enough to know whether or not your business as a whole is making money. You should know that there is no insidious business malady developing anywhere in it. If anything about your concern is not healthy, or can not be made so, if no other remedy is possible, it should be amputated.

"I Am Not Sure, Are You?"

PEOPLE had such colossal faith in Lincoln that they were willing to stake anything and everything on his honesty.

The very consciousness of his honesty of purpose gave him a tremendous power with court and jury, in illustration of which Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, relates the following story:

Lincoln was engaged to defend a stranger in a Western town, charged with murder. The murder was such a brutal one, and the circumstantial evidence so complete and convincing, that even Lincoln himself, after a most careful investigation, conceded that everything seemed to point to his client's guilt.

He had thought a great deal on the case, he told the men in the jury box, and that, while it seemed probable that his client was guilty, yet he was not sure. With those marvelously honest eyes of his he looked the jury straight in the face and said, "I am not sure. Are you?"

So great was the faith of the jury in Lincoln's honesty that they acquitted the defendant, and the real criminal was afterwards convicted and punished.

Not a Man, Just a Commuter

How many men there are in New York City who do not really live, in the sense in which men should live, or were intended to live! They are machine men. They rise and have breakfast at just such a time in the morning. They start for a hole in the ground, where they take the subway train; go into another little hole in a building at just such a time; work over their little figures and plans in their offices or stores; come out of their offices at just such a time; lunch at the same or a similar place every day; go back at just such a minute into the little hole in the office; do the same routine mechanical work until closing time, then go back to the little hole in the ground, and take the subway train home. This is their existence.

Now what do such men know about real life or living? What do they know about men? Is it any wonder that they are perpetual clerks, perpetual book-keepers, perpetual employees, that their lives are narrow and pinched, that they dry up and atrophy, that they shrivel from arrested development, that they go to seed prematurely?

These men do not really live. They only exist. To know life, we must touch it at many points. We must come in contact with the quick, and not with the dead.

The Power of Poise

MEN of power have that stability of poise, that endurance of principle, which defy invasion of the petty things which vex little lives. They are so poised in principle, so entrenched in divine fixity, that nothing can throw them off their center. This is the position of power.

"He is a man of power who, when all his fellows are swayed by some ambition or passion, remains calm and unmoved."

"Passion is not power. It is the abuse of power, the dispersion of power." Power always accompanies peace, serenity, repose.

Where Our Wrinkles and Gray Hairs Come From

CROSSING bridges that we never reach.

Worrying about things that may never happen. Fear, that great enemy of humanity—fear of criticism, of failure, of sickness, of death, of all sorts of things that may never happen.

Vanity and false pride.

A Little More "Thugar"

"Charlie, what makes you so sweet?" asked a mother of her little son.

"I dess when Dod made me out of dust he put a little thugar in."

This is what the world needs more than anything else, a little more "thugar."

"Those who succeed in their vocations but fail as men are a curse to any community."

Make it a life rule never to be disturbed or thrown off your balance by anything that can happen.

The hardest thing about getting along with disagreeable people is that you can not let them know what you really think of them.

"What is God? God is that All, that Infinite All, of which I am conscious of being a part, and therefore all in me is encompassed by God, and I feel Him in everything."

Denatured Alcohol

By MILES SEABORN

FOR our light and our heat and our power, for lighting a lamp or running an automobile, we the American people depend upon our mineral reserves and the Standard Oil Company. Our mineral resources are large, but, like all other resources, mortal; the Standard Oil Company is large and immortal.

Now, apart from the Standard Oil Company, it seems foolish for us as a nation to live off our capital, when, with good husbandry, we might subsist and grow fat on our yearly multiplying income. Why empty our oil wells, digging, so to speak, for our oil, when we can grow it? For one form of liquid fuel, alcohol, grows just as strawberries and potatoes and weeds grow, and all we have to do is to pick it.

Better than that, it is a by-product; something kind old Nature has just thrown in without charging for it. It is like the cotton-seed oil which we can sell after we have sold our cotton; or the lead which we get when we mine silver. Alcohol may be taken from the soil without the soil even knowing it. When we harvest our crops, we rob the earth of its nitrogen; when we take alcohol, we extract only carbon and oxygen and hydrogen, elements supplied to the soil day after day by the rains and the dew and the carbon dioxide of the caressing atmosphere. Because it can be grown, because it can be made from the elements that the soil gets for nothing, because it is useful for light, for heat, for power, for the manufacture and embellishment of hundreds of pleasant articles, we have turned our attention to denatured alcohol.

What is denatured alcohol? It is simply ordinary grain or ethyl alcohol mixed with something to make it undrinkable. The alcohol sold as a beverage is produced cheaply; its principal cost is the Government tax. This tax, amounting to two dollars and seven cents a gallon, is fortunately so much in excess of the cost of the potatoes or corn that make up the alcohol that the people who consider happiness and whisky as the same thing have always resisted it. That was the cause of the Whisky Rebellion a hundred years ago; that is why, despite our laws and the guns of our sheriffs, illicit distillers still maintain a perilous existence and thirteenth and law-defying populations.

But alcohol, though it may be bad for human tissues, is very good for very many purposes. It dissolves shellac, and shellac so dissolved literally "paints our civilization." It enters into all kinds of wood products, such as pianos, carriages, billiard tables, burial caskets, trunks, shoes, fireworks, pipes, umbrellas, and numberless other commodities. The cost of alcohol is the principal element in the lacquer used on our hardware, iron and brass bedsteads, gas and electric fixtures, lamps, birdcages, clocks, watches, and toys. Alcohol is necessary for the manufacture of celluloid; it is two-thirds the cost of collodion, which is the very basis of photographic paper, plates, and films. Alcohol, and cheap alcohol at that, is essential to the manufacture of artificial silk and transparent soap, while for every pound of smokeless powder manufactured you require a pound and a half of alcohol.

Apart from all these uses, and many others too tedious to mention, alcohol is a source of light, heat, and power. An alcohol lamp is twice as effective as a kerosene lamp and it has no odor, it does not smoke, it is not affected by drafts, and it emits but little heat. For the production of power, alcohol may be used in internal combustion engines (like those of automobiles), and is clean, safe to handle, and without offensive smell. But, however good these purposes, alcohol could hardly be used in any quantity so long as it paid to the Government a tax of two dollars and seven cents upon every gallon.

Until January 1, 1907, the Government tax fell alike on the unjust alcohol, which sent men reeling home at midnight, and upon the just alcohol, our good and faithful servant. It was prohibitive; you could not light your lamp or run your engine on "highballs" at fifteen cents a thimbleful. Therefore many industries shook the dust of our cities from their feet and crossed the boundary line into Canada, and articles which might have been manufactured here were "made in Germany." For in Germany, as in France, Holland, Switzerland, Belgium, Austria-Hungary, Norway, and Sweden, the tax had been taken from the industrial alcohol, while in America, despite twenty years of agitation, we did nothing. So our manufacturers used an inferior article, wood or methyl alcohol instead of the superior and cheaper ethyl alcohol; other manufacturers gave up in despair; farmers who might have changed their corn into alcohol burned it instead, and the Standard Oil Company added another cent to the price of gasoline.

Some such thoughts as these were the body of the hopes of those who fought for a fair chance for alcohol; some such thoughts were the body of the dread of those who struggled tooth and nail against cheap ethyl alcohol. The wood alcohol men who were selling every year ten million gallons of a free-tax, inferior product, did not want to compete with a cheap ethyl alcohol. But there were other men who thought otherwise, and who dreamed dreams of a liquid fuel that could grow in your back-yard and be produced cheaply enough to run your automobile, if you owned one.

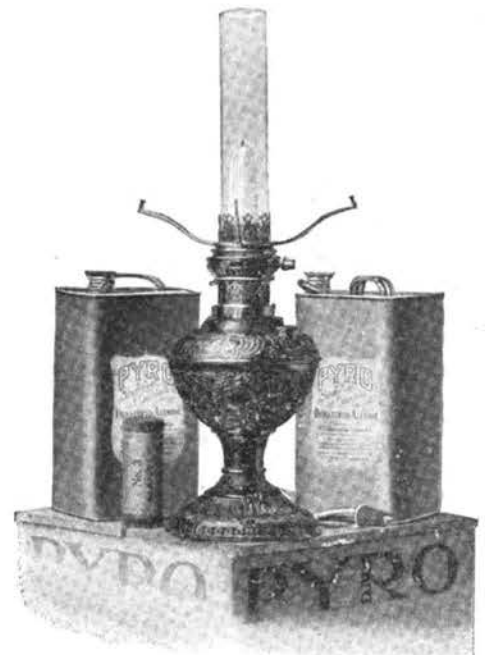
An Unusual Offer

This Handsome Embossed Brass Lamp

Brass Lamp

and a month's supply of PYRO DENATURED ALCOHOL

for \$5.⁷⁵



This is an offer that everyone, who has the interests of the home at heart, should take advantage of.

It is made for the purpose of further introducing PYRO Denatured Alcohol, the wonderful new liquid fuel for lighting, cooking and heating.

Thousands of dealers are now selling PYRO Denatured Alcohol. In a short time it will be on sale in every section of the United States.

The Lamp included in this offer is an exceptional value. It is the newest type of Table Lamp and has all the latest improvements.

It is sent complete with two double web mantles, tripod, Jena heatproof chimney and the new automatic pourer.

So simple is this lamp that a child can operate it. Furthermore, it is absolutely safe.

With each lamp we furnish enough PYRO Denatured Alcohol to last a month, if lighted two and one-half hours a night.

PYRO Denatured Alcohol is simply ordinary alcohol made unfit to drink.

Because of its unquestioned superiority as a fuel Congress recently removed the tax of \$2.08 per gallon.

In Germany last year over sixty million gallons of Denatured Alcohol were consumed. It is the illuminant in the Emperor's palace.

Everyone who has used Denatured Alcohol will tell you that this wonderful fuel is more like real sunlight than an artificial illuminant.

It furnishes a pure, steady light as clear, white and safe as sunlight. No fuel consumes so little oxygen in the air of a room. No light is so easy on the eyes for reading, writing or sewing.

The Electrical Testing Laboratories of New York is the recognized authority in the United States on lighting apparatus. In a recent report it clearly establishes the superior efficiency and economy of Denatured Alcohol over kerosene.

THESE ARE THE STATISTICS:

Description	One Gallon will last	Average C. P.	C. P. Hrs.
Alcohol Burner	38 hrs. 30 min.	45.2	1740
Kerosene Lamp	32 hrs. 42 min.	14.8	484

The candle power hours are obtained by multiplying the average candle power by the time required to consume one gallon. Thus, for illustration, the candle power hours obtained from one gallon of Denatured Alcohol were 1740, which means that if the alcohol burner had been one candle power capacity, one gallon of Denatured Alcohol would have burned for 1740 hrs.

This outfit consists of embossed brass Lamp with 45 candle power Pyro Alcohol burner. Two double web mantles. Jena imported heatproof chimney. Tripod. Automatic pourer and two one-gallon cans Pyro Denatured Alcohol. Remember, we pay all charges.

Don't for an instant confuse PYRO Denatured Alcohol with kerosene because it is burned in a lamp.

PYRO Denatured Alcohol not only gives a light four times as brilliant as kerosene, but it is absolutely free from all the odor, dirt and trouble of kerosene lamps.

It is the cleanliness and simplest of all illuminants.

Wouldn't it be a relief to you to use a fuel that requires no attention—no chimneys to clean and polish, no wicks to trim, no bowls to fill with ill smelling, clothes staining kerosene?

Wouldn't you and your family appreciate the absence of soot, smell and danger?

Wouldn't it be a comfort and pleasure to have your home lighted with a bright sunlight-like radiance, instead of a feeble, yellow, malodorous, air contaminating kerosene lamp?

No one who values health, comfort, cleanliness and economy would think of using a kerosene lamp after enjoying the countless advantages of Denatured Alcohol.

Remember, we give two full gallons of Denatured Alcohol with every lamp—enough to last a whole month.

We prepay all charges. Send \$5.75 (postal note, money order or express order) for all points East of the Mississippi—for points beyond add 50 cts. This special offer is open only for a limited time. By acting on it immediately you will insure prompt shipment. Address

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Oklahoma. "I am averaging \$1000 a week in bills to collect and half what I get in is mine," writes Geo. W. Purcell, Colorado.

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"I am averaging \$1000 a week in bills to collect and half what I get in is mine," writes A. L. Carson, Illinois.

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"Received list of claims from you and will now give my entire time to my collection business," writes Thos. Holmes, Colorado.

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OUR PROPOSITION is to send you a light which, burning common kerosene (or coal oil), is far more economical than the ordinary old-fashioned lamp, yet so thoroughly satisfactory that such people as ex-President Cleveland, the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Peabodys, etc., who care but little about cost, use it in preference to all other systems.

We will send you any lamp listed in our catalog "18," on thirty days' free trial, so that you may prove to your own satisfaction that the new method of burning employed in this lamp makes common kerosene the best, cheapest and most satisfactory of all illuminants.

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Safer and more reliable than gasoline or acetylene. Lighted and extinguished like gas. May be turned high or low without odor. No smoke, no danger. Filled while lighted and without moving. Requires filling but once or twice a week. It floods room with its beautiful, soft, mellow light that has no equal. WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG "18" and our proposition for a

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Do it now—right away. It will tell you more facts about the How and Why of good light than you can learn in a lifetime's experience with poor methods.

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THE DEAF HEAR—

PROOF BEFORE YOU PURCHASE.

The Acousticon is a scientifically perfect hearing device which magnifies sound 400,000 times at the same time clarifies articulation so that every word is distinct to the deafest person unless the auditory nerve is entirely destroyed (it seldom is).

It is now used with perfect success in hundreds of churches, theatres and the Public Buildings at Washington (list on application).

Most hearing devices are inefficient or entirely useless; we invite every deaf person and their friends, to

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So one day, in 1906, Congress passed the Payne Law prescribing denaturants so nauseating as to make the alcohol irrevocably unpalatable even to a delirium-tremens gentleman, and taking the tax off the denatured product. It was hoped thus by dividing the alcoholic sheep from the goats to give scope to a great industry based upon free alcohol, relieve a little the indefatigable Standard Oil Company, to keep down alcoholism and drunkenness, and to keep up the Government revenue from drinkable alcohol, which brings into the treasury almost two hundred million dollars per year.

"I told you so," said the Standard Oil Company, as six months later it met the alcohol people on the street. "Here you produce your alcohol from corn and charge fifty cents a gallon, while to-day we give you the very best gasoline at a cost of—I have n't yet heard from Mr. Rockefeller this morning."

It is too true. Fifty cents a gallon, and the business would not boom. Has it all been a dream? Did the fumes of denatured alcohol mount to the brains of the congressmen when they predicted a plentiful supply at five or ten cents per gallon? In the battles of the market, Providence fights on the side of low prices. At fifty cents per gallon, denatured alcohol is heavily handicapped.

But the alcohol men are not discouraged, and they should not be. The business is an infant industry, an infant industry protected not by protection, but by fair play. The infant has not yet passed the squalling age.

So far the baby has n't found itself. They've been feeding it corn at eighty cents a bushel and the baby has n't thriven. There are surely compounds of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen cheaper than corn, and more digestible. Some of the doctors advise corn-stalks. If that prescription turns out well, we shall have thousands of farmers all over the country running cooperative stills, for there is enough alcohol in our yearly corn-stalks (if you can get it out cheaply) to supply the world.

Then the baby has n't had the proper nurses. The big distillers were at first the only men who were at all equipped. But making cheap, tax-free ethyl alcohol is a different business, and what you want is a plant and an organization especially adapted to the needs of the business.

Finally, to the great detriment of the baby, its kind old godfather, Uncle Sam, was at first excessively fussy. He had been so anxious that the baby grow up denatured, and not associate or be led into bad courses by the other alcohol infants, that he prescribed at first one hundred and fifty-two household remedies and soothing syrups to be taken at once and all together, so no wonder the new baby lost weight. The ministrations of kind Uncle Sam have now become more homeopathic, but at first little Denatured Alcohol was almost killed with kindness.

Because the denatured alcohol industry is still in its swaddling clothes, no man can yet foresee to what great proportions it may not attain. We know that Germany, with its six thousand farm distilleries, produces annually over seventy millions of gallons of tax free alcohol, selling it at from eighteen to thirty-five cents gallon. We know that alcohol may be produced from grain, fruit, or molasses, that the cheapest "black-strap" molasses can be obtained at a normal cost in Louisiana or Hawaii, that corn is cheapest where oil is dearest, that potatoes unfit for human consumption can be easily converted into alcohol. What we do not yet know is what the future cheapest method will be for the production of alcohol.

It is an embarrassment of riches. You can make alcohol from sawdust or old newspapers; you can make it, as a Belgian chemist showed fifty years ago, from dead leaves, stubble, chaff, carrot-tops, sponges, birds'-nests and all sorts of odds and ends. It is merely a question of yield and cheapness.

If we ever succeed in making a cheap alcohol from the cellulose in corn-stalks, we shall be able to supply infinite generations from cooperative farmers' stills. If we can use sawdust (as they are now trying to do in Germany) we shall be able to utilize millions of tons of useless waste. If we can do as the Danes do, and convert peat into alcohol, we shall find in the Great Dismal Swamp of Virginia alone forty billion gallons of ninety-six per cent. alcohol—enough to supply us for many generations.

The extraction of alcohol from peat is not pure experiment. There are forty-two gallons to a ton of the dry peat, and a Danish company which is producing alcohol in this way states that the cost is less than eleven cents per gallon as compared with thirty-seven to forty cents when obtained from potatoes.

Whether or not we extract our alcohol from peat or sawdust, from corn-stalks, grain, fruit, or molasses, we are going to get it in some way if mechanical ingenuity can contrive it. Commercial alcohol is an invaluable agent of civilization, and its production and sale should be as free as the air and the rain and the sunshine, out of which alcohol is made.

If we can make denatured alcohol cheaply enough, we shall stumble upon a vast secret store of wealth. Many things will be made in America that we now have to import and many articles which are now dear will then be cheap. We will manufacture our own transparent soap, our own aniline dyes, our own explosives and fulminate of mercury. We shall be able to devote our cheapened alcohol to one hundred and twelve purposes for which it is adapted and to put the alcohol in-

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to commission wherever it can do the work of gasoline or kerosene. With cheapened alcohol, we should have an unmonopolized source of heat, and might steer our course clear between an Oil Trust and a Coal Trust. Finally, if we can once get our alcohol prices down—way far below the present monopoly prices of coal and oil and gas—we shall, in great stills, run perhaps cooperatively by large groups of farmers, secure our light, our heat, and our power from things which have hitherto been of little value. Hundreds of millions of dollars have already been taken from our waste heaps; perhaps in the form of alcohol new hundreds of millions remain to be taken.

Miss Farrar's Operatic Troubles

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR, the youngest of the American *prima donnas* to win fame in the world, has had some interesting adventures. The most humorous of these happened at Magdeburg, Germany, and the most dramatic at Warsaw, Poland. The success that she won on her *début* as a girl of nineteen, in Berlin, resulted in an engagement for some special presentations at Magdeburg, opening with *Violetta* in Verdi's "Traviata." The single rehearsal was brief, and the stage business was not gone through with. The result was a complete surprise that convulsed both her and her audience.

The theater was crowded, and, Magdeburg being a great military center, the house glittered with gold lace and epaulettes.

All went well until the Brindisi, when *Violetta* drinks the hero's health, operatic fashion, from an empty glass. At this point, as a bit of original realism, Miss Farrar dashed the glass to the floor, and it shattered to atoms. A stage servant in livery, never having seen this feat before, viewed the scene in consternation, and rushed off for his brush and dustpan. Miss Farrar's mother caught at his coat tails, crying, in her best German, "Stop! Stop!"

"It must be cleaned up," was his stolid answer, and he made for the stage.

In the wings she lost her hold on him, and he sped out, triumphant, in one hand a big brush, in the other a large blue dustpan. In a flash he was down on his knees sweeping up the fragments.

Startled by the flying apparition, Miss Farrar still tried to sing; then she called, as had her mother so ineffectively, "Stop! Stop!"

But he kept on until the last bit of glass was landed in the dustpan.

Meanwhile, the *prima donna* sat down on a chair and burst out laughing; the audience laughed with her; even the orchestra stopped playing. Then the man, with the dustbrush over his shoulder like a musket, and the pan held proudly aloft, marched off, with dignity. It was fully five minutes before the opera could proceed.

MISS FARRAR arrived at Warsaw thirty-six hours before the latest revolution there. The afternoon of the day it broke, she was sleighing with her mother and the Spanish ambassador. When they got without the city walls, they saw distant country houses in flames, the work of the famished, desperate mob marching on Warsaw. Their *troika*, with three horses abreast, dashed back through the gates, which were being hurriedly closed by sentries, only to be battered in by the mob at midnight. From that hour on, the streets were filled with galloping, sword-slashing Cossacks, and fighting, shrieking revolutionists. Houses were in flames; there was the constant boom of explosions and rattle of musketry.

The richer inhabitants fled from their homes and took refuge in the Hotel Bristol, where Miss Farrar and her mother were staying. By morning its steps were covered with the bodies of revolutionists. The gas and water supplies were cut off. The food at the hotel was soon exhausted, because of the mass of unexpected arrivals. To get provisions into the city was impossible.

In vain Miss Farrar begged to be released, on any terms, from her engagement, but the order had been issued that the opera must go on; to stop it would show fear of the revolutionists. After a siege dinner of a small piece of beef and some bread, the singer and her mother had to march on foot through the streets to the opera-house, escorted by a guard of Cossacks.

The house, dimly lit by lamps, was almost empty. Only eight people were in the orchestra chairs, with one hundred and fifty on the stage. The singers dressed in the cellar, their names being called down the stairway when their appearance was needed. From outside the rumble of explosions mingled with the music. When they were particularly bad, the Italian conductor would fly from his desk in the orchestra to the cellar, leaving the opera to get on without him. But through it all Baron Molken, the chief of police of Warsaw, who was, later, left maimed for life by an attempted assassination, was the truest friend that the young American singer and her mother had.

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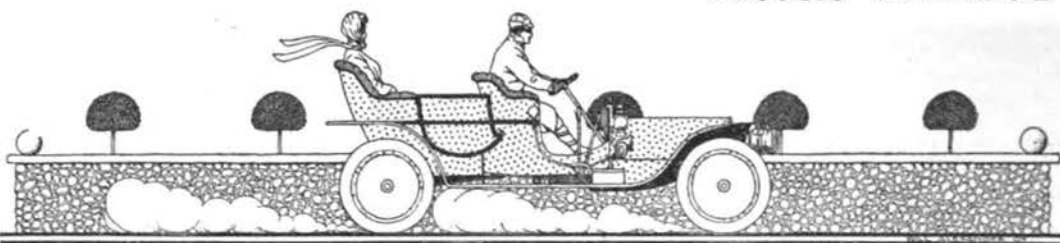
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Sports and Recreation

Conducted By E. T. KEYSER

How to Catch Pickerel

BY REASON of his general distribution and the fact that he is less capricious in his appetite than the black bass, the pickerel endears himself to the fisherman ambitious for something gamier than the perch or sun-fish or the rock-bass yet less difficult in capture than the trout or the large or small mouth basses. Almost anywhere from Maine to Florida and as far west as Arkansas you will find him in clear lakes where there are sandy bottoms, weedy shoals, and grassy shores. Sometimes you will find him lying among the weeds, with his snout just at their edges, waiting for a victim to come along; sometimes he is nosing around in the shoal water, waiting for a chance at the small fry who have taken refuge from him amongst the growth of water plants. At other times he is circling around in sandy-bottomed pools where a bar or shore slopes off into deep water.

In the first case trolling will probably be the most effective method; in the second, bait casting with live or artificial bait along the edge of the weeds; and in the third, patient still fishing will bring him to your landing net. You see, while he is lying up in the shoal water with his nose to the shore he is watching for some incautious small fish of the school which he has cornered to become "rattled" or incautious and make a break for deeper water, which practically means running into the pickerel's jaws. By casting your live or artificial bait between the pickerel and the shore you are deluding him into the impression that one of the perspective victims has made a break for deep water, and he jumps for it, as would a terrier for an escaping rat, and, before he has found out his mistake, you have seated the hook into him and the fun commences. When he is lying along the edges of the weeds in deep water, he expects something of an edible nature to pass along, and by trolling slowly past him you convince him that the looked for has arrived, and, with a jump, he makes himself fast. In the deep pool he is more deliberate, and you must give him time to take off ten or fifteen feet of your line before you strike and seat the barb.

So much for the methods—now for the tackle. Bear in mind in the first place, that, while with a heavy rod and with a line of large caliber, you will, particularly in trolling, catch just as many fish as with light tackle, you won't have anything like the same amount of enjoyment in handling them—and it's enjoyment and sport you are after—otherwise you could procure your fish a great deal more cheaply and quickly at the nearest market. For the rod, you have the choice of three materials, split bamboo, steel, and lance-wood. There is an action to a good split bamboo, a resiliency, a "feel," which you can obtain in no other material, but it must be a good one and a good one is worth from eight to ten dollars. It must be given the best of care and, even then, the tips are apt to "set" or warp out of shape and their cost of renewal is high. A lance-wood rod—and you can obtain a good one for from three to four dollars—will stand more grief in the way of rough handling and neglect, and new tips may be bought so cheaply that their renewal is an item of very little financial importance. A steel rod, to my way of thinking, is the best all-around rod which may be obtained at a moderate expenditure. A good one, without any fancy fixings, will cost from five to seven dollars. It won't have quite the splendid action of a split bamboo; on the other hand, it never requires rewinding, never gets out of line, does not warp or swell or shrink at the mountings, and about all the attention required is to wipe it off carefully when through fishing and to oil up a trifle before one starts out with it.

The best all-around rod for pickerel fishing is one seven and one-half or eight feet in length, weighing in split bamboo or lance-wood eight to eight and a half ounces, and from nine to ten ounces in steel. It should be mounted with trumpet guides and a three-ring tip, to allow the easy passage of the line in bait casting. If you feel inclined to spend from two to five dollars more for agate line guides and tip, you will receive the full value of your expenditure in the increased distance of the cast that may be made. A cork grip is pleasant to the hand, a celluloid grip is more durable. By all means, have a double-grip handle, that is, a handle which has a small grip above the reel seat as well as one below it. This will give you something comfortable to hold on to with your left hand, while you are reeling in with the right.

For bait casting, you will need a free-running reel. A double multiplier will serve, but a quadruple reel is better, as it serves to let out the line more freely. A reel of sixty yards indicated capacity is about the right size. It will really hold one hundred yards of "G" or Number Six line. For four dollars such a reel may be bought of rubber and nickel which will cast well enough for all practical purposes. If you care to pay more you can procure, for five, ten, fifteen dollars, or more, up to twenty-five or thirty, reels of finer workmanship and the higher-priced ones, full jeweled, like a watch; but these reels will cast so freely that it is beyond the capability of the average amateur to get much more than fifty per cent. of their real capabilities out of them.

While it is all right to economize on reels it is not wise to try to save money on your casting line. This should be a "G" or Number Six, soft finish, silk line, made and designated especially for bait casting. It consists of a braided outer tube over a twisted silk core, and, when new, should stand a breaking test of at least twelve pounds. Such a line is worth from three and a half to four cents a yard. It can also be used equally well for trolling and still fishing, but for either of the latter purposes alone a Number "F" braided oiled-silk line, at a cent a yard, will fill the bill at considerably less expense. For bait casting no leader is used. The live or artificial bait or spoon is attached directly to the line.

Nine times out of ten a live minnow is preferable to the other two above mentioned. When these can not be obtained a phantom or fairy minnow, made of silk or sole-skin, is a good substitute. Sometimes, however, a nickel or brass spoon with a red back will attract the fish when nothing else will stir them up. The only way to ascertain which is most successful is by actual trial.

There is not much use in giving instructions how to cast. Fifteen minutes' observation of a caster, and a few hours' imitation on the water, in a meadow, or a back yard, using a tournament frog—an artificial frog without hooks—will do more for you than an entire page filled with instructions and advice. The whole trick is in the thumbing of the reel—thumbing it hard enough to prevent the reel revolving faster than the bait flies through the air, and yet not hard enough to retard the bait's progress. As soon as your bait has touched the water, commence reeling in, not too fast, for remember to every revolution of the handle your double and quadruple multiplying reel barrels revolve twice and four times respectively. Just keep your bait coming back to you fast enough to keep your spoons revolving or your minnows from snagging on the bottom.

For still fishing or trolling, a cheaper reel will serve. A sixty-yard nickel multiplying reel, which can be procured for a dollar and a half or less will handle your fish for you just as well as a more expensive one; but as they will not run freely enough for satisfactory casting it is better, nine times out of ten, to procure a casting reel and be prepared for all styles of fishing. In trolling, don't go too fast; go just fast enough to keep from snagging on the bottom. Row quietly; have at least a hundred feet of line out wherever a perfectly straight course will permit. Troll along the edges of the weeds, along sand bars, and across the deep pools. In these latter, still fishing with a 1-0 sproat hook gently inserted under the minnow's skin of the back parallel to, but not touching the spine, will be found most effective. For trolling and still fishing, use a three-foot single bass leader between the bait and the line.

For keeping your bait in good condition, use a floating minnow bucket, and, as soon as you reach the fishing grounds, tie your inner bucket to the boat and throw it overboard, but don't tow it around if you change your anchorage. The larger the bucket, the better, for, the more room and the more water your minnows have while being transported, the better their condition will be when you are ready to use them. As a means of giving the minnows fresh air, a little rubber bulb with a tube attached—"minnow life-preservers," they are called—is an excellent and inexpensive adjunct to a fisherman's equipment.

Of course you will need a landing net, for the tackle which you are using is entirely too light to lift a moderate sized fish from the water. For two dollars and a half you can purchase a collapsing net, having a frame measuring about twelve by fourteen inches when opened, and a four-foot, jointed bamboo handle. This

can be taken apart and carried in a case no larger than an ordinary rod case. In regard to nets, you can take your choice of cotton or hard braided linen. The former is cheaper, the latter more durable, and less likely to entangle the hook.

There are two forms of angling for pickerel which I have not mentioned—fly-casting and skittering. Pickerel have been known to take a scarlet ibis bass fly, but it is not such a steady article of diet with them as to warrant one's going pickerel fishing armed with a fly rod only. Skittering, as practised by the man to whom fish are a primary and sport a secondary consideration, is not artistic, although I confess it is, in the very early morning where one knows the waters, apt to be productive of results. The outfit consists of a fifteen or an eighteen-foot bamboo pole, a chalk-line, and a piece of bacon rind cut into the form of a fish and impaled on a large hook. The method is, either from a boat or the shore, to flop the bacon rind along the edge of the weeds and then skim or skitter it along the surface, by a motion of the rod from side to side. When the fish is hooked he is landed by main force, awkwardness, and the chalk-line.

Pickerel have their little peculiarities. I know of one lake where you can troll for miles or still fish all day with no results, and yet in half a dozen of its coves, where the meadow grass comes down to the water, the two and three pound fellows are waiting for the little fish to come out and be served for tea. Every few moments there is a ripple on the surface where one of the big fellows has become uneasy and risen. Cast out your bait beyond that ripple and reel in. The percentage of times that both you and the pickerel will strike it just right are enough to make it very interesting. In another pond, no amount of casting or trolling would cause you to believe that a pickerel was present; but, in a deep pool, just on the edge of where a shoal starts its upward slope, the pickerel may be caught by still fishing, and, in spite of the fact that the early morning and the evening are usually considered the best pickerel fishing times, I have never succeeded in getting a strike in that pool before three or after six o'clock in the afternoon, although I have tried it patiently and repeatedly, and others who had at first disbelieved my statements have had the same experience there.

Metempsychosis of the Player

I. ISRAEL

IN THE dim and long ago
Bravely didst thou face the foe
Ere thou wert a king.
Now thou battlest with a throw;
Then thou hadst a sling.
'Gainst the Giants of to-day
Many a David tryeth;
Few the slingers who can slay
As thou slew Goliath.

II. ROME

LATER, on the bloody sands,
With a short sword in thy hands,
As a gladiator,
Fought thou beasts from foreign lands
For the cruel spectators.
Still the Tigers fiercely play;
Art thou still their foeman?
Canst thou humble them to-day
As before the Roman?

III. MIDDLE AGES

ONCE again with lance in rest,
Jointed armor on thy breast,
Riding on a charger,
Lady's glove upon thy crest,
(Now thou wearest a larger!)
Ancient armor falls to rust;
Lances lose their luster;
And thy game, the savage joust,
Hath become a jester.

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

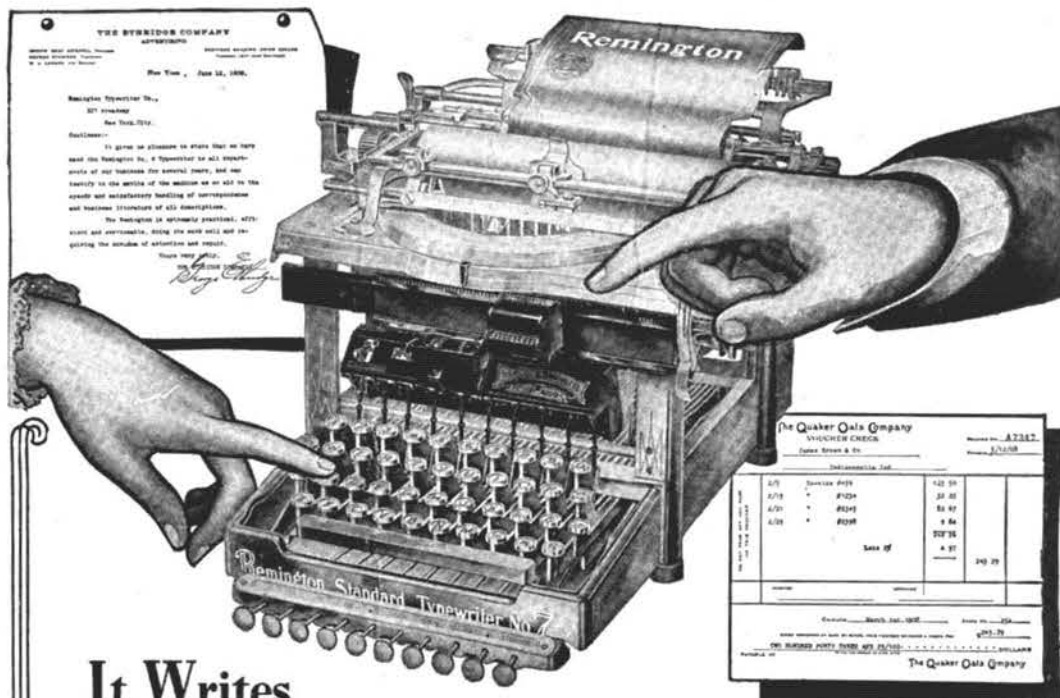
Convinced at Last

ON MR. BRYAN's recent visit to Indianapolis, he was asked what he would do if again defeated for the Presidency, and replied by telling a story of a Texan who wandered into a ballroom while intoxicated and was ejected. He walked right in again, and was roughly handled and thrust forth into outer darkness. A third time he staggered in, and this time was unceremoniously kicked out. Gathering himself together, he remarked to the interested spectators:

"Them fellows can't fool me—they don't want me in there!"

Preserving the Proportions

A LITTLE Scotch boy's grandmother was packing his lunch for him to take to school one morning. Looking up into the old lady's face, the boy asked: "Grandmother, does yer specs magnify?" "A little, my child," she answered. "Aweel, then," said the boy, "I wad just like it if ye wad tak' them off when ye're packin' my loonch."



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THE WELL DRESSED MAN

By ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

Ask any question that puzzles you about dress. If desired, your name will not be used, but please attach it to your inquiry. It is preferred that questions be of general, rather than purely personal interest.

FASHION, having reached a level that is sound and rational, no longer changes suddenly and whimsically. The styles of one season are now closely patterned after those of its predecessor, and if there are changes they relate wholly to details. The tailors will not thank me for it, but truth compels the statement, that a man can wear the clothes of last autumn without being noticeably out of fashion. Coats are cut about the same, save that the lapels are shorter and without the deep roll of former seasons. The English mode—short and blunt lapels, pressed flat—is gaining favor, though most Americans prefer the freedom of the long roll, with its suggestion of easy grace.

The Fashionable Coat for Fall

The autumn sack or business coat for a man of normal height—five feet, eight inches—is about thirty-one and a half inches long. It is cut with comfortable fullness across both chest and back, and the latter has a moderately deep center vent. The practise of creasing the side-seams on the back of a coat has been dropped, because it hints disagreeably of feminine frippery. The correct coat, back is roomy, not shaped to the figure, and hangs straight downward from the shoulders without curving in at the waistline. In other words, "hang," rather than "fit," is the aim. As already told, the leaning of fashion is toward shorter lapels, but this is yet a question of personal preference rather than of propriety. Some men will continue to favor the long roll.

Shoulders Not Padded

Coat shoulders—and this is important—are not padded at all. The fashionable shoulder is the natural shoulder. It defines, but does not exaggerate, the figure. No coat made with shoulders that stand out conspicuously and produce an effect of hulking broadness can lay claim to following the style. This and like eccentricities are abnormal and totally at variance with both sense and becomingness. The coat front is a trifle cut away at the bottom to form an inverted "V" and may be either rounded or blunted at the corners. Three or four buttons are generally used on a coat, three for long-roll garments and four for those with short and high lapels. The two-button sack displayed by some of the fashionable tailors is an extreme style with deep-curved lapels and a curved cutaway front that conforms in outline to each other.

Plain Cuff the Best Form

As to the coat cuffs, they may be as simple or fancy as the wearer desires. On account of the many grotesque forms of cuff effects seen on the cheap garments, the tendency among well-dressed men is to discard the bizarre cuff and return to the plain one, single or folded back. Still, this is a matter which must be left for individual taste to determine. The so-called "fancy cuff" is in no wise incorrect, and there is to be said in its favor that it allows a man to express his own ideas in dress and enlivens the monotony with which men's fashions are unquestionably hedged about.

The Waistcoat and Trousers

The autumn waistcoat is usually single-breasted and collarless, although fancy flannel and other fabrics may also be worn with the sack coat, as hitherto. The trousers to accompany the sack coat are cut wide at the bottom and longer than last season. Indeed, it is probable that autumn will revive trousers cut so as to "spring" or flex over the instep. So-called "peg-top" trousers are no longer in fashion. They were always unsightly, though supposedly (but erroneously) dear to the "college set."

This summarizes the style tendencies in morning or business suits for autumn and winter. Afternoon and evening dress will be dealt with in forthcoming articles. As regards colors, tints of green, gray, and blue are "smart." Brown is no longer as modish as it was. Fawn, blue-green, smoke, slate, fog, and the like are among the novel shades. Stripes are still the predominating patterns. Checks and plaids are out of the reckoning. So many new tones and tints in fabrics have been introduced for autumn that it is impossible to more than hint at their variety. The right color—and the only one—for a man to choose in a suit is that which is becoming to him. Many of the new colors are trying for most men to wear and prone to render them unduly conspicuous. Therefore no color should be selected merely because it is "the thing." Fashion is founded upon sense and fitness. Clothes should

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have style. They are in demand by men who pride themselves on being correct in every detail of their apparel. They have quality—since 1823 Mallory Hats have held the highest reputation in the hat trade of the country.

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seem part and parcel of the wearer's personality and should be chosen to harmonize with his stature, cast of features, and physical characteristics. Just as all men differ, so must their manner of dress differ to enable each to look his best.

MOTOR.—For a short run, say through the park, a cap of Scotch tweed will prove more satisfactory than any of the usual clumsy motoring hats. Tweed is a very soft and light material, much to be preferred to leather and decidedly more pleasing to look at. For long runs there are caps of tweed which can be drawn down over the ears, and others have a cloth strap which is buckled under the chin. These should give ample protection, unless one is motoring between far-distant points by day and night over rough roads. Then any of the special hats of leather or silk and rubber, with hoods, may be worn. For motor racing, the best head covering is a long skull-cap with two side openings for the ears, and ribbons which are tied snugly under the chin. Besides the standard pongee silk, motoring coats and dusters are also fashioned of linen, mohair, and alpaca in neutral shades of tan and gray. They are always made shower-proof and, indeed, so are the caps.

I. S. R.—Though the Inverness overcoat is rarely worn nowadays, it is perfectly good form for the opera and the play. Elderly men are very partial to it, as it has about it an old-world air which is very pleasing. Furthermore it is a very handy garment, can be slipped on and off with ease, and will resist a really incredible amount of musing. It is made only of black fabrics and cut quite long. Young men prefer the Chesterfield overcoat, which, while more modern, yet lacks the aristocratic grace traditionally associated with the Inverness.

The Porter Who Earned His Tip

BLANCH BATES, the actress, is a fresh-air fiend. When the corner-stone of the new Stuyvesant Theater was to be laid Miss Bates was appearing in Boston. As she was to be one of the chief participants in the ceremony, it was necessary for her to make a night trip to New York. Hence a drawing-room was engaged for her use on a train that was to leave "the Hub" at midnight and arrive in New York early the next morning.

The actress drove from the theater to the depot and reached her quarters shortly after eleven o'clock, to find that the windows of the drawing-room had been left open and that the compartment was filled with a winter air that seemed cold enough to defy fur garments. That was just as she liked it.

Summoning the porter, Miss Bates waved a five-dollar bill before his eyes, and explained that if the temperature of the drawing-room remained fixed throughout the night that piece of currency would be his in the morning. The porter grinned and set about earning the tip. In order to do so he turned off all the heat in the car, opened a few more ventilators that would ordinarily have been required, and took other precautions against the overheating of the drawing-room.

Within an hour his troubles began. After he had explained to a dozen angry travelers that something was wrong "with the pipes," and had distributed all of the extra blankets the car carried, he sought refuge in the coach ahead. As the train pulled into New York he caught sight of a crowd of men in various stages of *dishabille* gathered in the smoking-room, and from the hubbub he caught the words "porter," "hemp," and "wait till I find him." The caucus seemed so thoroughly in earnest that he decided it was the part of discretion to be lax in his duty that morning, and his face did not appear inside the car until every one but the occupant of the drawing-room had left it.

He earned his tip, but much of his time since has been devoted to an attempt to grow a beard with the hope that that frail disguise may conceal his identity from any of the traveling men who happened to make that trip, should he ever again be called upon to serve them.

No Personal Grudge

DR. JOHN LOVEJOY ELLIOTT, head worker of Hudson Guild Settlement, in New York, was lecturing some boys from the water front on the doings of Nero. He gave a vivid picture of the cruelty of the emperor, and thought that he must have fixed the idea of non-ethical deeds in the minds of his hearers. Then he began questions.

"Boys," said the teacher, "what do you think of Nero?"

There was no reply, and the class moved around uneasily.

"Well, O'Brien, what do you think of Nero? Would you say he was a good man? Would you like to know him?"

No answer, and O'Brien looked longingly at the door.

"Well, was n't Nero a bad man?"

"He never done nothin' to me," was the unexpected response, reflecting the Tammany policy of not butting in.—G. W. WHARTON.

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These have 6-ply reinforced knees as well as 6-ply heels and toes. So their cost is 50c a pair or \$3 a box of 6 pairs. But once you try them you would pay \$1 if we asked it.

They save all the darning—they outwear many pairs of the best unguaranteed stockings, so the saving in dollars and cents at the end of the year makes them the cheapest by far.

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We buy the best Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the softest and finest we know—regardless of what we must pay.

Our yarn is 3-ply. We could pay 35c and get weak and coarse 2-ply yarn as others do. But you wouldn't buy such hosiery because it is uncomfortable. We are not trying to sell you wear only. Buy "Holeproof" for all of the qualities of the best unguaranteed hosiery—buy it for 6 months' longer wear. Your whole family will wear it once they know what it means.

\$30,000 a Year Spent for Inspection Alone

80 people in our factory do nothing but examine "Holeproof" Hosiery to see that it is perfect before it is sent out. We do this to protect our reputation. But you get the benefit.

We were the first to guarantee hose in this way. Our hose are so good that the demand is now

15,000 Pairs a Day

Think how much darning—how much trouble and how much money you can save in a year with hosiery that is guaranteed as ours. Think what a pleasure to wear such hose since they are soft, comfortable, stylish and well fitting.

Try a box. Let what they prove and save decide what hosiery you'll buy in the future.

If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Sox, bearing the "Holeproof" Trade-mark, order direct from us. Use the coupon. Remit in any convenient way and we will ship you the sox and prepay transportation charges.

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Holeproof Lustrous Stockings Finished like silk. 6 pairs, \$3. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Children's Stockings Boys' sizes, 5 to 10, and Misses' sizes, 5 to 9½. Colors, black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Six pairs, \$3.

Ask for our free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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Please learn that the only difference between the best unguaranteed sox and "Holeproof" is that "Holeproof" wear longer. Examine them. Notice how soft and light they are. Compare any brand of sox with "Holeproof." Then let "Holeproof" show how they wear.

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A FATHER BY PURCHASE

[Concluded from page 616]

for which he had been working and waiting—the position that meant hard and everlasting study and years of patient effort, but somehow, some time, the chance for success and achievement.

It was just at the beginning of the holiday rush that the floor-walker missed the girl from the button counter. Not that he particularly looked for her, but as he strolled past one morning he felt the familiar hypnotic sensation of a pair of feminine eyes trying to compel his. They were not half-bad brown eyes, for all their unashamed coquetry, but they made the floor-walker miss suddenly—and with a sharpness that surprised him—a pair of quiet gray ones that had been wont to droop instead of seeking to hold his as he passed.

Next day, quite without being aware of it, he looked to see if the gray eyes were there. They were not, but the laughing brown ones caught and held his and fluttered consciously.

It was the head-of-stock who answered his inquiry. "The little, thin girl," she repeated thoughtfully, "with the smooth hair and the smile? You must mean Miss Miller?"

Here the floor-walker, whose line of work had cultivated his powers of observation, could not avoid seeing that a pair of brown eyes snapped and the pompadour above them was tossed in withering disdain, and that he was scorned by the back view of an extremely ornate shirt-waist.

The head-of-stock went on:

"No, Miss Miller ain't left. She's got a sprained ankle. I'm that sorry—and just now with th' Christmas shoppin' comin' on, it's bad to be short-handed. Miss Miller's th' best one of my girls, too—never late, never complainin', never sassin' back, never askin' five-o'clock passes, and always int'rested in customers. Why," maintained the head-of-stock, enthusiastically, "that smile o' hers act'chally brings people here for buttons when they're doin' other shoppin' up street or down."

"It's mighty hard for her, too," confided the head-of-stock, sure of sympathy in the cordial bond of good-fellowship that binds together, against the world, and particularly against the Powers-That-Be, all the various cogs and wheels in the human mechanism of a great department store—"it's mighty hard on little Miss Miller, for of course she'll lose her week's pay an' she ain't got no home like most of th' girls. She pays for her board an' her livin' out of what she earns."

For you understand that if six dollars is six dollars to the person who dispenses it on sustenance and raiment and recreation, it is equally six dollars to the Powers-That-Be, who can not of course be expected to give extravagant remuneration for time spent on one's back instead of one's feet. Therefore perhaps a broken neck would be wiser economy than a broken ankle—to any one who relies for the week's menu on the week's earnings.

It was one of the reasons why the floor-walker preferred to be a brain-worker—if he could.

If you are looking each morning for a certain pair of gray eyes that you have somehow an unexplainable desire to see, it is no particular satisfaction to be rewarded with the sight of brown eyes, however attractive brown eyes in themselves may have been proved. There is a psychological explanation, no doubt, as to why one sort of eyes appeals to certain temperaments. The floor-walker, in his night-school pursuit of knowledge, had not delved deeply into psychological problems, but he was getting to know that he missed the girl with the gray eyes and the smile a little more every day of her absence from the button counter.

It was on New Year's Eve that the head-of-stock stopped him on his way out of the rear door—an exit and entrance arbitrarily prescribed for even the supreme dignity of a floor-walker's Prince Albert.

"Say," said the head-of-stock in the accustomed method of fixing the attention before bestowing the idea, "could you do us a favor, Mr. Merriam? It's about little Miss Miller—the saleslady with th' sprained ankle, you know. She lives right around the block from you—do you think you could leave a message?"

Mr. Merriam presumed he could. The head-of-stock approved unqualifiedly the gentle attention and courtesy of his manner. She could not see, under the imposing elegance of his Prince Albert, how his young heart tripped over itself and lost a beat with sudden pleasure.

"You see," she confided to him, "we all feel dreadful sorry for Miss Miller. She's lost two weeks' sal'ry an' she's that discouraged. One of the girls is been up t' see her. The buyer, he feels sorry, too—Miss Miller's been as good a saleslady as he's ever had—" Here the head-of-stock slipped a fat envelope into the floor-walker's hand. "The buyer's giv' her ten dollars out of his own pocket! He says to tell her it's a New Year's present with the hope to see her back nex' Monday morning."

The head-of-stock hastened away and then sidled shyly back. "They's two dollars more inside," she whispered. "Just you tell her it's a little remembrance—with my love."

The floor-walker knew that heads-of-stock are recompensed by the princely sum of a dozen dollars or so a week. This one, he happened to know, had two very little children with whom to divide her particular dozen. So he took the gifts and the messages very tenderly into his care and promised that the girl with

the sprained ankle should receive them within the hour. When the floor-walker was ushered into the little back-parlor room he found the girl (with one foot clad in a red worsted slipper) frugally partaking of canned tomatoes and delicatessen-store sliced beef.

The room and the girl were very neat; the floor-walker noticed that, though the gas was so poor. The girl had a black cambric apron carefully tied over the only skirt she owned, but there was a ruffle on the apron and in her hair was a bit of scarlet ribbon. When she smiled, the room somehow seemed to the floor-walker to grow lighter.

In truth, the girl was frightened almost out of her wits—though she was pleased, too. The floor-walker, with the official impressiveness of his Prince Albert covered by a dark overcoat that reached to his ankles and with his fine Gibson presence which seemed to fill the entire room, was a somebody, if you please, to make any little gray-eyed girl's heart beat the faster.

She was embarrassed too, being blushing conscious of the red worsted slipper and of the open tomato can and of those high places on the mantel and the door paneling which she had not been able, thus crippled, to dust; but which of course he, with his superior height, could plainly discern and criticize.

The floor-walker, for his part, saw chiefly the girl's smile and her gray eyes fixed timidly yet inquiringly upon his. The rest of it—the pitiful little attempts at beauty and grace in the hopeless room—made something tug at his heart and fill up his throat.

All of a sudden he realized that he had missed her—a great deal.

He delivered the envelope and the messages. He could not know, of course, that there was an insistent landlady, that to-morrow was rent day, with two weeks' rent overdue, and that the larder was as bare as your hand; but the sight of the girl's starting tears made the lump come in his throat again.

"It's very good of them—of her," the girl whispered, smiling across at him with wet gray eyes; "and you are very good. Will you sit down? If you don't mind, I'd like to send back just a little word to tell them I'm obliged—if"—appealingly, for it was a great piece of presumption to ask a favor of a floor-walker—"you really don't mind."

When, with a fine contempt of dinner hours and the gnawings of a lunchless appetite, the floor-walker protested his joy at being able to serve her by whatever length of waiting she desired, the girl placed a chair for him—carefully, so that he might not face, while she wrote, the canned tomatoes and remnants of the delicatessen beef and the irrefutable evidence that there was no butter for the bread.

The floor-walker was out of the chair almost as soon as in it, standing electrified, before a portrait that had heretofore been hidden behind him. He stood there motionless and speechless for the space of a whole minute and the girl watched him with startled eyes. Then he turned to her.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded.

There leaped into her gentle eyes the fierce protective look of the mother who would guard her own with her life-blood—if necessary.

"It's my father," she declared.

"Your father?" cried the floor-walker—"your father! Why it's my grandfather—it's Judge Merriam. It belonged to my mother. She had it enlarged from a daguerreotype and—my stepfather let it go for a chattel mortgage—after she died."

Then he saw how terrified she was and asked gently: "Will you tell me where you got the picture?"

"Oh," said the girl, miserably, "are you going to take it away from me?" She hobbled close to the portrait and flung her hands over it, looking back defiantly over her shoulder at the floor-walker.

"I can't let you," she cried passionately. "I can't get along without him. He's been the same as my father. He's—he's home to me. You won't take him away, will you? Will you?"

Then, little by little, in answer to his gentleness, she checked her sobbing and told him the whole story. When she had finished, the floor-walker came close to her and together they stood before the judge's picture and the kind eyes over the white waistcoat smiled benignly down on them both.

"I would n't take him away from you for anything in the whole world," the floor-walker asserted in his honest young voice. "But perhaps—perhaps you'll be willing to let me come now and then—will you?—and share him with you—here?"

There are just two more words to add:

One is that the floor-walker—after he had become a lawyer whom people talked about and whom his paternal relatives had taken the trouble to search out and make much of—could never be persuaded to don, even for a wedding or for a political platform, a Prince Albert coat.

The other is that above the hearthstone of a certain library in a delightful home there hangs—not the deep-toned oil or soft proof etching you would look for there, but a simple portrait in untutored crayon: the likeness of an old man whose kindly eyes meet yours above an immaculate white waistcoat and a flowing black tie.

We Do What We Have to

[Concluded from page 619]

has a great deal to do with the developing of unfortunate physical conditions in the child. Many mothers call the doctor whenever there is the least sign of disturbance in a child. The result is that the child grows up with this disease picture, doctor picture, medicine picture in its mind, and it influences its whole life.

The time will come when a child and any kind of medicine will be considered a very incongruous combination. Were children properly reared in the love thought, the truth thought, the harmony thought, were they trained to right thinking, a doctor or medicine would rarely be needed.

Within the last ten years tens of thousands of families have never tasted medicine or required the services of a physician. It is becoming more and more certain that the time will come when the belief of the necessity of employing some one to patch us up, to mend the Almighty's work, will be a thing of the past. The Creator never put man's health, happiness, and welfare at the mercy of the mere accident of happening to live near physicians.

He never left the grandest of his creations to the mercy of any chance, cruel fate, or destiny; never intended that the life, health, and well-being of one of his children should hang upon the contingency of being near a remedy for his ills; never placed him where his own life, health, and happiness would depend upon the chance of happening to be where a certain plant might grow, or a certain mineral exist which could cure him.

Is it not more rational to believe that He would put the remedies for man's ills within himself—in his own mind, where they are always available—than that He would store them in herbs and minerals in remote parts of the earth where practically but a small portion of the human race would ever discover them, countless millions dying in total ignorance of their existence?

There is a latent power, a force of indestructible life, an immortal principle of health, in every individual, which if developed would heal all our wounds and furnish a balm for the hurts of the world.

How rare a thing it is for people to be ill upon any great occasion in which they are to be active participants! How unusual for a woman, even though in very delicate health, to be sick upon a particular day on which she has been invited to a royal reception or to visit the White House at Washington!

Chronic invalids have been practically cured by having great responsibilities thrust upon them. By the death of some relative or the loss of property, or through some emergency, they have been forced out of their seclusion into the public gaze; forced away from the very opportunity of thinking of themselves, dwelling upon their troubles, their symptoms, and lo, the symptoms have disappeared!

Thousands of women are living to-day in comparative health who would have been dead years ago had they not been forced by necessity out of their diseased thoughts and compelled to think of others, to work for them, to provide and plan for them, because they could not afford to hire it done.

What does the world not owe to that imperious "must"—that strenuous effort which we make when driven to desperation, when all outside help has been cut off and we are forced to call upon all that is within us to extricate ourselves from an unfortunate situation!

Many of the greatest things in the world have been accomplished under the stress of this impelling "must"—merciless in its lashings and proddings to accomplishment.

Necessity has been a priceless spur which has helped men to perform miracles against incredible odds. Every person who amounts to anything feels within himself a power which is ever pushing him on and urging him to perpetual improvement. Whether he feels like it or not, this inward monitor holds him to his task.

It is this little insistent "must" that dogs our steps; that drives and bestirs us; that makes us willing to suffer privations and endure hardships, inconveniences, and discomforts, to work slavishly, in fact, when inclination tempts us to take life easy.

Never allow yourself to live for anything less than your highest ideal. If you do, you will deteriorate.

It is wicked for us to go about with faces which indicate that life has been a disappointment to us instead of a glorious joy. It shows that we have missed the real object of living, that we have never caught a glimpse of the realities of life, but that we are living in the shadows, in the gloom instead of the sunshine of reality, of truth, of beauty. It indicates that we have not even caught a glimpse of the real glory of life.



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There is nothing philanthropic about this proposition, but I especially want to hear from the wage-earners. I have worked for fifteen years to develop this Irrigation System and this community. It would be gratifying to me to have those who most need it reap the benefits of my labors.

It will be more convenient for you to address me at St. Louis, and I am equipped there to best answer you.

GEORGE E. BARSTOW, President
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THE WOMAN OF FIFTY [Concluded from page 623]

for the manager, the woman of organizing ability who stands ready to furnish such labor, skilled, competent, reliable, regular, and within the means of minor millionaires. There is the laundry business crying for development; a trade long exclusively feminine, but now, as fast as it becomes a trade, monopolized by men, the women engaged in it remaining mere laborers, as before.

The main body of the material handled is also masculine—men's clothes rather than women's; and the myriad towels and napkins of the man-inhabited business region. Women's clothes need washing also, and are washed, but present difficulties to business development. They are not only too frail and too profusely decorated for easy handling, but they lack the main desideratum—a standardization. A shirt is a shirt, and may be so handled, in thousands; but a shirt-waist is anything from a gossamer veil effect to a duck jumper.

Still, since women wear them and women wash them, there is no reason why women should not organize the business; do clean, safe fine work, give steady employment and good training, and make thereby an honest livelihood. What a praiseworthy ambition—deliberately to seize upon, exalt, and establish a necessary industry; making life easier and simpler for thousands of patrons, and setting higher standards for the chosen trade.

Then there are the food trades. Every city teems with opportunities for these. Outside are the producers—farmers, dairymen, fruit-growers, purveyors of meat and fish. Inside, all degrees of storing and handling, to the last stage of table service. This is one of the great everlasting businesses of human life—to feed people—the natural function of woman. This she has always done. She has in truth done little else. She has skill, knowledge, experience, and, if not special talent, at least as much as man.

Every grade of employment is open here, wide open and crying to be filled. Of plain domestic cooks we have not enough. Of simple, comfortable boarding-houses we have not enough. Of cheap, good eating-houses we have not enough. Of dainty, restful little tea-rooms and lunch-rooms we have not enough. And as to the upper ranks—the management of great hotels—princely fortunes are to be made in this work.

Then there is home-making proper, apart from the eating—this the much-praised specialty of women.

Here again is a constant demand, and a most painful deficiency in supply. Yet it is the very thing that even the average woman of fifty should be able to do and do well. The fact that so few do it well, when hired for the purpose; that so many women make weary failures of the A, B, C business of "keeping boarders," casts dark reflections on their general competence.

The trouble is in our judgment. We have no more right to expect all women to manifest equal ability in one trade than to expect the same of all men. Women need more freedom of range, and, at last, they are getting it. Our postgraduate from family cares need not feel forced to undertake work in any of the lines she is used to: feeding, cleaning, clothing, nursing, sewing, teaching—none of these need be urged. The world is full of occupations. Humanity has a thousand needs, and develops new ones daily. Middle-aged women have successfully taken up professions, arts, and sciences. Some do well even in the money-games, where one does not really produce anything, but skilfully accumulates property without giving an equivalent.

This is not natural to woman, however; her essential instinct is to give, to serve, to make. What she needs is to learn the new horizon, wide and changeable, that opens to us when we grow from domestic service to world-service. There awaits her the sense of youth, of power,

of unlimited opportunity; the natural excitement and stimulus of new undertakings, and the growing delight of being useful to an ever-widening range of people.

Suppose, being free from the restriction of immediate necessity, able to choose, and already aware of some of our public needs, she takes up such work as forestry, for instance. Here is an undertaking which can occupy brain and heart and hand: a kind of work wholly good, and good for all time. What can a woman do in such work—an ordinary woman?

She can spend a happy and enlarging year in just studying the subject; opening up new brain eras and stocking them with different ideas delightfully different from all previous occupants. Then she can take hold of local needs, be her home in large city or little town; and be useful in spreading knowledge and increasing interest in this work. The school, the public library, the women's club, these and more avenues are open to her. If she lives in the real country, she can plant and train and trim and cut—making practical illustration.

There is no limit to the opportunities open to women to-day. They are the opportunities of life; the field of human service.

What needs emphasizing is that this vast field, always new, always inspiring, always gloriously stimulating to intelligent effort, is quite within the range of the woman of fifty. She need waste no regret on neglected years, neither need she sit content with previous achievements. Whatever she has done or not done in the family is now a tale that is told. There remains for her, fresh and untrodden, no less a field than the world. In this adventure she is no longer fifty, nor forty, nor any age. She is eternally young. Here she will find a hope, an enthusiasm, a keen, eager interest she thought long passed with the days of fondly remembered girlhood. Let her once learn what it is to be a full-grown, active human creature and useful citizen, and she will no more regret her girlhood than she will regret the time when she wore a bib.

What of the family? Is nothing to be lost by the emancipation of a budding grandmother? There can be no clamor of neglected babies—there are none. There ought to be no difficulty, by this time, in keeping John comfortable without devoting all day to the process. To say the truth, Tyrant Man is not half so black as he is painted. Neither is he as rapturously content with the average wife-and-mother as the poets and some novelists would have us believe. There is room for honest suggestion, for a cheerful hope, that the man of fifty-five will spend the rest of his days quite as comfortably with an active, happy, useful, growing woman that is, as in watching the gradual decadence and extinction of the woman who was.

Arboreal

By HORACE DODD GASTIT

"MY FAVORITE tree?" he said, and gazed
Deep in her eyes of blue.

"By some the maple sweet is praised,
But I'm content with Yew."

"That's very nice," the maid replied—
How sweet that voice of hers!

"Yew'd do likewise for me," she sighed,
"If you could keep me well supplied
With first!"

But he had naught with which to pay,
So sadly turned and pined away,
While later she put on the ring
And wed a famous Timber King
Whose name, as I have understood,
Was Oakleigh Hawthorne Underwood.
And now the pear, he and his peach,
Are living down at Hemlock Beech.

DIANA AND THE DUKE [Concluded from page 624]

"I was going to mention that," said Gray, ingenuously. "I've decided it wouldn't be bad fun to go down with you to Newport for a week or ten days. The farm is a bit dull occasionally." He eyed his uncle to observe the effect of his change of base.

Gerald regarded him gravely. "Prince," he said kindly, "I perceive that you are going to contend with Isabel in the lists. She's a hard woman—a hard enemy. She's a powerful woman; a woman who, though a fool, is the shrewdest fool I ever met."

"Uncle Court," quietly put in Gray, "Miss Fearing is the girl I met in Rome that day on the Palatine."

"Ah," remarked Gerald.

"You don't seem surprised."

"I'm too old for surprises in love. Then you want her for yourself?"

"Yes."

"I doubt if it is possible."

"But there's no doubt in my mind. Do you object, uncle?"

"I? No, not at all. It is not a bad idea. It all depends on whether Diana is a coward or not—your winning her," said Gerald.

His nephew smiled inscrutably.

VIII.

FOR the first season in five years Mrs. Fearing herself was occupying "The Shoals," her Newport cottage. There had been in the journals for months anticipatory reports of her intention to appear once more in American society with her daughter. Her actual presence, then, accompanied by a well-known Italian prince and a charming girl, was a source of the liveliest gratification to Newport. They welcomed, they gazed, they criticized, they fawned, they scoffed; they were amused, they were envious, but no one was indifferent.

In the first days of her arrival Isabel gave one or two small dinners and luncheons to a few of her old and intimate friends. At these, with an air of bland mystery, she displayed Diana and Falerna. The few took accurate stock of the state of things and spread the glad tidings. They hurried home and sent out invitations for large, expensive entertainments of their own. If Diana was to marry the prince, it would be as well to offer up a sacrifice or two, since the girl's position in Roman society was bound to be powerful. The season immediately became self-consciously gay.

In the midst of all this social pageantry Gerald and Gray played inconspicuous parts. The older man, whose name and whose family had been for years associated with Newport, kept almost entirely to the quieter element in the place. Gray was content to follow his example, and to renew the associations of his boyhood there, when his mother had been a stately figure in the more simple life of the old watering-place. Since his motor ride with Diana, Mrs. Fearing had regarded him with extreme disfavor. In consequence he had not been invited to her house.

"Have you seen Diana since you've been here?" Gerald asked his nephew one day.

"Only for a second or two at this place and that," and the young man's face clouded.

"Does she seem—" hinted Gerald.

"I'm not afraid," Gray answered.

"You're confident, at least," his uncle commented. "Save next Wednesday for luncheon. I'm going to have Isabel and Falerna and Diana and my sister-in-law and you and some others at the Casino at half after one. Don't forget. I'll put you next Diana."

"Thanks. I'll be there."

"Good. Have you seen anything of Falerna?"

"No—not much. The fashionable ladies are quite mad about him. However, it won't last

long. Next month the crown prince of Helvetia comes, I hear, and Falerna will be about seven in the hole."

"Naturally. Having Falerna on her hands, Isabel won't be able to make a try for the crown prince. How it will annoy her! By the way, she says Diana's engagement to the Italian is to be announced next month. Already I've had preliminary politenesses with his lawyer." Gerald narrowly watched the effect of his words on his nephew.

Gray remained indifferent. "So?"

"I can't make you out," broke out Gerald. "My idea was that to win a young woman one had to do something; but you—"

"I've done all I can, uncle," said Gray, with a smile, and turned the subject.

"Lives too much in the country," later reflected Gerald. "His mental edge is a little dull, I'm afraid."

The Casino was crowded on the day of Courtney Gerald's luncheon. There had been some good tennis in the morning and, in consequence, the day being brilliantly fine, the whole world was in evidence. Isabel and Diana and Falerna arrived together, late. The former lady was in pale blue, a color still admirably suited to her slowly waning charms, with the most delicate bloom of cosmetics hovering on her skin. Diana, all in white, save for the heavy black feathers in her hat, was lovelier than she had been that summer. Gray, with a quickened heart, watched her approach, her face gravely sweet, her eyes kindling at sight of him.

"I am mad for a glimpse of you," he whispered as he greeted her. "How long is this thing going to last?"

Diana smiled sadly. "Be patient; it's terrible to manage. I must speak to the others; mama's eye is on me."

At the table Diana and Gray sat next each other. "I've got to talk to Falerna first," she said, under her breath. "Don't mind."

The luncheon was undeniably dull. Gerald strove to raise it from the tomb, but all his efforts could not roll away even the stone. He became absent-minded and garrulous. Mrs. Fearing was in a bad temper and the sight of Diana and Gray in intimate conversation did not improve her humor. Falerna chattered incessantly, to everybody's ill-concealed annoyance, of the most salient points of the faces and figures of his companions, and of his sensitive soul. To Isabel herself he remarked critically, in a voice perfectly audible about the table, "Your eyes are still good, but your nose is too thick." And Isabel, with murder in her heart, was forced to smile.

Diana and Prince Gray were so absorbed in each other that they heard nothing.

"Are you still afraid?" he asked her.

"Horribly—but not in the same way."

"Diana—dearest."

"Don't, Prince; they'll hear."

At this instant Falerna rose solemnly to his feet. A hush fell over the table. Indeed, the entire place seemed intently to listen. He paused deliberately, his face devoid of a gleam of gaiety, his wine-glass raised statuesquely aloft. As he stood there motionless, waiting, he was not unlike a high-bred, sleek, clean-cut little black bull.

"In Heaven's name, what's he going to do?" Gerald murmured to Isabel.

In his strident, penetrating voice, Falerna began. He spoke in English.

"I dr-r-rink-a dis vine
To Meeses Fearing-a the fine,
Ded-e-cat-ing-a my hear-r-r-t an my mind-a
To Mees Deeana the kind-a!"

He added placidly, "You see? I mak-a de poesia in In-glis as Italiano."

There was a ghastly silence at the table; horror and hysteria were writ deep on every face.

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Prices	\$4.50	\$4.50	\$5.25	\$6.00

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From the surrounding groups of lunchers rose a muffled choking as of throttled mirth. People hastily stopped their glee with handkerchiefs and napkins, even with table-cloths. The very young giggled hysterically. Falerna continued to stand as if carved from haughty bronze. His eyes disdainfully swept the convulsed audience. With surpassing dignity he grandly took his seat.

Isabel was the only one who gave any response to the tribute. She forced a smile and a little bow. "How very nice—how very kind," she murmured into her plate. As for Diana she was crimson and ashamed; her eyes sparkled with wrath. By an immense effort she kept herself from hiding under the table.

Five minutes later, when a semblance of calm was restored to the scene, she muttered to Gray, "This ends it."

"If I could believe it," he replied, "I'd—"

"Is the farm ready?"

"Yes, Diana."

"I want to go, Prince," she whispered.

His eyes answered.

"You have not said that you liked my poetry," interrupted Falerna, jealously important.

Diana surveyed him contemptuously. "I loathed it, Falerna," she said briefly, and moved on to join her mother and the other women who were leaving the table.

IX.

"I TELL you this is the end, mama"

Mrs. Fearing regarded her daughter with the eye of outraged maternity. They were in the former's boudoir, Diana standing before her mother, who reclined exhaustedly on a pale blue satin sofa. It was an hour after Gerald's luncheon.

"I don't understand what you mean by the 'end,' Diana," she replied with languid acidity.

"I will explain more completely then. I mean that nothing would induce me to marry Falerna. After that exhibition of to-day—when I almost died and from which I shall never recover—"

"Nonsense, Diana."

"Never! I would n't marry him if he were the last man on earth. I'm sorry, mama, to disappoint you, but—"

"Listen, child. I know it was rather awful to-day and—and unconventional. But one must remember that the warm Southern nature is—oh—you know"—Isabel spoke more pacifically. "And the man is genuinely in love with you."

"Mama! How can you say that! He is not. Don't think I don't know all about *La belle Desirée* and the others," protested Diana.

"My child, how shocking of you! Remember that you are a young girl and that such things are—are—well, you'll understand when you are older. Now do be reasonable."

"I repeat that the end has come. I won't have any more to do with him. I won't lend myself to this affair any longer."

"After to-day it would be stupid not to announce your engagement. I shall do so to-morrow."

"You shall not, mama," cried Diana.

"And why not, pray?"

"I won't marry that man. I won't, I won't, I won't."

"Diana, I am not well. This disgraceful scene is upsetting me horribly. Have you no feeling? We went all through this in Rome last May, and—"

"You won. But this time I'm going to win," finished the girl, hotly.

"I shall announce the engagement to-morrow," imperturbably responded Mrs. Fearing.

"Mama, if you do, you'll be sorry."

"Sorry," she laughed. "Why?"

"Because—it is the first step to bigamy. I am already married."

Isabel stared. "Are you stark, raving mad?" she gasped. "Married! What is this—a joke? Explain! What do you mean?"

Diana smiled. "I'm already married to a prince. Do you remember the day I went motoring with Mr. Gray?—the day we landed? Well, we—we were married that day—in Connecticut. I meant to have told you sooner, only—I—was afraid. Now you know. You'd better announce that instead of my engagement. I think I'd like to go—to my new home; I'm tired of Newport. I'm sorry to distress you, mama." She waited as bravely as she could for the volcano to erupt.

"Do I understand that you are married to Prince Gray?" Isabel was furiously calm.

"Yes."

"Does anybody know it?"

"No."

There was a long and awful silence.

"Leave the room, please. You've broken my heart."

"Mama—"

Isabel had her handkerchief to her eyes. "You have humiliated me forever. You have ruined your own life. You are an unnatural and heartless child. Go—leave me alone. And don't you dare to mention this to a soul or to leave this house till I think what can be done."

"I'm sorry, mama."

Isabel fell back on her sofa, crushed with the burden of her anguish. Diana went slowly away.

X.

THE remaining facts in the case of Diana and her mother, of Gray and Falerna, are comprised in some copies of cipher cablegrams and newspaper clippings.

The cablegrams are from the old Princess da Falerna in Italy to her son in Newport.

1. I refuse to send you money to come home unless you are engaged to marry the girl.
2. It matters nothing. Marry the mother.
3. You must marry the mother.
4. I say you must.
5. Congratulations from your adoring mother.

From the newspaper clippings one reads:

Mrs. Selwyn Fearing announces the marriage of her daughter Diana to Prince Gray, son of Channing Gray, of Philadelphia.

The engagement of Mrs. Selwyn Fearing to Prince Gino da Falerna, of Rome, is announced. The wedding will take place, in the autumn, in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Prince Gray have gone to their estates in Virginia.

Mrs. Selwyn Fearing has closed her house at Newport. She is sailing for England on the *Mauritania*, August 29.

Prince Gino da Falerna sailed on Thursday on the French liner *Provence* for Paris.

The famous French dancer *La belle Desirée* returns to Paris on the *Provence* on Saturday. She will not return to America next season.

The Way It Looks to the Man in the Moon

By C. J. Doherty

THE United States is a Federal Republic, bounded on the north by the Extradition Treaty, on the south by the Prohibition Wave, and on the west by the Common People. The eastern extent of the country is a matter of some doubt, as the Bounders (who are the limit) have spread all over Europe.

The Government of the United States consists of four departments: Legislative, Executive, Judiciary, and Financial. The Legislative tells the Executive what to do, and the Judiciary tells him why he should n't do it. This arrangement curbs the Radical Tendencies of the Executive without affecting his campaign value to the party in power.

The Legislative consists of Nelsonwaldrich and the Speaker of the House. Each is supported by a large Chorus selected from the Common People while still young and teachable. Positions in the Chorus are much sought after, as the hours and pay are good and mental qualifications are unnecessary.

The Executive's duty is to Conform to the Wishes of the Majority, though it really makes no difference whether he does or not.

The Judiciary consists of the Supreme Court and the Law-abiding Spirit of the Public. The duty of the Court is to prevent Radical Executives from Hurting Business and the Spirit's duty consists in standing by the Court.

The Financial is a comparatively recent addition to the Governing Powers, but its founders assure us that it is very successful. Exactly who it is composed of and what its duties are, other than a fatherly and benignant supervision of the other three departments, we are unable to learn, as it is inclined to be somewhat reticent. But there is no doubt in the mind of the Casual Observer that it is on the Job.

The Common People in many ways resemble those of other lands. They eat Foods and wear clothes in quantities varying according to the directions on the package, the state of the weather, and the closeness of their association with the Financial Power. At stated intervals the Governing Powers hold great pageants called Elections, which are signalized by fierce combats among the Governing Powers. The weapons are wooden swords and Silver Tongues, but the combats are of such intensity that the Common People believe that they are seeing a real fight and that They Have Something To Say About Things.

Fishin'

RIDING across the country one day, Dr. Blank noticed an old negro who had been for quite a while perched motionless upon a little bridge, fishing silently from the stream beneath. For some time he watched him from a distance, but finally, overcome by the old fellow's unmoved patience, he rode up and accosted him.

"Hello, Wash! What are you doing up there?"

"Fishin', sah," came the reply.

"Not getting many, are you?"

"No, sah."

"Well, it seems to me you'd get tired fishing so long without a bite."

"I dose n't want no bite, cap'n."

"Well, that's funny. Why don't you want a bite, Wash?"

"Hits this-a-way, cap'n: when I gits a lots o' bites, hit takes all meh time to git the fish off 'n meh line, an' I does n't have no time foh fishin'."

The Jelly of Madam Dorpat

[Concluded from page 621]

Madam Dorpat looked up as her sister spoke. "Tabby, a newspaper clipping came."

"What about, sister?"

Celestia drew the clipping from an envelope. It was a jocose column headed: "An Indispensable Mother-in-Law," from the *Centerdown Post*, which was always glad to have any chance to worry its prosperous neighbor, Charlesgate City. From the midst of vigorous figures Madam Dorpat gathered that four of the Dorpat children were ill, that one boy had fractured an arm, and that young Mrs. Dorpat was so seriously threatened with nervous prostration that she was partially confined to bed.

Madam Dorpat wiped the tears from her spectacles.

"I suppose it is n't all true."

Celestia stroked her hand. This was one of the three solemn moments of life for Celestia. Tabby would be going away. But she tried to smile reassuringly.

"A newspaper report is never wholly to be—"

Madam Dorpat interrupted her.

"We'll start to-morrow."

"Me, Tabby? But I—"

"Leave you here, Celestia? Certainly not. I shall never leave you again."

* * * * *

"Well," said a member of Madam Dorpat's own church, "things is changin' when a man's own mother skips off, leavin' every single duty to the poor wife. I'd like to know what a mother-in-law's good for, anyway, if it is n't to help her children's families!"

No one contradicted her.

"And that handsome Mrs. Dorpat," continued her *vis-à-vis*, "is sick in bed from work and worry. They say she's heart-broken at losin' her mother-in-law. No day goes by without telephonin' to the chief of police."

"There's something in this mother-in-law business!" exclaimed a masculine neighbor. "The old lady Dorpat evidently kept things together in that household. I saw her son to-day, and, my eye! his face was as long as a clothes-pole. I tell you it's a disgrace to this city to have a mother-in-law act up that way."

Past the window where this just male appraiser smoked in solemn disgust at the habits of all mothers-in-law, rumbled a cab freighted on top with a wheel-chair and a hamper.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed, thrusting his head out.

Out popped a score of other heads. The cab came to a stop at the Dorpats. "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and "Wells!" rattled like peas on the street below.

"Ma!" yelled John the Younger, from the Dorpat window.

The cabman lifted down the wheel-chair and lifted a tiny old lady into it.

"It's mother," exclaimed Rose, joyously, "and she's brought some poor soul home with her! There'll be more need than ever for my office work."

"Golly!" said her husband, as he hurried off, "It's Aunt Celestia!"

"Aw!" sighed John the Younger, "I'm glad granny's come. Things'll go now."


Madam Dorpat stood her ground by the cab, waving her cane at the cabman.

"Careful there, sir, careful."

The cabman swung down the hamper with a merry clinking and a wink for the old lady.

"Careful, careful! It's my jelly, sir," said Madam Dorpat, proudly.

"The optimist is a man who has a good time wherever he goes, because he carries his good times with him."



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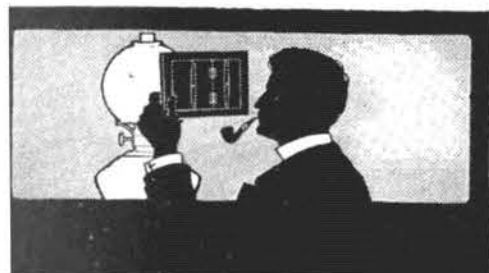
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A Church That Is Battling for Progress

(Concluded from page 613)

gone farther: he has asked some of these socialists to dine at his house and there discuss at greater length the topics discussed in heat at the meetings. It is a well-known fact that the average millionaire who pays the average city missionary's salary has absolutely no other nexus with him. The one becomes merely the good almoner of the other. The missionary usually is a better educated man than his "director," but there is a social gulf between them. Here, at the Church of the Ascension, these people meet without patronage, without distinction. They are men and women; and I know of no other instance of this kind.

For hundreds of wage-earners it was the only opportunity they had either of expressing their views or of hearing their views expressed. They were not always happy in the selection of phrases. They lacked facility of expression and sometimes their brusqueness was mistaken for rudeness by people who might have had better judgment. But if they lacked subtlety of speech, they had a desperate facility in handling the naked truth. They did it in many languages, brogues, and dialects. They made Irish bulls, but their repartee was illumined by flashes of the keenest wit and stinging humor. There was the Russian Jew, with his cold, keen materialism, sitting beside the idealistic Celt, with his revolutionary bias. They were serious and humorous, tolerant and intolerant, reverent and irreverent!

Bad taste often came from those from whom least is expected in such matters, but the worst taste usually came from the supposedly cultured class.

"That man is a liar and a coward!" said a lady of the "four hundred" to me one night as a socialist was delivering himself on the *status quo*. Before the meeting was over she apologized, and added, "I am doing the very thing of which I accused him."

A young Jew eloquently said, "I have no soul; you have no soul—if you have, where is it? We have stomachs—we know that; let us fill them, then look for our souls!"

There was a storm of protest and he was overwhelmed. When it was all over he came to me and said, "Did you really think I meant that? Well, I did n't. I wanted to say something else and could n't!"

When the meetings outgrew the chapel, we tried the church; but the change was a failure. We felt more restrained, we did not get as close together, and it was much easier to be ugly when very far apart, so we went back to the chapel where we felt each other's hot breath as we delivered ourselves of our pent-up feelings.

The movement was not without opposition from within. The rector's staff was not a unit on it. Some church officers who had not attended any of the meetings drew their conclusions from newspapers or distorted reports. One man announced his withdrawal, but later, on more authentic information, returned with his subscription. He had n't been back long before another went—but he too will return.

One lady was sure the "East-Side people" came for the coffee and cake. When we dispensed with refreshments, she said they came to hear themselves talk; and when it was pointed out to her that less than ten per cent. of them ever spoke at all, she said they came out of curiosity—and they probably did. While it certainly is true that the socialists were aggressive and gave the meetings the color of propaganda, yet the opposition to their aggressiveness came not from capitalists as such, but from a small group of intelligent and cultured people who are theosophists and mystics.

These people are ardent church-workers, but not communicants. They are probably as much opposed to some of the church ordinances as they are to socialism. They furnished the intellectual stimulus that made for balance and the best success, and they did it not in the interest of capitalism but of an extreme individualism and of the spiritual life. The very heart of the movement was a healthy passion for social righteousness, and the opposition to it was phenomenally small and insignificant. The best, the most active, the most influential members of the church and parish were in hearty accord, and at the end of the season the vestry made provision for continuance of the meetings.

Mr. Grant and I simply saw a parish need and tried to fill it; but the meetings have affected the larger churches of greater New York and many of them are preparing to do something along the same line next winter.

The addresses were largely ethical, but we have had evangelistic results in many instances. Men and women have actually been converted. I know of two cases where men of ability were saved from drunkenness. I know of cases of homes reunited, and I know of scores who have received fresh courage for life's struggle. Men and women who had lost hope in the Church are regular attendants and are asking about the requirements of membership. Others—working people and men of the professions, whose problems were of a spiritual nature—have testified to the quickening nature of the meetings. Mr. Grant's views have been modified—so have my own. Says Mr. Grant, "the spirit shown by these working men in their new sense of vital brother-



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hood toward the propagation of better social conditions is *absolutely religious*—indeed; it is sacramental; it is largely associated with an ascetic ideal. I find that many of these men are vegetarians on principle, total abstainers, and non-smokers, simply by reason of the new sense of human values that has come to them through this more intimate interpretation of the meaning of universal brotherhood."

As to socialism and socialists, he has this to say: "I have talked for the last six months with socialists of all sorts and descriptions. I was very ignorant of what the word stood for and considered it a dangerous, doctrinaire, and revolutionary propaganda. Whatever the early writers and speakers on the subject may have described it to be, I am convinced that here in America it is at the present moment a peaceful and evolutionary economic program. Although not a socialist, I can see what a man means when he describes socialism as a rationalizing of social and economic living. I can see what he means when he describes it as the next step when competitive processes have run their course and have expended their force. I can understand the social ideal—which is one of cooperation rather than of conflict."

When asked to explain the purpose of the forward movement, Mr. Grant said:

"First. To show the working men of America that there is a warm place in the heart of the Church for them, and that the Church is big enough to hold them all and their vital, intellectual honesty and breadth of mind about religion and social questions.

"Second. That the Church is not a rich man's club, where only those things can be said from the pulpit that are agreeable to the rich.

"Third. To make it clear that some of the most serious present-day problems which seem to involve class bitterness and conflict can be solved by bringing together men who differ, and letting them discover the sincerity and good-will of their supposed antagonists.

"Fourth. To bring the new enthusiasm of a real sense of human brotherhood, with its many acts of self-sacrifice and its almost ascetic ideal; to revitalize some of the self-satisfied, somnolent Christianity of to-day. To bring to the social aspirations of the poor a deeper interpretation than that of material advantage, and a more enduring benefit than an increased amount of the good things of life.

"Fifth. To give fresh reality to religion by showing that it is not the creation of a priestly caste or our inheritance from any given race or system of commandments, ceremonies, and dogmas based upon any kind of authority, but that it is fundamentally the need of every life, can be read in the experience of human nature, and perhaps after all can best be formulated out of our sincere and outspoken conclusions about life from all sorts and conditions of men."

I view the situation from a slightly different angle:

First. That in a church, a Fifth Avenue church, is heard a voice from the abyss—that is a new thing. The voice is the people's voice; their interpreter, their point of view.

Second. Merely getting together does not solve the problems of industry and economics; but men and women on opposite sides of these questions have listened to each other and each has lost some of his bitterness. That too is worth while.

Third. If religion be the binding together of people under the inspiration of a great ideal—an ideal of right and good; if it be an aspiration after God—then that too has been accomplished.

Fourth. The Church has been quickened.

Fifth. Churches in many places have been encouraged to take advanced ground in the solution of the problem of making the Church of service to all the people.

In fact the challenge of modern life to the Church has been accepted by the Church of the Ascension, and it only remains to maintain the standard and make good.

William H. Taft, Repairer of Old Laws

SOME years ago, when the former Secretary of War was Governor-General of the Philippines, he was called upon one morning by the Rev. Henry Steuntz, a missionary of the Methodist Church, now a bishop. The missionary was in trouble. He had raised the money to build a church and had purchased the site, only to find that, under an old Spanish law still in force, no such building could be erected unless the same was to be dedicated to the Catholic Church. It was a law handed down from the good old days when Church and State traveled hand in hand in the Spanish possessions.

The Governor-General heard the missionary's statement and said, "Wait a few minutes."

Turning to his stenographer, Mr. Taft dictated a few lines and then handed the type-written sheet to the missionary, saying, "That's all right; now go ahead and build your church."

A few days later the popular Governor-General found tacked to the front door of his palace a huge placard bearing the words in big letters, "Legal Repair Shop: Old Laws Repaired While You Wait."

The joke was public property in Manila for some days, none enjoying it more than the genial Governor-General himself.



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The capitalization of all the companies is conservative, far within justifiable limits, and in the relation between the replacement value of the properties and the capitalization of the companies, unique.

Fair rates, therefore, should be authorized or acquiesced in, for it is only by fair rates that good service to the public and permanent, healthy conditions can be created or maintained. With a full knowledge of all surrounding circumstances and conditions, it is believed that this will be fully acquiesced in by the public.

Fair rates should and do insure high-class plant and equipment maintained at a high state of efficiency, and provide fair wages to employees—the highest paid for similar class of employment. Both of these are necessary to good service.

Fair rates should give fair return on the investment, and promise fair return on new money needed. This is necessary to maintain the interest of the existing shareholders in the proper administration of the business,

as well as to provide for the continually increasing public demand.

Any revenue produced over and above such requirements and the proper reserve to provide for contingencies can be used for the benefit of the public, allowing the company to retain a part sufficient to stimulate the most efficient and economical management.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to get effective and economical management, such as would produce the best results for both the public and the shareholders, without recognizing this principle.

It does not seem possible that there can be any question of the justice of this position. That being granted, the facts to be settled are:—

Is the management honest and competent?

What is the investment?

Is the property represented by that investment maintained at a high standard?

What percentage of return does it show?

Is that a fair return?

Is it obtained by a reasonable distribution of gross charges?

If these questions are answered satisfactorily—and they are in the published reports of the offices of this company—there can be no basis for conflict between the company and the public, and the less the working conditions are made inflexible by legislative prescription, the better will be the solution of the constantly changing problems incident to maintaining the universal telephone service wisely demanded by the public.

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The Campaign Back Home

[Concluded from page 611]

than half a crop; or else it would be so confoundedly good that they would raise too much, so that they couldn't get hardly anything for it. And there would always be hard times in business as soon as ever the Democrats got in. Sometimes the hard times would come just because the Democrats wanted to get in. The bare suspicion that there was the least show for them to elect anybody was enough to give commercial prosperity a hard chill and send it to bed with a hot brick to its feet. The Democratic legislatures and congresses would do the foolish things! You'd read about it in the *Examiner* and wonder how people could be so foolish. And the mystery deepened that nice men like Uncle Jack could go right along voting the Democratic ticket and upholding these fellows in trying to ruin the country. If they'd only stop taking their silly Democrat papers and read the *Examiner* they'd see it. They could n't help but see it.

When we got older, so that we could sit up till nine o'clock, we went to the meetings in the Opry-house, where they explained all about it. It was a hardship to give up the splendid miles and miles of torches, and the funny transparencies, with their comical digs at the Democrats; but if we waited for all that the place would be full before we got there. One look at a Republican meeting and another look at a Democratic meeting should decide any fair-minded person which party he ought to belong to. At the Republican meeting, up on the stage where the table was, with the white pitcher of water and the glass tumbler, were the finest men in town. There was the President of the National Bank, who was dead down on the Greenback heresy. And old Judge Rodehaver would be right next to him. He is Probate Judge now. Before that he was County Clerk, and before that he was County Auditor, and before that he was—well, I guess he's always been in what you might call public life. A fine-looking man, with thick, white hair and a clean-shaven face and the appearance of a Roman senator. And the Postmaster is there. He's a very able man they say. He knows better than anybody else in the county how to get out the vote. And Caleb Dyer is there. He is one of our leading citizens, having started from nothing, as you might say—an example to any ambitious young man who wants to rise in the world. He is a little, small, dried-up runt of a fellow with a gray goatee on his chin. He lives in the big fine house on North Main, the one with the cu-pa-lo on top of it. He owns a lot of property around town, and several farms, and every once in a while he gets another farm. What does he do? Why, he does n't do anything. He's not that kind. He's a capitalist. He lends people money and takes a mortgage, and then when they can't pay up he gets the farm or whatever they gave for security. He's very "s'rood in business," if you know what that means. And there is Major Drew. He is n't really a major, but they call him that because he was in the war and looks exactly like a military man of high rank, with his white mustaches and imperial, his erect and soldierly carriage, and his loud, brusk voice. When the enemies of our country fired on Sumter, he promptly responded to the call of duty. I don't know for sure what branch of the service he was in, but he was one of those gallant men they call sutlers. You ought to hear him make the Decoration Day speech. He's grand. He owns the woolen mill, and when the hands tried to get up a union, so that they could strike and gouge more wages out of him, he mighty soon put a stop to it. There's where his military training came in. No insubordination in the ranks. It was his business and he proposed to run it in his own way and not be dictated to by anybody. Why, if he went and paid them more wages they would n't be satisfied. They'd want more pretty soon. And they'd only spend it in beer. And if he cut their hours down to ten, that would only be so much more time for them to loaf around the street corners and pass remarks on the ladies that went by. When he was their age, before he got his start during the war, he worked fourteen and fifteen hours a day and thought nothing of it. And so would they, if they were n't so lazy and do-less. So he fired the ringleaders so quick it made their heads swim. That put a stop to their nonsense mighty sudden.

The people that you saw at the Republican meetings were of the better class, don't you know. Nice people, white-handed people with clean collars and pearly finger-nails; employers of labor who gave the common folk jobs and thus kept life in their bodies; store-keepers; all who frowned upon the saloon, and were so intimate with the druggist that he would let them come back where he made up the prescriptions. The Republican Party is the party of Progress, the party that has been in control since we have begun to make things by machinery and accumulated wealth so rapidly.

On the other hand, the crowd at your Democratic meeting was composed of low, common, working people that applauded by "stomping" their feet and squalling "Hoo-ee!" They had on hickory shirts without any collars, except some few of the politicians who wore long-tailed black coats, black slouch hats, and narrow black string neckties. All of them chewed

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tobacco, the politicians using fine-cut and the hickory-shirt fellows navy plug. They left the O'pry-house looking like a hog-pen. The hickory-shirt crowd not only had blue finger nails and calloused hands, but they bragged about it. "Horny-handed sons of toil," their speakers called them, and they cheered as if that were anything to their credit. "The great unwashed," was what the *Examiner* called them. They had no big bugs to sit up on their platform, only yo-haw farmers with their pants in their boots, saloon-keepers, and the lawyers that got what criminal practise there was going. When they were n't talking flub-dub about individual liberty (which meant for the rough element to have their beer whenever they wanted it), they were opposing the Republicans just out of pure contrariness, and sneering at them because they were nice people—"the God-and-morality party," they called us. I don't see that that is anything to be ashamed of. They seemed out-of-date, behind the times. They seemed to belong to Andrew Jackson's day. Andrew Jackson was all right, and the movement he headed was all right, for it took the management of the Government from the hands of the landlords and propertied class and put it into the hands of the small farmers and the men with little, hand-powered industries. But another revolution has occurred since then, the transfer of ruling authority into the hands of the railroad magnates and the big manufacturers, a transfer that began during the great rebellion, a period the Democrats do their best to ignore for good and sufficient reasons. The business interests of the country were just naturally afraid of the Democrats as reactionaries and Bourbons that never learned and never forgot. When Cleveland barely scraped through the first time he was elected, and it was doubtful if he would scrape through, the professor of moral philosophy in my college got down on his knees in the classroom and besought the Almighty to avert this terrible catastrophe from our beloved country. That shows you.

I hope, my Democratic friend, that I have got you good and riled. I hope you are just hopping mad, and ready to tear me limb from limb. That is what our great statesmen like to see. Anything but "apathy." Apathy is a terrible thing. Suppose you were at school and a boy came into the yard before the last bell rang with a big red apple in his jacket pocket that you figured would just about fit you. And suppose you should say to him, "Oh, looky! Looky at that funny bird up in the tree yonder! See him?" And suppose the boy was apathetic about funny birds up in trees, what chance would there be of your getting the big red apple without a fuss? It just spoils everything when people are apathetic about politics. And that's another symptom of the degeneracy of the age which we must all deplore. I have known Republicans of late to vote for a Democrat because they thought he was an honest man. It was n't that way "back home." Party spirit ran high there. Why, I remember one time there was a Presidential campaign, and it looked as if there was a chance that the Democrats might get in and ruin the country. A young fellow I knew was a pretty good musician. He was a Republican and engaged to a Republican girl, but somehow or other he had Democratic friends. They were going to get up a glee club, and they asked him if he would n't coach them in some songs. He said he would, not thinking there would be any harm in it if he merely coached them and did n't actually sing, himself. Well, it just broke off the match, that's all. She cut him dead in the street; would n't have anything more to do with him.

When you have party spirit like that it simplifies things immensely, not only for the politicians but for the voters too. There's no need of your spraining your mind thinking what you ought to do. Just vote the straight ticket and that's all about it. Why, what does all this talk about a candidate's being honest amount to, anyhow? How are you going to tell whether a man's honest or not? Maybe he has n't had a chance to be anything but honest. And what difference does it make to you whether he's honest or not, when he votes in the interest of his class and against the interest of your class? It comes to the same thing as far as you're concerned.

And I hope, too, my Republican friend, that you have seen that all the time that I was giving it to the Democrats so hot and heavy I was making what Brother John Warnock would call "mean, little insinuations" at you, too. If they're behind the times, why so are you. If they're still hurrahing for Andrew Jackson because he got manhood suffrage, why, so are you still hurrahing for Abraham Lincoln because he freed the slaves. The world keeps moving on. New occasions bring new duties. There's one more transfer of power has to be made. A big one—the biggest ever. The right to vote is n't all there is to liberty. There's more! The right to live and to bring up your children half-way decent anyhow, the right to have some little time to yourself, to be something besides a mere machine. All these great inventions, all these economics of production and distribution—we ought to be getting the good out of them. We are n't. Why not? Who is?

I hope I've stirred you up, whether you are a Republican or a Democrat. If I had to make you angry at me in order to stir you up, well and good. But I'd rather you would n't stay pouty with me very long. I meant it only to be a boyish quarrel, so that the next time I came past your house and yodeled, you'd grab your books and slate and come tearing out to meet me.

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A Lodge in the Wilderness

[Concluded from page 608]

men who had spoken of Mitiahwe lightly, and had attempted to be jocular with Dingan about her.

As Mitiahwe looked at him now, unknown to himself, she was conscious of what that last word of Lablache's meant. "Everyting" meant herself. Lablache—who had the good qualities of neither the white man nor the Indian, but who had the brains of the one and the subtlety of the other, and whose only virtue was, that he was a successful trader, though he looked like a mere woodsman with rings in his ears, gaily decorated buckskin coat and moccasins, and a furtive smile always on his lips! "Everyting!" Her blood ran cold at the thought of dropping the lodge curtain upon this man and herself alone. For no other man than Dingan had her blood run faster, and he had made her life blossom. She had seen in many a half-breed's and in many an Indian's face the look which was now in that of Lablache, and her fingers gripped softly the thing in her belt that had flashed out on Breaking Rock such a short while ago. As she looked, it seemed for a moment as though Dingan would open the door and throw Lablache out, for his eyes ran from the man to the wooden bar across the door in quick reflection.

"You'll talk of the shop, and the shop only, Lablache," he said grimly. "I'm not huckstering my home, and I'd choose the buyer, if I was selling! My lodge ain't to be bought, nor anything in it—not even the broom to keep it clean of any half-breeds that'd enter it without leave."

There was malice in the words, but there was greater malice in the tone, and Lablache, who was bent on getting the business, swallowed his ugly wrath, and determined that, if he got the business, he would get the lodge also in due time; for Dingan, if he went, would not take the lodge—or the woman—with him, and Dingan was not fool enough to stay when he could go to Boise to a sure fortune.

The captain of the *Saint Anne* again spoke. "There's another thing the Company said, Dingan. You needn't go to Boise—not at once. You can take a month and visit your folks down East, and lay in a stock of home feelings before you settle down at Boise for good. They was fair when I put it to them that you'd mebbe want to do that. 'You tell Dingan,' they said, 'that he can have the month glad and grateful, and a free ticket on the railway back and forth. He can have it at once,' they said."

Watching, Mitiahwe could see her man's face brighten and take on a look of longing at this suggestion, and it seemed to her that the bird she heard in the night was calling in his ears now. Her eyes went blind for a moment.

"The game is with you, Dingan. All the cards are in your hands. You'll never get such another chance again—and you're only thirty," said the captain.

"I wish they'd ask me," said Dingan's partner with a sigh, as he looked at Lablache. "I want my chance bad, though we've done well here—good gosh, yes, all through Dingan."

"The winters, they go queeck in Boise," said Lablache. "It is life all the time, trade all the time, plenty to do and see—and a *bonne fortune* to make, bagosh!"

"Your old home was in Nova Scotia, wasn't it, Dingan?" asked the captain in a low voice. "I kem from Connecticut, and I was east to my village las' year. It was right good seein' all my old friends again, but I kem back content; I kem back full of home feeling's and content. You'll like the trip, Dingan. It'll do you good."

Dingan drew himself up with a start. "All right. I guess I'll do it. Let's figure up again," he said to his partner with a reckless air.

With a smothered cry, Mitiahwe turned and fled into the darkness and back to the lodge. The lodge was empty. She threw herself upon the great couch in an agony of despair.

A half hour went by. Then she rose and began to prepare supper. Her face was aflame, her manner was determined, and once or twice her hand went to her belt as though to assure herself of something.

Never had the lodge looked so bright and cheerful; never had she prepared so appetizing a supper; never had the great couch seemed so soft and rich with furs, so homelike and so inviting after a long day's work. Never had Mitiahwe seemed so good to look at, so graceful and alert and refined—suffering does its work even in the wild woods, with "wild people." Never had the lodge such an air of welcome and peace and home as to-night; and so Dingan thought as he drew aside the wide curtains of deerskin and entered.

Mitiahwe was bending over the fire and appeared not to hear him. "Mitiahwe," he said gently.

She was singing to herself, to an Indian air, the words of a song Dingan had taught her:

Open the door, cold is the night, and my feet are heavy;
Heap up the fire, scatter upon it the cones and the scented leaves;
Spread the soft robe on the couch for the chief that returns;
Bring forth the wine of remembrance—



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It was like a low recitative, and it had a plaintive cadence, as of a dove that mourned.

"Mitiahwe," he said in a louder voice, but with a break in it too; for it all rushed upon him, all that she had been to him—all that had made the great West glow with life, made the air sweeter, the grass greener, the trees more companionable and human; that had given the waste places a voice. Yet—yet, there were his own people in the East; there was another life waiting for him; there was the life of ambition and wealth and, and home—and children!"

His eyes were misty as she turned to him with a little cry of surprise—how much natural and how much assumed, for she had heard him enter, it would have been hard to say. She was a woman, and therefore the daughter of pretense, even when most real. He caught her by both arms as she shyly but eagerly came to him. "Good girl, good little girl," he said. He looked round him. "Well, I've never seen our lodge look nicer than it does to-night; and the fire, and the pot on the fire, and the smell of the pine-cones and the cedar-boughs, and the skins, and—"

"And everything," she said, with a queer little laugh as she moved away again to turn the steaks on the fire.

Everything! He started at the word. It was so strange that she should use it by accident, when but a little while ago he had been ready to choke the wind out of a man's body for using it concerning herself.

It stunned him for a moment, for the West, and the life apart from the world of cities, had given him superstition, like that of the Indians whose life he had made his own.

Herself—to leave her here who had been so much to him! As true as the sun she worshiped, her eyes had never lingered on another man since she came to his lodge; and to her mind she was as truly, sacredly married to him as though a thousand priests had spoken. She was his woman and he was her man. As he chatted with her, telling her of much that he had done that day, and wondering how he could tell her of all he had done, he kept looking round the lodge, his eyes resting on this or that; and everything had its own personal history, had become part of their lodge life, because it had a use as between him and her, and not a conventional domestic place. Every skin, every utensil, every pitcher and bowl and pot and curtain, had been with them at one time or another, when it became of importance and renowned in the story of their days and deeds.

How could he break it to her—that he was going to visit his own people, and that she must be alone with her mother all winter, to await his return in the spring. His return? As he watched her sitting beside him, helping him to his favorite dish; the close, companionable trust and gentleness of her, her exquisite cleanness and grace in his eyes, he asked himself if, after all, it was not true that he would return in the spring. The years had passed without his seriously thinking of this inevitable day. He had put it off and off, content to live each day as it came and take no real thought for the future; and yet, behind all, was the warning fact that he must go one day, and that Mitiahwe could not go with him. Her mother must have known that, when she let Mitiahwe come to him, of course; and, after all, she would find another mate, a better mate, one of her own people!

But her hand was in his now, and it was small and very warm, and suddenly he shook with anger at the thought of one like Breaking Rock taking her to his wigwam, or Lablache—this roused him to an inward fury; and Mitiahwe saw and guessed the struggle that was going on in him, and she leaned her head against his shoulder, and once she raised his hands to her lips, and said, "My chief!"

Then his face cleared again, and she got him his pipe and filled it, and held a coal to light it; and as the smoke curled up and he leaned back contentedly for the moment, she went to the door, drew open the curtains, and, stepping outside, raised her eyes to the horseshoe. When she said softly to the sky, "O Sun, Great Father, have pity on me, for I love him and would keep him. And give me bone of his bone, and one to nurse at my breast that is of him. O Sun, pity me this night, and be near me when I speak to him, and hear what I say."

"What are you doing out there, Mitiahwe?" Dingan cried; and when she entered again, he beckoned her to him. "What was it you were saying? Who were you speaking to?" he asked. "I heard your voice."

"I was thanking the Sun for his goodness to me—I was speaking for the thing that is in my heart, that is life of my life," she added vaguely.

"Well, I have something to say to you, little girl," he said, with an effort.

She remained erect before him, waiting for the blow—outwardly calm, inwardly crying out in pain. "Do you think you could stand a little parting?" he asked, reaching out and touching her shoulder.

"I have been alone before—for five days," she answered quietly.

"But it must be longer this time."

"How long?" she asked, with eyes fixed on his.

"If it is more than a week, I will go too."

"It is longer than a month," he said.

"Then I will go."

"I am going to see my people," he faltered.

"By the Saint Anne?"



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He Got What People Read About



SOME years ago a young man in a small city invested the few hundred dollars he had saved as a clerk, with a few borrowed hundreds, in a small store of his own.

It was a tiny place, and he started with one clerk and a boy. There were some thundering big competitors in that town—stores with reputation, and a hundred times his capital. But he was n't afraid. He had looked the field over, and saw that a little fellow like himself could give a good deal better service in some ways, and make friends faster than a corporation.

One thing especially impressed him. Talking with the postmaster and newsdealers, he found that every good family took magazines and periodicals. Magazines contain advertising of commodities. Every family must therefore read, every month, pages and pages of information about advertised things. He considered that mighty important to a little fellow like himself.

So, from the first day, he began to let people in that town know that no matter what they read about anywhere that was new, or little-known, or fancy quality, or made abroad, he was the merchant who would show most interest in getting it for them. His competitors were strong on the big, staple, everyday lines, and had them priced to a hair. But in getting new and unusual goods they were indifferent. "If I make good where the other fellows fall down," he reasoned, "people are not going to forget it, you bet." And they did n't. For he always made good.

He was enterprising in another way. When he had the goods he delivered them quickly. There was a special express service in that town that cost ten cents more, but saved a day. That was the one he patronized. He thought a day pretty cheap at ten cents, even if it took all your profit on the first sale, so long as somebody was waiting—and his big competitors using a slower service.

Getting the things that people read about gave that little merchant an advantage in buying that virtually put him on a par with his big competitors. They had money

to buy cheaper than he in staple lines. He had enterprise and personality, however, and focused in his small shop all the new, growing demand.

People don't buy new goods for whimsical reasons. If they want a new thing once, they will want it again, and other people will want it. Ninety-five per cent. of his calls were for new commodities that were in the process of becoming staples. He got acquainted with such goods while they were young—while the manufacturers were explaining them by advertising, and people were reading about them. He gaged future demand before his competitors were awake, and secured that future trade. Competitors feared goods bearing the manufacturer's trade-mark because they imagined it hurt their reputations. This small merchant saw, however, that no manufacturer could work hard building up business through advertising without working for him too, as long as he was alert and took care of demand in his own town. Far from fearing trade-marks, he considered them excellent, and adopted one himself.

That merchant to-day has ten thousand square feet of floor space, and it is n't as much as he really needs. He employs forty clerks, and maintains a wagon service that saves a day and a half on some deliveries. When his big competitors realised what he was doing they attacked him openly, selling staple merchandise below cost day after day to draw away his patronage. But they could n't hurt him. He had too many friends. He had too secure a reputation for giving service.

Low prices really carry a far less definite and stable value in business than Quality, Service and Enterprise. And the big competitors had only low prices to pit against him. For, in this novel function of going after goods that people were reading about he was supreme. He had undertaken that when nobody else was doing it. He had discovered this demand, and taken care of it aggressively, and to-day in that town this privilege of going after such things is his, and always will be, because he was first to supply them.

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He nodded. "It is the last chance this year; but I will come back—in the spring."

As he said it he saw her shrink, and his heart smote him. Four years such as few men ever spent, and all the luck had been with him, and the West had got into his bones! The quiet, starry nights, the wonderful days, the hunt, the long journeys, the life free of care, and the warm lodge; and, here—ah, the cheek pressed to his, the lips that whispered at his ear, the smooth arm round his neck! It all rushed upon him now. His people! His people in the East who had thwarted his youth, vexed and cramped him; who saw only evil in his widening desires, and threw him over when he came out West—the scalawag, they called him, he who had never wronged a man or—or a woman. Never—wronged—a woman? The question sprang to his lips now. Suddenly he saw it all in a new light. White or brown or red, this heart and soul and body before him were all his, sacred to him—he was in very truth her "chief."

Untutored as she was, she read him, felt what was going on in him. She saw the tears spring to his eyes. Then, coming close to him she said softly, slowly, "I must go with you if you go, because you must be with me when—oh, *hai-yai*, my chief, shall we go from here? Here in this lodge wilt thou be with thine own people—thine own, thou and I and—*thine to come!*" The great passion in her heart made the lie seem very truth.

With a cry he sprang to his feet and stood staring at her, scarcely comprehending; then, suddenly, he clasped her in his arms.

"Mitiahwe—Mitiahwe—oh, my little girl!" he cried. "You and me—and our own—our own people!" Kissing her, he drew her close to him. "Tell me again—is it so at last?" he said; and she whispered in his ear once more.

Later that night he said to her, "Some day, perhaps, we will go East; some day, perhaps."

"But now?" she asked softly.

"Not now—not if I know it," he answered. "I've got my heart nailed to the door of this lodge."

As he slept, she got quietly out, and going to the door of the lodge, reached up a hand and touched the horseshoe.

"Be good medicine to me," she said. Then she prayed. "Oh, Sun, pity me, that it may be as I have said to him. Oh, pity me, Great Father."

In the days to come Swift Wing said that it was her medicine—when her hand was burned to the wrist in the dark ritual she had performed with the Medicine Man that night when Mitiahwe fought for her man—but Mitiahwe said it was her medicine the horseshoe which brought one of Dingan's own people to the lodge, a little girl with Mitiahwe's eyes and form and her father's face. Truth has many mysteries and the faith of the woman was great; and so it was that, to the end, Mitiahwe kept her man. But truly she was altogether a woman and had good fortune.

The Trials of Trade

AN OLD "befo'-de-war" darkey shuffled hesitatingly into a grocery store of a Southern town.

"Good afternoon, young marster," he courteously greeted the clerk.

"Well, what can I do for you, old man?" inquired the clerk.

The old man sidled up to the counter and asked wistfully, "Boss, whut dem cheese wuth?"

"Twenty-five cents a pound. Want some?"

"Naw, sah, boss, I does n't wish to buy none jes' now. But, young boss, would yer min' givin' de ol' man a little cheese and crackers to bait a rat-trap wid? Dey's mighty bad at my house."

The young fellow smiled as he cut off the "rat-trap" bait.

"Thanky, boss; and, boss, is yer got any fi'-cent sardeems?"

"Yes."

"Does yer t'row in a cracker er two?"

"I guess so."

"Is yer got any vinegar er pepper-sauce to go wid 'em?"

"Yes."

"And, boss, is yer got a can-opener to open 'em wid?"

"Oh, yes."

"An' would yer len' de customer a spoon an' plate?"

"Yes."

"Is yer got a place back dar whar a man kin eat 'em?"

The clerk was becoming a little impatient.

"Great Scott! old man," he said in desperation, "I'll give you a box of sardines, some crackers, pepper, pepper-sauce, vinegar, salt, spoon, plate, lend you a stool and table, open the can, and ask the blessing—all for five cents. Do you want a can?"

"Naw, sah, thanky, young marster. I wuz jes' 'quirin' fer a frien' dat said he's gwine ter come ter town nex' Sat'day."

The glory of love is that it delights in doing for nothing what nobody else will do for money.

As the Drummer Told It

[Concluded from page 630-C]

Shakespeare than I had supposed the old man ever wrote.

It was good goods all right, and as full of points as any bar-b-wire I ever handled. And Julius had a pleasant way of moving his features, and his voice appealed to the large hen party that was there and they gave him encores all along the line.

Say, he was equal to Richard Mansfield, if I do say it myself, and the thing that appealed to me most was the big gate receipts.

When it was all over they gave him a vote of thanks, and then they crowded up around him and shook hands with him and told him it was lovely and asked him how he could ever remember the lines (and the book in front of him all the while!) and a whole lot of slush, and at last, just as I was beginning to wonder if they were going to forget his salary, the president handed him a check in an envelope and we came away and went into a dark alley to look at it.

It was for \$150. What do you think of that for an easy rake-off? What do you think of that for doing nothing at all but saying something that somebody else thought of six or eight hundred years ago—is n't it?

Well, I did n't forget my little fifteen, but before I had a chance to ask for it Macbeth says, "Fifty belongs to you, and fifty goes to Barton on account of professional courtesy, and fifty is for me."

Well, that made me like the lad more than ever, so I reduced my own share to ten dollars and carried my point and tried to make him promise to cut down on Barton's easy money; but he had it that perhaps Barton was playing in hard luck and only for Barton he'd be looking at pictures in the art gallery for nothing an hour—so I had to give in.

And to-day Julius has so many dates it would make a palm tree jealous.

Nothing Remarkable

THE prosecuting attorney was trying hard to get the balky witness to admit that a certain thing could not have happened except by a miracle, but the witness was not very strong on miracles and he dodged each trip. Finally, with some asperity the prosecutor said:

"Now, sir, follow me closely. Suppose the deceased had gone to a window on the thirty-fifth floor of the Singer Building, deliberately plunged downward head-first to the paving-stones below, and instead of being crushed into a shapeless mass, had gotten up calmly and walked away unhurt. Would n't you call that a miracle?"

"No, sir," answered the witness, "I should say that was quite an accident."

The prosecutor was staggered, but he came right back:

"All right—all right—call that an accident if you please; but—now follow me—suppose instead of walking away he should get up and walk straight to the elevator, ascend again to the thirty-fifth floor, again jump from the window to the pavement, and again walk away unharmed. What would you call that, sir? Would n't that be a miracle?"

"W-e-l-l," drawled the witness, "I hardly think so. That would look to me like a coincidence, at least."

An audible titter ran around the court-room. But undaunted the prosecutor returned to the fray.

"Now, Mr. Witness," he said most solemnly, "think! This man (supposedly) fell three hundred and fifty feet, striking his head on the pavement. Unhurt, he went back and repeated the feat. Now, then, sir, suppose this marvelous man goes back a third time and for the third time escapes all injury. Now, sir, do you dare claim that to be other than a miracle?"

"Oh, yes," came the quick reply. "That would be a habit!"

The prosecuting attorney fainted away.

Who's Lonely?

ONE day last fall, on the loneliest coast on Cape Cod Bay, the writer ran across an old man living all by himself in a little shack hardly large enough for a chicken coop. He was carefully sewing on a net and smoking a corn-cob pipe. One would think, to look at the situation, that a month of such solitude would land a man in a madhouse.

"Don't you get awfully lonesome here, Uncle Ned?" I asked.

"Who, me?" he replied cheerfully. "Well, I should say not. No, sir-ree."

"Why, Uncle Ned, what on earth do you do to keep you busy?"

"Who, me? Why, let me see"—musingly—"sometimes I sets and thinks, and sometimes I jes' sets!"—P. V. BUNN.

We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away.—Becher.

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Hon. Sec. Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland.

Author of "Natives of Australia," "Kinship and Marriage in Australia," etc.

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Many investors fail to appreciate the enormous demand for Municipal Issues. We quote from a letter from a prominent dealer:

"During 1908 one Fraternal Insurance Company alone is investing nearly \$4,000,000 in Bonds issued by established municipalities to provide funds for public improvements."

We have dealt in Municipal Bonds for years and at all times offer a variety of such issues adapted to the needs of trustees and individuals. This month we offer an unusually attractive issue, briefly described as follows:

5% Municipal Bond

PRICE PAR AND INTEREST

\$1000 Denomination.

Interest semi-annually.

An incontestable obligation of a principal American seaport of rapidly growing importance and owning directly municipal property nearly sufficient to offset total debt. Real Estate, subject to taxes, within municipal limits is valued at upwards of \$50,000,000.

Additional protection afforded through *Special State Appropriation* calculated to retire all outstanding bonds before maturity.

(Illustrated Circular G-21 on request.)

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CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
152 Monroe Street 424 California Street

Investments

The Safety of EQUIPMENT BONDS

is evidenced by the past history of this form of investment security. Notwithstanding the financial embarrassment of great railroads during the past 15 years, all well secured bonds upon equipment were paid in full.

The equipment is the most vital part of railroads and their earnings are dependent upon it.

Large margin of equity between cost of equipment and bonds outstanding.

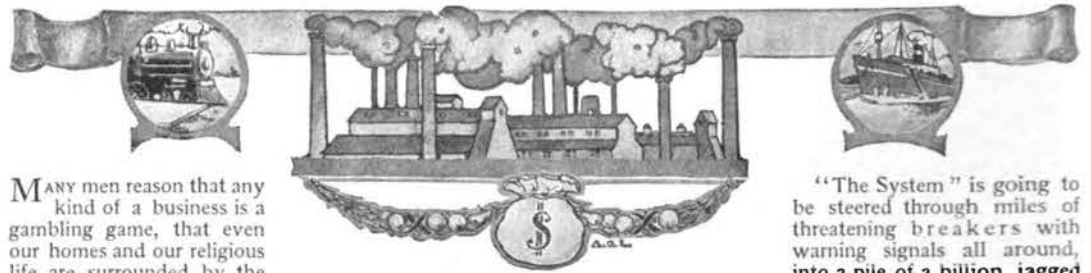
Write for Circular 263-A

A. B. Leach & Co. Bankers

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA BOSTON
148 Broadway 140 Dearborn St. 423 Chestnut St. 28 State St.

MODERN SPECULATION

By DAVID GRAHAM EVANS



MANY men reason that any kind of a business is a gambling game, that even our homes and our religious life are surrounded by the elements of speculation. We are constantly taking chances, putting something of our own against something of the other fellow's, and leaving it to Chance to win or lose; all of which is undoubtedly true if one is inclined to go to the limit with his definition of the word "speculation."

This very broad interpretation is rarely used except by a professional gambler who wishes to justify his calling. The two words "gambling" and "speculation" are the two most despised words in the English language by the American housewife, because they have been connected with the cause of more ruined homes and bright prospects than any other one of hell's forces. Speculation is a dignified substitute for gambling, and is universally used in connection with stock gambling. Stock gambling is considered by many as being a very dignified and respectable form of speculation. Many of those who have grown rich at it, for some yet undiscovered reason, seem also to have gained with their quickly acquired wealth a special dispensation to violate many of our own natural, as well as otherwise-made laws, and to raise their children to live by and through these special, easy privileges, thereby adding to the tribe of non-productive, licensed criminals, so evident in this generation.

Fortunately, the percentage of those of our population is small, but through one publicity medium or another this class, with its flaunted wealth and special privileges, is constantly being brought before the public. This condition has created

Not Many Succeed another class of speculators, many thousand times as large as the former, made up principally of those ignorant of the game, and ambitious beyond the control of common sense to enjoy the luxuries of quickly acquired wealth.

The balance comprises those who know, but who enjoy gambling and love the fascination of taking "fliers." It is with this great army that the Lawsons, the Kings, and the Abram Whites keep constantly in line with their promises to patch up the rocky, yet short, road to Wealthville. "The System," or some other fellow who can never be located, is constantly erecting obstacles that make it rather difficult to get over the old road, but those who have in charge the matter of keeping the army together never lack for a good, sound, plausible, and thoroughly understandable method to down this combination of forces; and the army moves on again to find, after a brief march, that it has lost again; yet its general seems to be better off and still has its confidence, for does not his bulletin convincingly say that their common enemy is fighting unfairly, but that they will surely win this time with a new and very ingenious campaign just completed? One would be inclined to describe this great army as an army of poor fools, if it were not for the fact that there will be found in it some of our most respected, intelligent, and enlightened citizens, men who have in various lines grown wealthy by hard work and honest effort.

One of Chicago's prominent merchants recently invested thirty thousand dollars in a mining proposition, and lost it all. The scare-head advertisements in a daily paper caught him: "A fortune for everybody; there are a few more shares of our wonderful stock left; you must buy now; this stock will more than double in value in sixty days."

Lost \$30,000

The office of the promoters was closed, as soon as the check could be cashed, but the newspaper, a partner in the crime, still continues to guide a very large, as well as profitable following in the city of Chicago. This is the modern way, and, of course, the cheapest, quickest, and most profitable.

Most of the great dailies of the country are lending a willing hand to these pirates, and, of course, are an essential feature of the modern form of stock speculation. They are selling their influence and prestige every day, page after page.

The unrestrained, intemperate, and sensational use of words—"printer's ink"—and the reckless promises emanating from that wonder of all mysterious wonders in the human form, "Lawson from Boston," have been filling the advertising columns of the daily press for the past fortnight.

Lawson's Latest

"The System" is going to be steered through miles of threatening breakers with warning signals all around, into a pile of a billion jagged rocks, known only to Lawson

as "National Stock." It is surely going to wreck the old ship, and surely the holders of "National Stock" are going to be allowed to get hold of pieces of the wreckage for souvenirs.

Revenge is indeed sweet, if one does not have to pay too dearly for it. What a chance for all those who have felt the iron hand of the System, and how good it is of Mr. Lawson to sacrifice so much in order that all may be given an opportunity to return evil for evil! But wait, Mr. Lawson, and your great army of followers—leave us some money, please! We have to move crops this autumn, and besides, there are many industrial enterprises that are essential to our existence and must have money for their operation.

There are some of us, at least, who are not interested in the game, and who, fortunately, are not stricken with this gambling mania.

"I have always preached, 'Do not speculate,' but the whole world does," says Lawson. But the whole world does not speculate in the Lawson way. There are some wise enough not to trust their funds to a one-man gambling enterprise, even if they do like to gamble.

Should Lawson cease to live among us, for one reason or another, the safest bet of all would be a wager that "National Stock" would cease with him; yet this advertising genius is almost daily calling for the people's savings to form a gigantic, one-man-managed, gambling pool, the size of which runs into figures almost too numerous to be intelligible to the average mind. The wonder is that he has put any limit to it at all. This most unusual collection of millions is to be used in gambling, and Lawson admits it, yet promises a "fortune for every one quick."

Gambling was never known to permit of an honest promise to deliver. There is just about as much chance of Lawson making good his many reckless promises as there is a chance of Carnegie's World Peace proposals being ratified to-morrow by the nations of the world. A diligent search resulted in the finding of but few of the sound old business

Nothing New

laws that have not been violated by the schemes of this wonderfully imaginative mind. It may be barely possible that Lawson has discovered that about all of the well-established business principles and standards, so long the foundations of our business structures, are wrong, and that he has at last given us the real foundation on which to build for the world's ultimate happiness; but we fear that he has nothing new, nothing at least, that we have not already tried and found wanting.

He is playing the same old game: adding to his strong box by making failures. If people would consider this old truth, that one will not often succeed in getting something for nothing from the same man twice, there would be less speculating. There is a standard, long established, for the earning power of money: Do not try to make it do more, or your title to it will become insecure. It can only be made to reach this standard at least with entire safety. When employed with this standard as a guide, one can feel reasonably sure of principal and interest, and also have the assurance that he and his money are a part of some legitimate enterprise.

Wall and State Streets have, since the very early history of our country, been accused of causing most of our financial panics and money flurries. Corruptions of all complexions have been credited to them.

Money Centers

parties of every creed find them a popular issue in all campaigns. There is little doubt but that they have figured rather prominently in many of our national sins; but that part of these two historic money centers is greatly overdrawn and is sadly in the minority. The legitimate banking institutions in these centers, as well as those in others, are firmly established, and have stood many storms of adverse criticism with the policy of a fair and equal basis of trading. They despise the stock manipulator, they advise against gambling, their clients' every interest is protected at all times. Stocks and bonds are bought through such institutions for their intrinsic value, where interest and dividends, good management and actual business conditions govern the prices paid. It is upon such institutions that our legitimate enterprises depend for financial aid.

Accumulation of Cash

The continued increase of cash in banking institutions, causing low rates for the use of money, should result in higher prices for safe bonds.

First mortgage railroad bonds can now be secured to pay from 4 to 4½%.

These bonds possess the qualities of safety, marketability, and possible appreciation in price.

A list of bonds which should respond to above conditions, with full description of each bond, will be sent upon application for circular No. 661.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

ESTABLISHED 1864

Capital.....\$2,000,000 28 Nassau Street, - New York
Surplus.....\$6,000,000 33 Lombard Street, E. C. London
Banking Department Bond Department
Trust Department Transfer Department
Foreign Department

The Emergency Currency Bill

provides that currency may be issued against the deposit of Municipal Bonds by individual National Banks; and against commercial discounts and other collateral when approved and guaranteed by a Clearing House of at least ten Banks, with an aggregate capital and surplus of \$5,000,000.

In effect, this action suggests that while other bonds and obligations may be good,

Municipal Bonds Are Good

and entitled to full faith and credit from the Central Government at all times. Twenty years' experience dealing in this class of security has taught us that Municipal Bonds merit this acknowledgment.

Our Booklet D is an interesting discussion of this subject and our circular contains offerings of numerous, well selected bonds of this class. Booklet D and circular sent on request.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY,
510 Merchants Laclede Building, St. Louis, Missouri

Our Experience

of more than 20 years in handling
Public Service Corporation Bonds

has been made the basis of a booklet which we believe will be of interest and value to investors who are present or prospective owners of public service corporation bonds. We are now offering a carefully selected list of gas, electric light, street railway and other public service corporation bonds at prices to yield

5 to 6 per cent

Write for booklet S
"Public Service Corporation Bonds"

N. W. Harris & Company
BANKERS

86 William Street 35 Federal Street
New York Boston

Bond Department

Harris Trust & Savings Bank
204 Dearborn Street, Chicago

The reasons for money centers are logical and thoroughly sound from every standpoint. Every country in the world has them. The shame is that men have allowed the gambling element to enter them, and, so far as the general public is concerned, to become a very sensational part or feature of these centers.

There does not appear to be any legitimate reason for this condition, except to satisfy the gambling instincts that seem to be ever alive in a goodly proportion of the world's citizens. This feature of trading in stocks will never be entirely eradicated, but it will diminish as we progress intellectually.

A law has just been passed by the New York State Legislature, and approved by Governor Hughes, prohibiting bucket-shop operations. Even if the followers of this cheap and one-sided method of stock gambling succeed in evading the law, the fact that it is unlawful will at least make the method unpopular.

Bucket-Shops

Now Unlawful

There is some hope of our law-makers going on further, and to a point where, by law at least, stock gambling will be minimized. If this hope is not realized, it is now quite evident that public sentiment will do much in favor of making stock gambling unpopular.

The crimes of many of our large institutions, brought about through stock manipulations, and the disgrace suffered at the hands of many of them through overcapitalization and unsound methods of disposing of stock, are pretty well understood to-day by the investing public. Gambling has been the most important factor in bringing these conditions upon our industrial world. Legitimate commercial enterprises must have money, and can only afford to pay legitimate rates of interest for it. Companies of this kind can not possibly be honestly managed and financed if their stock is to be handled and disposed of through the usual manipulating machinery of gambling promoters.

Our present banking system permits of many of our banking institutions participating in stock speculation through stock brokers, and when conditions are favorable much of their money is used in this way, rather than through the regular channels of trade, for the reason that more interest can be secured and a quicker return be made.

What is usually known as a strictly commercial bank, furnishing funds to merchants and manufacturers for the production and movement of goods, refuses credit under these circumstances to commercial and manufacturing institutions, for the express purpose of getting their funds into speculative channels. This, of course, restricts legitimate commercial credit, promotes speculation, and keeps money from performing its real function.

Earl Dean Howard, in a recent number of *The Bankers' Magazine*, sets forth a rather understandable plan that would at least give the public a rather clear insight as to what banks are engaged in this kind of banking.

We quote the following from his article:

Let the national banks in the three central reserve cities, New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, be divided into classes: commercial and financial. Leave to the commercial national banks all the privileges they now enjoy under the National Bank Act (except such as are hereinafter stated) and in addition permit them to exercise trust company functions, such as acting as trustee, administrator, registrar, etc., also give them authority to have savings departments under strict savings bank laws. This concession should be granted to better enable them to compete with the state banks and trust companies.

No commercial bank shall make any loan or discount any commercial paper for any broker or any loan secured by the deposit of stocks or bonds unless such collateral is taken to secure a loan already made, or one the proceeds of which are not to be used in trading upon an exchange. Violations of this prohibition will cause the bank to be classified as a financial bank.

A financial bank shall have the right to make loans to brokers upon collateral security of stocks and bonds or warehouse receipts. However, they shall not be permitted to receive deposits from any other bank or banker or from any trust company. They shall not be permitted to issue circulation, but shall have the right to deal in bonds and underwrite issues of bonds. Every loan shall be posted in a public place and shall give the name of the borrower, the rate of discount, and the name of the security.

No national bank shall deposit any of its funds in any other institution except a commercial national bank in a central reserve city or in a national bank in any other city.

Nobody Guessed the Name

THE eight-year-old son of a well-known cartoonist attends a Sunday-school in which the boys have formed what they call secret societies, the only "secret" being the name. The initials of the society are always made public and if any boy of a rival society guesses their signification the name is at once changed. It was two weeks before anybody guessed, for instance, that T. S. meant Temperance Soldiers, but recently Georgie came to his father and said:

"We've got one now they'll never guess."

"Well?" queried the father.

"Promise you'll never tell?" asked Georgie.

The promise was given.

"M. E.," said Georgie. "They all think it means 'Methodist Episcopal,' but it don't—it stands for 'Merican Eagles.'"

And thus far nobody has guessed.

What the Investment Banker Does for his Clients

Investment banking houses are the medium through which practically all of the railroads and corporations find a market for their Bonds, Short Term Notes and other Securities. Before a responsible banking firm offers for sale to its clients the securities of a railroad or corporation it investigates every detail of the business; not only as related to existing conditions but judged also from the viewpoint of future possibilities.

Moreover, investment banking firms usually have representation upon the board of directors of the corporations whose Securities they may underwrite, being more or less responsible for the management and supervision of the properties. This is deemed essential in order to permanently protect the interests of clients who may purchase the securities, and gives to each individual client the feeling of assurance that his interests are at all times being properly safeguarded.

Based upon our many years' of wide and successful experience as Investment Bankers, we are confident that our services will prove of genuine value to you in selecting safe and conservative investments. We believe the present to be a favorable time to make investments in certain channels, and we therefore suggest to persons having surplus funds that they avail themselves of the immediate opportunities.

We shall be glad to send you a copy of our special circular describing a carefully selected list of investments now selling at prices to yield about 4 to 6 per cent. In our judgment, these investments have every reasonable promise of growing value.

Write for Circular No. 74

Spencer Trask & Co.

Investment Bankers

William and Pine Sts., New York

Members New York Stock Exchange



A coupon like this is payable every six months to holders of the

First Mortgage 6% Bonds of the Michoacan Power Company

You cut it off of the bond to which it is attached and present it to your bank, the same as you would a check. On an investment of \$1000 you get an income of \$60 each year and your \$1000 back when the bond matures. You can select a bond maturing any year from 1914 to 1922.

Some of these bonds are in \$100 and \$500 denominations.

The safety of this investment is well assured, both by the valuable property mortgaged to the bond holders and a strong guarantee.

Send for Circular 872-A for full information.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS,

BANKERS FOR 82 YEARS

21 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.
CHICAGO. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.

LET US PAY YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS!

YOU carry fire insurance for protection against loss of property. What provision have you made for loss of income or your expenses in case you fall ill or become physically disabled? Guarantee your income and expenses while ill with our Popular Premium Policy.

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Offices in all important cities



There's Danger

Every minute that you keep your valuable papers about the house. Don't risk it a day longer—Get your will, your deeds, your insurance policies, your private letters, etc., into

THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE WORLD

Safe Deposit by Mail is easy, secure, convenient, no matter where you live—The cost is trifling.

Let us send you the illustrated book.

CARNEGIE SAFE DEPOSIT CO.
CEDAR ST. & BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Best Bond

is the one that has the best property behind it. The best property in the world is New York City real estate—not vacant lots in the suburbs but land in the heart of the city which is always earning an ever increasing revenue and which is steadily enhancing in market value. We have an issue of bonds based on just such property which are issued in denominations to suit both the large and the small investor. They yield 5.53 per cent.—a liberal return on a conservative investment.

Write for circular No. 15 which gives many interesting facts regarding the greatest city in America.

Underwriters Realty & Title Co.
425 Fifth Avenue, New York

6% Profit Sharing GOLD BONDS

Based on New York City Real Estate.

Accepted as collateral for loans at any time by us. Principal and interest guaranteed and in addition bond holders share in half the net profits.

Issued in amounts of \$100, \$500 and \$1000 for a single payment, or on the easy payment plan. Purchasers on the easy payment plan secured against default in case of sick or accident by the Casualty Company of America. Bonds registered with the Carnegie Trust Co., New York.

Write to-day for Booklet K, "What You Can Do in the Next Ten Years."

The DEBENTURE CORPORATION OF NEW YORK
J. B. COHLAN, President,
Rear Admiral, United States Navy (now retired).
40 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW TO INVEST

It is important to the investor to be informed as to the conditions affecting the securities he has bought or intends to buy.

"THE WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW" IS A SMALL, FOUR-PAGE EDITORIAL SHEET, WHICH TREATS BROADLY AND WITHOUT PREJUDICE, CURRENT EVENTS IN THE FINANCIAL, COMMERCIAL AND POLITICAL WORLD AS THEY BEAR UPON SECURITIES AND OTHER INVESTMENTS AND IS OF INTEREST AND VALUE TO INVESTORS AND BUSINESS MEN. THE REVIEW WILL ON APPLICATION BE MAILED REGULARLY WITHOUT CHARGE TO THOSE INTERESTED.

J. S. BACHE & CO.
(Members New York Stock Exchange)
BANKERS, 42 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE requests you to mention this paper when writing for above review.

The Extraordinary Street-Cars of New York

[Concluded from page 618]

selves to a game of euchre, the bronze statue of Lincoln looked up in astonishment, a shout of surprise arose from the people, and the line of cars, of which we were the forty-ninth, began to move. "Short block," commented the motorman. "Leave the cards on the seat, and we'll finish the game on our way back."

New York is a dismal place for a man with time to kill. This afternoon I was at Twenty-third Street with an engagement in an hour at Thirty-fourth Street, and absolutely nothing to do in the meanwhile. So I determined to ride the half mile in one of the Broadway cars.

I was plastered up against the front window, with twenty tons of humanity behind me. From where I stood I could see the motorman, who was something of a humorist, move the lever to and fro, with the idea of jolting the quivering human mass. The New Yorker does not demand to go forward, all he wants is the sensation. And he gets it. The motorman had a clear track, but it was only ten minutes after five, and he was not due at Thirty-fourth Street before seven-thirty. Suddenly, as he turned, I noticed that his eye, like mine, fell upon a push-cart man who was moving up Broadway. The motorman's sporting instinct conquered against the positive orders of the railway company. The race was on. For a long time it was even, neck and neck. So intent was the motorman on winning, that in his excitement, he almost swallowed his quid. But the odds were against him. Slowly, inch by inch, the push-cart man, haggling over sales as he went, gained on us, and in half an hour he was completely out of sight. I was only five minutes late for my appointment.

TUESDAY.

DEAREST ALICIA:

Do you remember young Charlie Manton who used to be in your Sunday-school class in Peoria? I came across him yesterday morning, looking as prosperous as Old King Cole. What do you think he is doing? DETECTIVE!!! Detective, old Nick Carter, for the traction company.

Now do not imagine that a detective for a traction company is a Mr. Sherlock Holmes. No, he's only a spy, eavesdropper, and all-around general liar.

I took Manton to lunch, and he gave me the whole game. The proposition is this: If a fellow gets under a car and his legs are cut off, you have got to prove an alibi for the street-car, or convince an intelligent jury that the man really lost his leg four years before in an elevator accident in Winnipeg, Canada, or inherited the amputated limb from a grandfather on the maternal side. You've got to collect a dozen witnesses to swear it did not happen. Manton intimidates poor Italians and Poles injured on the cars. If he does this well, he may rise and rise until he becomes a briber of judges, a packer of juries, and a suborner of witnesses.

Alicia, we aren't plaster saints in Peoria, but, when Manton got through, I went and took a Turkish bath. Later, I talked with one of the big men at the top. He considered it the inalienable right of a street-car company to run over people. "If we are to be penalized," he said, "we may as well go out of business at once."

"But," I insisted, "don't you think in selecting a road-bed, that it might be wiser to use the existing tracks instead of human bodies?"

The big man sighed. "That's a glorious ideal," he admitted.

WEDNESDAY.

I apologize to Manton. Compared with the big fellows, he is a bleached and beatified angel. If I wrote what I think about the financiers, this letter would be forbidden the mails.

I am beginning to understand why the system in New York is so awful. Stupidity, stupidity, and again stupidity. Stupidity of the company, stupidity of its overworked employees, and the crassest, most unbelievable stupidity of the citizens, God bless them! And back of all is the most audacious graft that exists on this planet.

This is the way of it. At the directors' meeting on Monday, Smith informs his fellow directors that his wife went out shopping again, and he needs a million dollars immediately. "Ways and Means Committee," suggests the chairman, gently. "Ways and means be hanged!" insists Smith. "What will Mary think of me, or of you, gentlemen, either, if I don't pay her bills?"

The directors look grave. "That's all right," says Jones, "but you're not the only man with a wife."

For a moment Smith is confounded, but a happy thought comes to him. "Let us vote a million to each man with a wife."

A protest from Director Robinson. "I have no wife," he says, "but my aged mother is dependent upon me."

"Your point is well taken," admits the chairman, who is Robinson's cousin.

Then an old director, the mathematician of the board, who has been figuring indefatigably for some minutes, sums up the situation as follows: "Gentlemen, the question is to raise one million dollars apiece for twelve directors. My calculations, are, of course, tentative, but I make it twelve millions. Roughly

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A method of investment of twenty years successful operation with up to date features.

Our literature will interest you. Write Department U.


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CAPITAL, \$1,000,000

Times Building, Broadway and 42d Street, NEW YORK

EDWARD J. McCORMACK, President.

D. MAJER McLAUGHLIN, Treasurer.



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For Home Buildings and Savings
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\$100 EACH EARN
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Ask for Booklet B, to-day

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ASSETS OVER \$2,500,000.00

5% Placed With Us, 5%

Your Savings earn you 5% a year,

secured by Mortgages on selected New York and Suburban Real Estate, free from all speculative risks, and are withdrawable at need, on required notice without forfeiture of earnings.

Earnings Reckoned for every day, at 5% a year, and paid by check mailed quarterly, or semi-annually—or compounded as desired.

Under supervision of New York Banking Department.

Established Fifteen Years.
Assets \$1,800,000.

Let us send you full particulars.

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
3 Times Bldg., Broadway & 42d St., New York



speaking, of course," he adds quickly, as he sees Smith look over his figures, "twelve ones are twelve; about twelve millions, I should say."

A fearful thought comes to the chairman. "Gentlemen, an unexpected difficulty. I don't see how we can take twelve millions out of this year's receipts unless we raise fares, and the tyrannical city government may not permit that."

Again a moment of harrowing uncertainty. The directors discuss the question of despotism *versus* ten-cent fares, the extravagance of wives, and the blessings of poverty. Then the shrewd lawyer who has been called in gives his opinion. "Appoint a receiver," he says.

"Will that bring in twelve millions?" asks the dubious Smith.

The lawyer smiles: "Thirteen."

THURSDAY.

The people of Peoria stand for a good deal—if they did not my salary would be cut—but they would never willingly enter the dental parlors of New York traction finance. "Open your mouth and shut your eyes," says the traction magnate, while he goes through the investor's pockets, "and our twelve-dollar stenographer will write out a share of stock while you wait." Then, my dear man, you will have a *vested right*."

A happy man is the traction magnate. If the public asks for better service, he retorts, "We must protect the interests of our stockholders." If the rapacious stockholders want two per cent. on their money, he points to the present inadequacy of the service. "If I pay dividends," he says, "I can not buy judges, and then what will become of your *vested right* which our stenographer has so neatly typewritten for you?"

FRIDAY.

The newspapers are full of the hazardous adventure of young Gordon Smith, the traction director's son. He is a daring young millionaire, always on the lookout for thrilling experiences. He has traveled alone to Lhasa, the forbidden city of the Thibetans, has gone by steerage to Naples, and only yesterday, without companions, he essayed to ride on the city street-cars from the Battery up to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. Of course, special precautions were taken to insure his safety. He was photographed at nine A.M., when leaving the Battery, and at three P.M., upon reaching his destination. A cordon of mounted police accompanying the car prevented annoying collisions with passing drays. The result was beyond all expectations. No mishap occurred, and up to a late hour last night no serious effects were noted. This morning's papers point out that young Smith has performed a public service in exploding the prejudices against our "New York traction system," thereby confounding the low-minded muck-rakers. There is some talk of a Carnegie medal.

SATURDAY.

I had been told that the Coney Island service was excellent, and that for five cents I could ride from New York to that haven of rest. I began the trip early this morning. The first few hours passed pleasantly enough. I read two novels, and then, running out of literature, I watched the germs disport themselves upon the window-pane. I noticed that these Brooklyn Rapid Transit germs were very tame. They seldom bit the passengers, and they were so playful that sometimes they would fly out of the window and, after we had been traveling a quarter of an hour or so, fly in again, with a pleased expression, as though they had taken us by surprise.

Everything went along pleasantly until one of the Rough Riders, a capacious old gentleman, began to complain of the number of the germs. "They're dead-heads," he muttered, "and they crowd the regular passengers too much."

Unfortunately the conductor, a red-headed Hercules, overheard.

"They was here before you was," he shouted angrily.

"Not all of them," insisted the passenger. "That big brown one was n't. I just now saw him come in."

"What?" yelled the now thoroughly irate conductor. "Why, that's Billy. That little germ was on this line before I was."

The two men glared at each other. Then, as the conductor gently patted Billy on the neck, a happy retort came to him. "Say, if you don't think Billy's good enough for you, you can get out and walk."

It was the first time in three months that the passenger had found a seat in a car. Besides, I suspect he was rather lazy. He did not answer.

"Well," sneered the conductor, "is it walk?"

"Nope," drawled the old gentleman; "I would, but they don't expect me till five-thirty."

There was not much mud in this car, which had been cleaned that very month, and by sitting tightly in a corner I avoided everything but a streak on the side of my coat. I was surrendering myself to the luxury of travel, when the conductor came around for the second fare.

"I have already paid you," I asserted.

"Another nickel, please," he repeated.

It was the first time I had heard the word "please" in any New York street-car, and I almost paid for the privilege. But there were my rights.

"The law fixes a five-cent fare," I insisted.

Philadelphia Founded as a City in 1683

Philadelphia is a city with 267,647 dwellings; 65,000 built within the last ten years.

Philadelphia has 846 churches; 334 hospitals and asylums.

Philadelphia has 1400 associations devoted to the relief of suffering.

Philadelphia has 311 public schools.

Philadelphia has 180 miles of graded and paved streets.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 28,000,000 yards of woolen goods, enough to make uniforms for all the armies of Europe now in active service.

Philadelphia is the city which, having only one-sixtieth of the population of the Republic, produces one-twentieth of all its manufactures.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 12,000,000 dozen hose and half hose, enough to allow 2 pairs for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 34,000,000 yards of worsted goods, enough to make a suit of clothes for every man over 19 years of age now resident in the New England and Middle Atlantic States.

Philadelphia manufactures 8 locomotives every working day, or 2668 in the year. These locomotives on a perfectly level track would haul 158,000 loaded cars of 50 tons capacity.

Philadelphia is the home of the Declaration of Independence.

Philadelphia is the birthplace of the Constitution of the United States.

Philadelphia is the city which gave birth to the Bill of Rights.

Philadelphia has 16,000 Manufacturing Plants, employing 250,000 skilled laborers, each year consuming \$400,000,000 of raw material and producing \$700,000,000 of manufactures.

Philadelphia has 57 Parks and Squares, one of them being the largest park in the world, containing over 2400 acres.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 4,800,000 hats. The bands, end on end, would reach from Philadelphia to Denver.

Philadelphia in the past 62 years has borrowed 186 million dollars; has paid off 78 million of this debt, and now, with only 63 million dollars outstanding, owns property valued at more than 277 million dollars.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 45,000,000 yards of carpet, enough to put a belt around the earth and leave a remnant long enough to reach Cincinnati.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 2,000,000 dozen underwear, enough to give 2 shirts and drawers to every one in Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia has 106 National Banks, Trust Companies and Savings Funds, with total capital and surplus of 170 million dollars and deposits of \$67 million dollars.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 180,000,000 yards of cotton piece goods, enough to make a pair of sheets for every family in the United States.

FOUNDERS' WEEK



PROGRAM

SUNDAY, Oct. 4—Religious Day—Open air service in Fairmount Park and original squares; all denominations and sects.

MONDAY, Oct. 5—Military Day—Largest mobilization of troops since Civil War.

TUESDAY, Oct. 6—Municipal Day—Parade, illustrating evolution of municipal departments.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7—Industrial Day—Over 100 floats in line illustrating evolution of industries.

THURSDAY, Oct. 8—Children's and Naval Day. 150,000 children at Independence Hall; 20 United States and Foreign warships and 500 other craft on River with great pyrotechnic display in evening.

FRIDAY, Oct. 9—Historical Day—Historical pageant, first ever given in the United States; 40 floats and 5,000 marching men in costume.

SATURDAY, Oct. 10—Athletics and Knights Templar Day—Motor boat and automobile races and athletic contests. Knights Templar review and closing ceremonies at City Hall.

Philadelphia has a jobbing and wholesale trade of \$600,000,000 annually.

Philadelphia has 650 miles of Electric Tramways, including Elevated, Surface and Subway Lines.

Philadelphia has 1000 business firms and corporations engaged in the wholesale trade.

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I will not trouble you with details. Fortunately, I fell on my stomach, and no permanent injuries occurred. I hope this letter will not smell of arnica.

MONDAY.

I expected it. I told you so. They've gone into bankruptcy. The whole crooked, crazy, crumbling system has broken down.

It's all done for. The investors' money is gone, the chance of a seat, the chance of a transfer are all irretrievably gone. No one knows where he is at. If you lose your arm or leg or head now, you can't recover, because the company has ceased to exist; it's bankrupt. It has resolved itself into its constituent parts, rusty rails, ancient cars, bluff, and water.

I have been too discouraged to send on more reports to Peoria, and to-day I got an indignant telegram from old Butler, asking me why I don't report on the New York system. I have just telegraphed back, "There ain't no system."

And there ain't, Alicia, and there never was any. I am leaving for home this afternoon. I'm tired, tired, tired. I've seen the whole works. Gee whiz! Me for Peoria! Ever affectionately yours,
DUNK.

Why the President Is for Taft

[Continued from page 605]

and said so unequivocally. In the brief period when he was Vice-President of the United States, Colonel Roosevelt wrote for "The Outlook" an article under the title, "Governor William H. Taft." This was published in September, 1901, after Mr. Roosevelt had assumed the Presidency. It was introduced in this manner:

"A year ago a man of wide acquaintance both with American public life and American public men remarked that the first governor of the Philippines ought to combine the qualities which would make a first-class President of the United States with the qualities which would make a first-class Chief Justice of the United States, and that the only man he knew who possessed all these qualities was Judge William H. Taft, of Ohio. The statement was entirely correct. Few more difficult tasks have devolved upon any one man of our nationality during our century and a quarter of public life than the handling of the Philippine Islands just at this time; and it may be doubted whether among men now living another could be found as well fitted as Judge Taft to do this incredibly difficult work.

"I dislike speaking in hyperbole; but I think that almost all men who have been brought in close contact, personally and officially, with Judge Taft are agreed that he combines as very, very few men can combine, a standard of absolutely unflinching rectitude on every point of public duty, and a literally dauntless courage and willingness to bear responsibility, with a knowledge of men, and a far-reaching tact and kindness, which enable his great abilities and high principles to be of use in a way that would be impossible were he not thus gifted to work hand in hand with his fellows."

This remarkably high opinion President Roosevelt proceeded to back up at the very first opportunity. A vacancy occurred on the bench of the highest court in the land, and the President offered to appoint Governor Taft a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. The most cherished ambition of his life was within the grasp of Judge Taft, but, realizing that he was needed still longer in the Philippines, he declined the appointment.

"When you tendered Mr. Taft a place on the Supreme bench, Mr. President, did you then consider him best fitted for judicial life?"

"I knew it was the height of his ambition to be a member of the Supreme Court," Mr. Roosevelt replied. "He conspicuously merited

the honor and thoroughly deserved the appointment. I told him that he must decide the matter for himself. Just as I told him," interpolated the President, "that he must determine for himself whether or not to run for the Presidency.

"That declination of the judgeship," observed President Roosevelt, with a look of real pleasure, "was particularly characteristic of Taft. In all my life I have never known a man so absorbed in unselfish service. With him the 'joy of the working' is a passion. The trouble with Taft is that he would have the nation—meaning the average citizen—as disinterested as himself. And Taft is too disinterested. He has hardly given enough consideration, for instance, to material things, considering that he is a man with a family."

The President had in mind the time when Mr. Taft threw up the collectorship of internal revenue, at Cincinnati, and the occasion when he turned his back on an annual income of \$50,000 to accept a six-thousand-dollar-a-year judgeship. Mr. Roosevelt knows, moreover, that when Taft returned from the Philippines, all he possessed in the world was \$1,500. Taft's capital was in his name and fame.

William H. Taft came home from the Far East to enter the cabinet of his friend, Theodore Roosevelt. "Why did you fix on him for the War portfolio?" the President was asked.

"I wanted him in my cabinet. I knew he would make an excellent Secretary of War, as he unquestionably has done; but I desired especially his counsel. Root was going out, and I needed an adviser of similar breadth of view to take his place. Taft's experience gained in the Philippines and his acquaintance with Spanish-speaking laymen and prelates, was bound to help him in dealing with Cuba.

"And that is why you selected him as the man to send to Cuba to head off a revolution?"

"Precisely," replied the President. "For reasons not unrelated I sent him to Panama when it looked as though there might be trouble on the Isthmus. And he succeeded—he has succeeded in every diplomatic mission—because of his unwearied patience, his kindness, his firmness, and because of his ability to persuade a suspicious people that he is working with an eye single to their interest."

We had come to the main line of inquiry at last. "Why, Mr. President, in your judgment is Mr. Taft so well equipped for the Presidency?"

"The bigness of the job demands a man of Taft's type," was the reply. "He is thoroughly prepared for the task which will confront him. Never has there been a candidate for the Presidency so admirably trained in varied administrative service. Then, Taft is a thoroughly national man. There is no stronger appeal to him from the North than from the South, from the West than from the East. Creed and color make no difference to him. He seeks to do substantial justice to all. There is n't a mean streak in the man's make-up."

"He is not of the fighting type, though."

"Yes, he is," insisted the President; "no man fights harder when he thinks it necessary; but he hates to fight unless it is necessary."

"It is said that he would carry out your policies 'quietly,'—too quietly, perhaps, to obtain real results."

"Taft has his way of doing things and I have my way. I gave out my recent statement regarding the Standard Oil decision without consulting him. He wouldn't have made that public statement, and yet he was greatly disappointed at the decision. Perhaps Taft's way of accomplishing results is better than mine. But I have to do things in my own way."

"You blazed the way, Mr. President. If elected, Mr. Taft will find the people alive as never before to public questions. It will be much easier for him to obtain popular support for what are now the Republican policies, than



Private Secretaries and Court Reporters

By ROBERT F. ROSE

Private Secretary to William Jennings Bryan

HAVING been a stenographer all my life, during which time I have been private secretary to an editor of one of the greatest newspapers in the United States, and private secretary to Mr. Bryan through two presidential campaigns and part of another, and having devoted fully fifteen years of my life to active court reporting, I feel competent to judge of what constitutes a private secretary or a court reporter. Let me say at the beginning that I have never secured any position through pull or influence, but such success as I have secured has come through hard work which I find is the only safe "lightning rod" for an ambitious young person to depend upon to strike something good. The pictures appearing at the top of this article are but a few of the over 800 experts who have been graduated from one department of the Success Shorthand School in less than five years. The school now graduates on an average of two expert shorthand writers every day, six days in the week the year round.

Where is the demand for expert Shorthand writers? A few years ago there were only a few hundred expert shorthand reporters in the United States but there was a demand for more, and those young persons who started out to learn the shorthand which experts used have in a measure supplied the ever increasing demand for shorthand writers. In courts where but a short time ago an expert had never been seen, hundreds of experts are found to-day, and the growth of this country with its ever increasing number of judges has made room in the last few years for from 6,000 to 10,000 official court reporters. As an illustration of the growth of the court reporting profession, twenty-nine new judges have been elected in Chicago alone within the last two years. The increase in New York City or any of our other great cities has been proportionately as great. New York with its tributary suburbs contains approximately 5,000,000 people, and requires the services of hundreds of experts for its courts alone.

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hand writer is the private secretary field. The great business ventures of the last ten years have been made possible because men who conduct them are qualified through use of from one to five and even more competent private secretaries, who must, of necessity, be expert shorthand writers to perform many times the work which they could perform when the reliable stenographer was more scarce than now. Shorthand writers who fill these positions are not persons who have attempted to demonstrate the practicability of some alleged "20th century wonder" but persons who have followed in the paths of experts, learning the shorthand of experts, receiving training from experts, having their notes examined, corrected, criticised and receiving suggestions made by experts. The only school in the world equipped to give instruction to all, by those who have had such experience, is the Success Shorthand School of Chicago and New York City. This school has graduates over the entire world. It has over 800 experts to which it can refer, and thousands of persons now taking the course, scattered over the United States, Canada, Mexico and foreign countries. It will be pleased to send you its catalogue, entitled, "A Book of Inspiration" which describes calmly and without exaggeration what can be accomplished with shorthand, and demonstrates by what is accomplished that its statements are not exaggerated. You will address the Success Shorthand School, suite 103, number 1416 Broadway, New York City or suite 310, number 79 Clark street, Chicago, and you will receive this handsome book free, together with a full explanation of how the shorthand which expert shorthand writers use is taught by experts.

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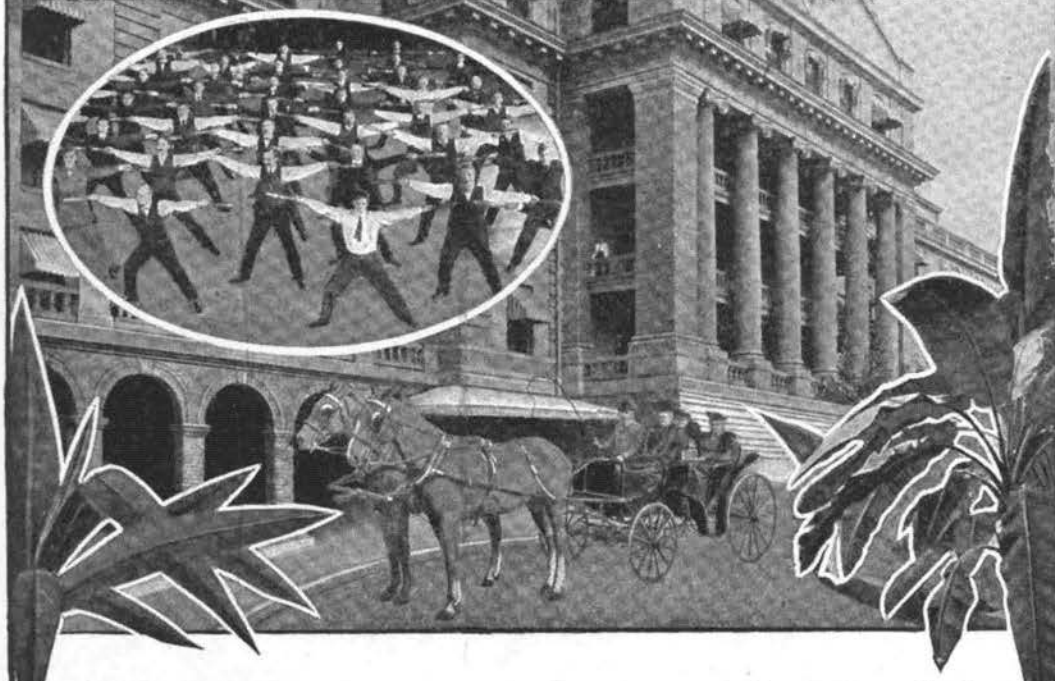
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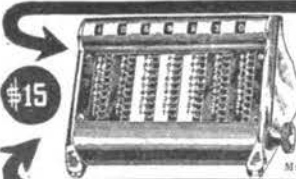
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it was for you, at the outset, to get backing for those same policies."

"That may be true," agreed the President. "But I think Taft will succeed better with Congress than I have done."

The point had been reached for the paramount question. "Is Taft the best man available for the Presidency," I asked, "or the best man to be found in the country for the job?"

"I sincerely believe that Taft will make our greatest President," Mr. Roosevelt replied, "excepting, of course, our two greatest, Washington and Lincoln."

This prediction involving, as it did, some determination of the question, In what does greatness consist? the President continued:

"It has always seemed to me that in life there are two ways of achieving success, or, for that matter, of achieving what is commonly called greatness. One is to do that which can only be done by the one man of exceptional and extraordinary abilities. Of course, this means that only one man can do it, and it is a very rare kind of success or of greatness. The other is to do that which many men could do, but which, as a matter of fact, none of them actually does. This is the ordinary kind of greatness. Nobody but one of the world's rare geniuses could have written the Gettysburg speech, or the second inaugural, or met as Lincoln met the awful crises of the Civil War. But most of us *can* do the ordinary things which, however, most of us do *not* do."

"Taft invariably *does* do the ordinary things," he went on, "and he does them exceptionally well. That is why I say he will make one of our greatest Presidents."

* * * * *

At the door of the study now appeared a tall, slender youth, manly in bearing, and more high-bred than handsome in looks. It was the President's second son, Kermit.

"What time do we shoot, father?" asked the lad.

"I'll be ready at four," answered the President, with the eagerness of an everlasting boy. "As soon as I get rid of this enemy of the Republic [this with a grin], I must dictate two letters to Loeb, and then I'll be with you."

Father and son, who are to be companions on the hunt, were to "try out two new repeating rifles which came to-day," the President explained. No buoyant youth ever pointed to his first gun with more beaming joy than Mr. Roosevelt displayed toward the formidable looking instruments of death reposing, with hunting books and African travel literature, on a window-seat near by. Clearly, the Presidency was almost behind this remarkable man. "I am through," he said; "my work is done." And he is going away to rest from it all—going far away, that no one, not even the pettifogging critics who would not understand him, can accuse him of interference in the new administration.

President Roosevelt's trip to the wilds of Africa, on which he will set out soon after the fourth of March next, is an absolute guarantee that William Howard Taft, if elected by the people, will be in supreme command of the Ship of State.

A SMILING PARADOX

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I've squandered smiles to-day,

And, strange to say,
Although my frowns with care I've stowed away,
To-night I'm poorer far in frowns than at the start;
But in my heart,
Wherein my treasures best I store,
I find my smiles increased by several score!

True wisdom lies in gathering the precious things of each hour as it goes by.—Emily S. Bouton.

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WITHIN the past few years the rise of the popular magazine, with its low cost and immense circulation, has opened up a business opportunity which has proved a perfect bonanza for those who have embraced it. Strange to say, however, the knowledge of this opportunity has been confined to a comparatively small group of individuals, who have profited immensely, without, however, applying the plan to more than a very small portion of the field that might be made to yield large returns. ¶ Are you a victim of wage slavery, and at the mercy of the whims of your employer? Would you like to spend more time in "God's great out-of-doors," keep such business hours as you see fit, take a day off whenever you feel like it, and at the same time make from \$1,200 to \$10,000 per annum as your own boss? The opportunity we speak of contemplates these things. Moreover, it doesn't require any monetary investment whatever—a thing which makes it unique in view of its financial possibilities.

This space is too limited to permit of an adequate explanation of the work in all its details, but we have printed it under the title, "A Business Opening." If you need money and can devote all of your time, or part of it, to remunerative effort, please write for this circular and full details will be promptly sent. Immediate action in this respect is advisable, as the work must be initiated without delay in order to insure the largest return.

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